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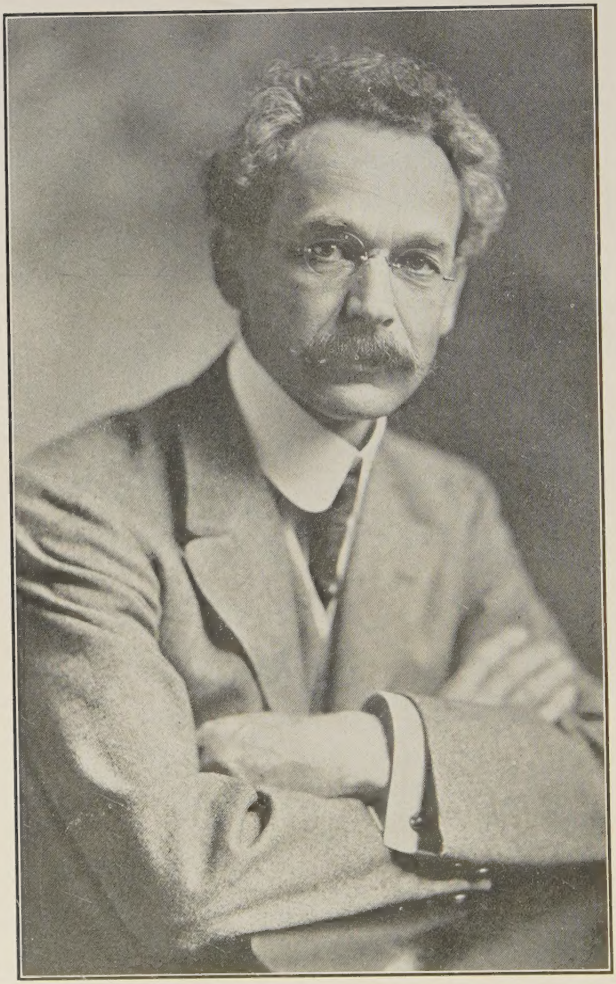

Wendell Phillips Stafford

SPEECHES

OF

Wendell Phillips Stafford

1913

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To the Memory of my Father

FRANK STAFFORD

Without whose training and encouragement I should never have attempted public speech.

93992 St. J.

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SPEECHES

SONS IN EXILE

From an Address before the Brooklyn Society of Vermonters at Pouch Gallery, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 27, 1909.

The sons and daughters of Vermont, no matter where their lot is cast, return to her with steps that never waver. Or if their feet are bound in other paths their thoughts are pilgrims to her dark-green hills. We never know how dear she is until we leave her. And as we learn to count our years by scores instead of one by one, we turn to her more fondly still because she keeps the memories of childhood. Often, as we sit reading by the winter fire, her summer landscape floats across the page; and even as we go about our work a vision often comes before our eyes,—the hillside orchard, the red farm-house hiding in the trees. But most of all when we are gathered as we are tonight, when hundreds answer to the same deep thrill, when all are lifted by a common pride in her great past,—then most of all that vision of our mountain State becomes a real presence. And, oh, how beautiful she seems!

We know tonight the drifted snows lie deep within her borders—the winter still is there. But in a few weeks more, we know, the lazy, loitering spring will come that way with gifts that will make rich amends for all her tardiness. She will turn the willow-wands to gold along the stream-sides. She will

sprinkle all the meadow-lands with cowslips, and weave into the carpet of the woods the mayflower and anemone. She will kindle the tops of all the maples with little flaming leaves and burning buds. She will set Killington and Camel's Hump and Mansfield against a sky as blue as Italy's. She will let all the rivers take up again their solemn hymns where they left off, and let all the boisterous brooks come tumbling and laughing down the ledges. She will creep up all the valleys and ravines with verdure, and lay a tender light on all the hill-tops, and make green the graves of those that loved us in the days that were.

Dear little State! not dearer for your loveliness than for the memory of those that sleep within your bosom, the strong and tender hearts of other days. You, too, history has touched with splendor, and, for the brave deeds of your sons, has given you a place among the hardy and heroic all around the world. We who are gathered here tonight are gathered in your honor, and the name we take upon our lips is yours.

A FREE LIBRARY AND ITS USES

An Address delivered at the Dedication of the Aldrich Public Library in Barre, Vermont, Tuesday, September 22, 1908.

Fellow Citizens:

The invitation that came to me from the trustees of the Aldrich fund to be present and make an address on this occasion was, indeed, a very kindly and welcome call. And yet I am bound to acknowledge, if I may do it without giving offense, that a more enticing call, and one that my heart could not resist, came to me, not from the Barre of today, but from the Barre of thirty-five or forty years ago. Your invitation, sirs, had a strange conjuring power. It wakened voices that have long been silent. It called back figures that have long since fled. It suggested scenes that human eyes will never look upon again. The wand of the enchanter was waved above your noisy, bustling city, and all its obtruding blocks of business disappeared. In places where, if we went out today, we should only find a screaming engine or a groaning derrick, I kept my old appointments with the shy and happy woodland gods. Most of you, I fear, would need an introduction to the quiet valley that I saw. Your network of busy streets shrank back to a single sleepy road, with plain white houses along either side, with gardens growing to the fence and hollyhocks and peonies by the door. I walked

that street again, or, rather, ran along it, as a barefoot boy is apt to do, looking for Will Lane to go a-fishing under Fuller's bridge.

The old familiar faces were all present. I could see Judge Harvey Tilden behind his milk white horse, sitting bolt upright, as a judge should always do, and making, as it seemed to me, a kind of triumphal progress down the street. Nathan Morse was on his cobbler's bench, and Tailor Rice was sitting in his window. Jule Smalley, in his barn door, was engaged in a highly dramatic dialogue with himself. Anjie Jackman was ruminating as he walked. Carlos Carpenter, his thin lips quivering with sarcastic fun, was giving some unlucky citizen a nickname he would carry to his grave. Sall Pratt, in faded sunbonnet and bulging crinoline, was trudging through the village with a dozen frightened but fascinated children at her heels. In the fork-shop under the hill the trip hammers were keeping up their boisterous rivalry. The grist mill at Twing Village was all a-rumble with a mellow roar, and all as fragrant as a lily in bloom with the fine white dust of wheat. Enos Fuller was busy at the foundry. The Whitcomb Brothers of that generation were absorbed with their water-wheels and flumes. Alf. Lane was putting up somebody's new house. Carl Hall was following his dusty drove to market. Orange Fifield was whipping up his horse to reach his namesake town by night-fall. Deacon Gale was keeping his benevolent patrol in the interest of school discipline and morals. Gospel Village, true to the implications of its name, was heavy with the slumber of the just; and the woolen factory at Jockey Hollow was slowly falling to decay. Ah! that was the

village I saw, back in the peaceful days before the deluge—the deluge of population and prosperity that has come upon Barre. I could see it all again. There was the hillside pasture where we drove the cows. Here was the unmown common where we came to play. Up yonder stood the academy, behind imposing pillars, where, at the belfry summons, the boys and girls of long ago were hurrying in and out. At the far end of the village stood the rival institution, then very new, whose many twinkling lights at night-time gave it the appearance of a chandelier, and led to a parody upon its name,—the "Goddard Seminary" being changed to the "Godless Luminary"—a name, which, in spite of its irreverence, secretly tickled the ears of the orthodox. Carl Benedict's anvil was ringing where French's block now stands, and a cluster of young faces by the door were watching the showers and meteors of flying sparks, trying to look as if they were not expecting the pennies they knew his kindness could not long withhold. Ira Harrington, gathering up his reins, was just starting back to the quarry, having, for the fortieth time, confidently maintained against all skeptics, that a dazzling future for Barre lay hidden in Millstone Mountain's granite seams. And just then, in a whirlwind of dust, the yellow stage-coach dashed up from Montpelier, with Alf. Downing, fortunately sober, on the box.

I suspect there was no great reading matter in the mail-bag that was flung to the sidewalk as they stopped. There may have been a Harper's, a Scribner's, and possibly, for Parson Tenny, an Atlantic; and "Uncle Jake," it was whispered, had periodicals from foreign lands. However, there were

newspapers enough to furnish ammunition for the political warfare waged in summer evenings on the post office steps and around the cracked and reddening stove at the old checkered store late into winter nights. But the only collection of books for the public I ever heard of in those days was the one in the post office, jealously guarded by Stillman Wood. It was, in the beginning, it seems to me, an agricultural library, and was particularly rich in works on natural history, freely and startlingly illustrated. In its palmy days it must have numbered fifty or seventy-five volumes. At any rate, I recognized in it a prodigious improvement on the Sunday School library where I had sought mental nourishment, and hailed it with excited interest. When I was old enough to attend the academy myself, I saw some books in a tall case that stood on the stage in the hall where the school assembled. But the glass doors were always kept locked, and the approach was guarded by a cross-legged stone idol from India. I never saw a book taken from its shelves, and the only one I read through the pane by its title was an expurgated edition of Byron. As a boy, of course, I much preferred my own poor copy, unabridged. There were probably no private libraries worth naming outside the lawyers', the doctor's and Mr. Spaulding's. Yet it was an intelligent community, self-respecting and exceedingly democratic. The snob was quite unknown. The only individual I ever heard of who was too proud to carry home his own bundle was put to shame by the richest man in the village, Leonard Keith, who offered to carry it for him. Altogether, it was a comfortable quiet valley, nearly answering to Longfellow's description of Grand Pré:

"There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

It is natural that this should be a day of congratulation and rejoicing. At last Barre is to have a library worthy of its needs. The cares and labors of many years are to be rewarded. Large hopes for the future are to be awakened and encouraged. It is fitting to remember on this day the generous foresight of Mr. Aldrich, whose gift made all that has followed possible. It is fitting to acknowledge the liberal provision by the city, of the perfect site where the building stands. It is proper to commemorate the work of the various societies, which, like tributary streams, have emptied their channels to swell the volume of this larger enterprise. It is eminently fitting to recall with praise the faithful and efficient service of the trustees on whose shoulders the burden of responsibility was cast. Gratitude for all that has been accomplished, confidence in all that shall be achieved—these are the sentiments natural to the occasion. I would not introduce a discordant note into such a harmony. But there is a use to be made of the hour, better than any of these, and I invite your considerate attention to the question that forces itself again and again upon my mind: What can a public library do for this community? It may prove a blessing; it may prove of little or no value; it may even turn out to be a positive hindrance to the highest welfare of those whom it should serve; and all this will depend upon how it is conducted by its managers, and how it is made use of by the citizens. Herbert Spencer, accounted by many the greatest philosopher of our age, left as the ripe fruit of his reflection,

the opinion that free libraries are of no real benefit to the world. "Why should we have free libraries," he asked, "any more than free bakeries? Knowledge should not be free any more than bread is free." His reason was, if I understand him, that what costs nothing is worth nothing. Men do not appreciate what is thrust upon them. Moreover, his observation had led him to believe that such libraries were occupied almost wholly with the circulating of poor fiction, and were places where men gathered to turn over worthless newspapers and amuse themselves with funny pictures. These are grave objections and we shall do best if we meet them gravely.

Ruskin has somewhere a contemptuous word for a community that is content to thumb its literature in the dirty pages of a circulating library. I have a cultivated friend who makes it an invariable rule never to read a book that he does not own. "If it isn't worth buying, it isn't worth reading," is his maxim. How many times it has been shown that the books which have done most for mankind are few in number and easily within the reach of all! The Hebrew scriptures, that have fed the religious life and molded the serious thought of the western world for twenty centuries—if you cannot afford to buy them, the colporteur will supply you and be glad. The greatest dramatist that ever pictured human passion—you may have all that he produced for the price of a vaudeville performance. Burns, for less than his "sair-won penny-fee," will sing you such songs of love and labor as men had never heard until he came. You can buy the Data of Ethics for the cost of a good smoke. Darwin will give you, almost for

the asking, the results of his lifelong searching for the origin of man. Let us have done with pretenses. You can take the wages of a week's average labor, and make your own a library of the brightest, wisest, mightiest books the world has ever seen. And, beyond all that, it cannot be disputed that we should do well to give our days and nights to these. Why should we run here and there for the opinions of petty minds, when here are the deliverances of undying wisdom at our very doors? Let us have more of the great books we are always talking about but never read—less of the little books we read but have no desire to talk about. Let a man range widely as he may, he will come back at last

> "To learn that all the sages said
> Was in the Book his mother read."

Librarians have told us that eighty per cent. of the books taken out are works of fiction and most of these not of the highest grade. Science, biography, travel, history, philosophy, poetry, and all the other books aside from fiction, constitute a bare twenty per cent. of the volumes actually used. What a showing! Not to speak scornfully of fiction, but always recognizing its high claim on our attention, who would care to think that the future of this institution would have no better record to disclose? Surely it was not for this that Leonard Aldrich left his carefully husbanded estate. It was not in the contemplation of such results that the trustees and other helpers of this enterprise have given it their earnest thought and effort. For one, I do not hesitate to say that if I believed it could look for no better

record I should have no heart in the day's exercises, and should not be here. I am here because, for one thing, I wish to register my conviction that an institution of this character may become a radiating center, a very dynamo of intellectual power in the community.

New ideas have come to be accepted touching the management of libraries and the true functions of their keepers. The ideal librarian is no longer a watch dog suspiciously defending his charge, but a teacher, a helper, a wise, judicious counsellor and friend. Books must be where they can be handled by readers without the constant interference of anyone in charge, where they can be taken down and put back without summoning an attendant. It may be necessary to keep eyes on watch for the dishonest. It may result in the loss of many books in the course of the year. It may make it necessary to restrict such freedom, after a time, so as to exclude the untrustworthy. But of this I am sure, that, for the most profitable use of a library, free and easy access to the shelves is indispensable. One may wish to take down a hundred books in the examination of his subject. He may wish to barely look into a book. A glance may tell him what he wants to know or tell him the book is not what he needs. He may wish to read in it for five minutes or an hour. He must be allowed, in certain departments, at least, to browse about at his will. I have used libraries, or tried to do so, under both systems. I have been chilled by the warning, "No books to be taken from any shelf or returned to it except by the librarian or assistant;" and I have spent some of the happiest and most

productive hours of my life where I had only to put out my hand to make acquaintance with the authors of all times. A bookseller, I imagine, would have but poor success if he should not permit his customers to look between the leaves; and a librarian's business, if not to tempt us to buy books, is to tempt us to read them. Charles Sumner was not only an orator and a statesman; he was also a scholar, and one of the most learned men of his day. It was his custom to spend hours in libraries, merely running through book after book—taking them down, glancing at their contents, reading a page here and there, and returning them to their places. Of course he read a multitude of books with care and deliberation — from cover to cover — but by the other method he acquainted himself with thousands he could never read in full. When the time came he knew where to go to find his subject treated. There are all sorts of books and they are to be used in all sorts of ways. As nearly as possible, having due regard to the rights of all, a public library should be to each user as free and convenient as if it were his own. Then the librarian, or someone connected with the library should make it his business to stimulate reading on fruitful and interesting lines. The ideal arrangement would be to have a librarian who himself could lecture acceptably, from time to time opening up new subjects, arresting the attention of readers, arousing their curiosity and then showing them where it may be satisfied. If the librarian himself cannot fulfill this function, there should be every year a series of lectures, delivered in the library or elsewhere, but always in

connection with its work and with a view to invite the largest use of it. Classes should be formed for the study of timely topics. Here in Barre you have a cosmopolitan population, drawn here by the hope of bettering their condition from almost every quarter of the globe. They will be interested in every variety of subject. They must be encouraged to look upon this library as a means of education especially adapted to their needs, a true university of the people. Some of them will be deeply interested in sociology, bringing with them conceptions of government and law fundamentally different from ours. Above all, let such subjects be dealt with by able speakers, with opportunity to question and reply. A library here ought to include the best and soundest as well as the freshest books upon those subjects. It ought not to shut out those of more radical leaning, only those which strike at the foundation of all government and counsel crime. If this library does the work it ought to do, it will become a center of fermentation, keeping the wits of men active, training their minds to play freely over many subjects, counteracting intolerance, broadening views, and deepening sympathies, and leading to a general agreement upon essential and fundamental truths, while encouraging the widest freedom of opinion where variety of view is consistent with the safety of the state and those deeper interests that pertain to all. It must be liberal in its attitude and spirit, ready to welcome all sorts and conditions of men. Any man or woman of clean hands and decent demeanor ought always to find welcome. Until he has been found to have abused its trust and confidence no one should

be debarred. Better a few more dollars spent for watchmen, better a few books lost by theft, than that the feeling should go abroad among those who most need the influence of books that their presence is not welcome because some of their number have shown themselves ungrateful. It is precisely among those where books are most likely to be lost and where their coming may seem to be least appreciated, that the best results will be secured. Out of the new blood that has flowed to you from other shores may come the quickest and finest intellects of the next generation. Blood, like the soil itself, gets worn out by too much cultivation. It is only three generations, so it has been said, from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves. It is the child of lusty physical inheritance, now for the first time feeling the influence of education and refinement, who is always startling the staid and jaded world with some fresh proof of genius. It is especially these keen and alert young minds that a library like this is for. They should be made to feel that it is theirs. They should find here the books that will give them the true answers to their eager questions, offer them the broadest outlook upon life, acquaint them with the priceless stores of the world's learning, "the best that has been thought and said in the world," books that will inspire them with ambition to serve their country and their fellowmen.

There is another service a library like this can render. It can draw attention to the ripe old books that lie neglected year by year. So many newspapers, so many magazines, so many "latest novels," the press is pouring out, we forget the old true friends

that comforted the generations before us and ought to comfort ours and many more. It will not be enough that these fine old books are here. They must be exploited. The library must be active, not passive. A library will not run itself any more than a railroad or a quarry. Ways and means must be devised to draw attention to these classic and deathless pages. Here again I know of no better way than by inducing some master of letters to come to you from time to time, now one and now another, to reveal to you the wealth that lies hidden in your walls. Make such lectures the event of the year. Let the papers give them prominence, and let the people know when they are coming. Let a lecture on Tennyson or Dante be almost as important in their columns as a prize fight or a scandal!

Naturally there will be many here who will take a deep interest in science and invention. Why not bring here now and then those who can speak with authority upon these themes? Will not some generous purse be found to supply the means as time goes on? Will not someone be moved to provide a fund for prizes to be awarded the young readers of this library who produce the best essays on given subjects? This library ought to become a perfect hive of industry. Men, women, children,—all ages and occupations, should be coming and going like bees among the clover. It ought to be the intellectual exchange of Barre. Is it too much to expect? Let us take courage from today's achievement. Here on her granite mountain for a throne, materialism sits crowned and sceptered. Where on the face of the globe would you look for a community more entirely

devoted to her service? And yet here we have today a proof that mind is more than money, ideas are more than granite, education and refinement are more prized than machinery or acres. The man who gave his fortune to found this library was not himself a bookish man. His gift is all the more significant and welcome. It was the tribute of a practical man to the practical value of books. I can see him still as he appeared to my boyish eyes, a huge, rotund figure moving along the street, the very embodiment of honest, sound unbudging common sense. He was no sentimentalist, no dreamer; but he had gone through the world with his eyes open, and he had the sagacity to discern that in the years to come Barre would need such a fountain of intellectual life as I have endeavored to describe, and, as far as his means would go, he provided for it. It will be for others to see that his purpose is carried out, his example followed. He was not deceived. He knew that there would be thousands in Barre who would never enter the door of his library, who, passing by, would look upon it as an altar to an unknown god. He knew that day after day it would stand in the corner of the market place, like wisdom, crying aloud in the streets, to the sordid hurrying throngs that would give no heed. He knew that night after night men would go by its peaceful portals to the crowded, noisy dens of vice and debauchery. He knew that of the many hundreds who would come to look or read, only a small proportion would choose what was worthiest of their thought. But he had insight enough to know that there were others who would find these walls a shrine. He

knew that boys would come here to be quickened to honorable service. He knew that old men would find here serene and tranquil hours. He knew that busy men would pause to gain an hour of broader reading. Children would get here their first glimpse of the world's inestimable stores, and breathe-in reverence for the great of old. And he knew that here and there some chosen spirit would arise, perhaps where least expected, to display a kindred genius with the authors for whom he gave this home. He knew as well as Spencer that men are not apt to value what is free; but he was wiser than Spencer, and in this action he was more like God, who knows that men will spurn the best he offers, yet spreads his bounteous blessings wide for all. When Jesus uttered the weightiest condemnation that ever fell upon the ears of men, he did not promise them the torments of the damned; he did not speak of pain or torture, tearing limb from limb, nor of the fire that burns and none shall quench it. He only said, "He that loves houses or lands or father or mother or wife or children more than me—is not worthy of me!" There is nothing to surpass that sentence. That is what every work of genius says to the unappreciating world. The man who prefers a comic picture to Raphael's Madonna only declares that he is not worthy of her. He who would rather read his yellow journal than the immortal words of Emerson or Plato merely testifies that he is not worthy of them; and the men who will pass by the glorious treasures of this library to the piling up of treasures of the world that perishes will write upon their foreheads plain for all to read, "I was not worthy of them." But to those who

enter and linger here how sweet will be the happiness —how ample the reward!

> Here (let the tumult rage!)
> Toil need not be all toil nor grief all tears;
> Here youth may win the tranquil light of age,
> And age forget its years.

"He who can read and write and cipher," said a teacher, "holds in his hands the keys of the kingdom." And if you will stop to think of it, is it not so? When education has once delivered those keys into our hands, it has thrown upon us the responsibility of deciding whether—and what—we will possess and rule. We may use the keys or not at our pleasure. We may only jingle them in men's ears. We may use them to enter some petty province. Or we may push on our victorious invasion like Alexander, but with the unconcerned assurance that whatever realms we rule we shall never have cause to weep for want of other worlds to conquer. The possibilities are boundless.

To read and write and cipher. The teacher was speaking with eyes upon the future. He might have been speaking with eyes upon the past; and then those keys would have appeared to him as trophies, the splendid symbols of achievement won by uncounted ages of human effort. To read! But something must be written before there can be anything to read; and so the two must have come together, the setting down of some sign or symbol of thought by one, to be taken in and comprehended by another. By what age-long and laborious processes was this simple fact achieved, that man could communicate

his meaning to those far distant or to those that should come after, without the intervention of the spoken word? In what strange and crude attempts it had its orgin,—by the piling of one rude stone upon another to commemorate some great event; by the carving of grotesque hieroglyphics on the rocks and tombs, by the drawing of coarse pictures on the skins of animals or the bark of trees, and last of all by letters! Who is not awed when he thinks upon it? Who wonders that Cadmus was sometimes accounted a god?

All that man has ever done or tried to do, all that he has thought or dreamed or felt, all that he has learned, by painful groping, of this universal house in which he lives, has been embedded or enshrined in books. Whispered traditions of the antique world that lingered in the ears of early man till he had learned the art of writing; legends hoary with the grave-dust of incalculable time; impressions on his primeval consciousness, which countless years could not efface, of catastrophes that moved his solid world from its foundation,—deluges that swept away his mighty tribes like insects; simple adventures that shook his untaught heart with fear, when nature's friendliest, most familiar powers were weird and unexplained,—when the ocean rolled an insurmountable barrier before his feet, or hid itself in mists and awed him with the terrors of a world unseen; vestiges of peoples that lived and reigned and passed from sight and left no chronicles; fierce iliads of his long-forgotten wars, and odyssies of his first strange wanderings around fearful shores; migrations that unpeopled continents; battles in which whole nations

disappeared; temples where unheard-of gods were worshiped; palaces and pyramids, the homes and tombs of unremembered kings; traces of man's first weak fumbling efforts to save some fragments of the wisdom he had gained for generations that should follow; myth and memory commingled, fact and fable interfused; little by little some believable report, some faint, far semblance of the thing that was; and then at last the wide unfolding regions of historic truth! For all these teachings we must go to books. But not for these alone! The seers and poets—those who have heard the notes of music from another realm; sensitive spirits, to whom the beauty of the world was a positive pain, on whose hearts the hills have laid the spell of their religious silence, over whose eyes the sea has woven the glamour and ever-changing charm of her sweet sorcery—these have bequeathed to us their souls in books;—and they to whom the hidden secrets of the heart were like an open scroll, whose intuitions touched the source of things, whose voices so accorded with the song of Fate that they could teach us all we need to know of life and death and destiny! Thank God, thank God for books!

What possibilities of learning and enlightenment will be presented in this library! Think how many departments of life it will embrace. Here will be the history of man from the first "syllable of recorded time." What an impressive spectacle the history of the world presents, the mixed and wondrous pageantry of human life! How the contemplation of it teaches us modesty in our claims for ourselves, our country and our time! Why should we take

ourselves so seriously when ages upon ages have passed with the same interests and hopes as ours, attended by the same sweet joys, the same bitter disappointments? We see at last that the world is not run on our account, that the race is one great living whole and we but smallest parts of it. We find it easier to accept the profound saying of the imperial stoic, that "Nothing is good for the bee that is not good for the hive." The study of history is not chiefly to teach us names and dates and happenings, but to subdue our spirits,—to lead us to appreciate our true position in the scheme of things. So too of science. The more we ponder its pages the more childlike we become,—the more deeply impressed with the inviolability of law. We feel for ourselves the infrangible links that bind causes to effects. We grow rational, amenable to the commands of nature. We cease to think that we must have our own way, and recognize the everlasting necessity of obedience. Travel and exploration teach us how infinitely varied are the customs and standards of men; how all have been molded by their surroundings; how in the same circumstances we should have been as they. We compare ourselves with others. We grow skeptical of our own superiority. We suspect we may learn something even from those we have been accustomed to despise. Even more obviously and directly do the masterpieces of poetry, philosophy and fiction lead our minds to the acceptance of true and just ideas concerning ourselves and our place and duty in the world. Not only do we grow humble in the presence of works of genius which we must instantly acknowledge we can never rival or

approach, but the sublime ideas which they inculcate, the truth concerning responsibility and destiny, the connection between character and fate, the moral meaning of the universe as it reveals itself to the apprehension of the human soul,—all these reflections tend to make us men and women who can live together and work together for common ends, with common aspirations and ideals. It is because a library may have this effect on a community that the dedication of it becomes a civic event of the first magnitude, worthy to draw men together from the absorbing tasks of life, and worthy to call the highest officers of city and state to signalize and honor the occasion.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," said the wisest teacher that ever spoke. And if these shelves of books have any mission, it is to fulfill that beatitude in the lives of their readers. When men lose their narrow-minded confidence that their personal views must necessarily be right; when they enlarge the borders of their minds for the reception of other men's ideas; when they recognize the supremacy of truth, and take for their motto, "Not authority for truth, but truth for authority;" when they become charitable and tolerant towards their neighbors, hospitable to new conceptions, watchful for self improvement, ready to sink their private interests in the common good; then they become the material out of which a great and lasting nation may be built. This is the use of books,—not to make scholars, but to make citizens; not to make book-worms, but to make men; not to increase the pride of learning, but to foster that fine humility of spirit which is the first condition to the fulfillment of all whole-

some ideals of knowledge and power. If the library we dedicate with so much pride and hopefulness today shall some day justify that hopefulness and pride, it will be because, by fostering that spirit, it ministered to those ideals.

LINCOLN AND HIS TIMES

A Centennial Address delivered before the Lawyers' Club of Buffalo, N. Y., February 13, 1909.

We are met in memory of a great man and a great epoch. It is impossible to appreciate the one unless we understand the other. It is always an impressive sight when an idea takes possession of the millions and "wields the living mass as if it were its soul." We seem to watch the very working of the invisible Power that brings all things to pass. You may find no moral code in nature, no sign that she cares for man; you may regard the material universe as moving on its eternal way in sublime indifference to our brief concerns; but there is still a universe of thought in which we live and move and have our being, and here ideas come forth at times like gods, shaping the destiny of the race.

In fact, the only world we are sure of is the world of ideas. It is only principles that never pass away. You can never make a history out of a column of figures. It is not an account book—it is an epic. It is a tale of heroism. It is a chant of victory. The divinity of man is the open secret of history. There never was an age so dark but the soul of some man blazed in the darkness like a star.

The land we love was born of a sublime faith in human nature. It was born of the conviction that man had become of age, that he had been under

guardians long enough, and that "it is safe to trust a man with all the rights God gave him." Despotism said: Man is weak, he must be tended. Democracy replied: Man is strong, he can stand alone. Despotism said: Man is mean, he must be watched. Democracy replied: Man is noble, he may be trusted.

The state is not made out of men. It is made out of man. It is made out of his faith, his aspiration, his courage, his devotion. It is man himself magnified, transfigured. The nation has a being of its own. It has its own conscience and its own ideal. We do not make our ideals—our ideals make us. America did not chose the great doctrine of equal rights; that immortal truth chose America. It has molded her from beginning; it will mold her unto the end, or, if it cannot, it will cast her off with the wreckage and refuse of the past and take up some other nation that is worthy.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal,—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." That pledge was given in the hour of danger. It was coupled with an appeal "to the supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions." It became a part of the consciousness of the nation. Independence was won—the peril was passed —should the vow be kept? But side by side with that stood another question: Should we continue to be a nation at all, or should the old confederation fall to pieces? Slavery was here. Men thought it could not last, but it was here. We could not have a Union at all unless slavery was protected. That was the price. The price was paid. If you plant

an acorn in a vase, the acorn will die or else the vase will crack. We planted the Declaration in the Constitution. One was the real life of the people, the other was the form of government we had adopted. They were utterly inconsistent. The Declaration was freedom, the Constitution was slavery. The Declaration was duty, the Constitution was convenience. The collision between them made the whole tragedy of our first century. The coming of war was as certain as fate.

There were three factors. Here was slavery. It was not more strongly entrenched in the feudalism of the South than in the money interest and bigoted opinion of the North. It allied itself with the doctrine of Calhoun. It called to its aid that brilliant political leadership that had its way at Washington for sixty years. That was the first factor. Here was nationality,—reverence for the Constitution. It was not stronger in the North itself than in some sections of the South. It had its embodiment in Webster. It found its noblest voice in his "massive and sonorous" speech. It was a vast flood of patriotic sentiment. It began far back in the depths of our history and rose year by year with the gathering strength of a splendid and aspiring people until it poured its resistless tide across the continent. It held the Union so dear that it defended slavery itself for the sake of the Union, even while it abhorred it in its heart. That was the second factor. But there was a third. It was abolitionism. It was the Declaration of Independence incarnate. It was the old irreconcilable conscience of New England, fearing not the face of man, ready to see the Union

dissolved, yes, even demanding its dissolution that freedom might have way. It began, obscure and despised, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight in the desert a highway for our God!" In the whole history of human thought there is nothing more thrilling and dramatic than the sight of abolitionism, that fierce flame of the spirit, piercing the inert mass, burning unquenchably through thirty years, until it had divided North from South, and brought them together with the crash of civil war, in the midst of which slavery itself went down to its own place It ought to be enough to teach us once for all that ideals of right and duty once aroused play with the dead weight of selfish opposition as the cyclone plays with a handful of withered leaves.

Lincoln's election was the doom of slavery. South Carolina was right when she read it so. It did not mean, as some pretended, that slavery would be interfered with in the States. But it did mean that slavery would not gain another foot of soil—the territories would be free. It did mean that the government at Washington, which for two generations had obeyed the voice of the slave power, would obey that voice no longer: the scepter had departed from that Judah and the lawgiver from between his feet. It did mean that, hemmed in on every side by liberty, slavery would eventually die, as the statesmen of the elder day expected and intended that it should.

When the war began men thought the issue was union; but they were deceived. The real issue was freedom. The war could never have been won

upon the issue of union. Lincoln was captain and his duty was to save the ship—to save it or go down with it. He was lashed to the mast. He was bound to the Constitution—the Constitution as it was. In his view he had no right to abolish slavery if he could, unless it became necessary in order to save the Union. That was man's side. But from God's side it was the other way. It was slavery that had to be got rid of. If the Union could do it, it could live; if not, it would have to die. So when the people were ready to support emancipation they were ready to win—not before. Lincoln's preëminent fitness for his part lay in this, that he was a perfect type of the great body of the people on the Union side. Both hated slavery; both were set as the hills against the further spread of it; but neither could see any constitutional way to interfere with its existence in the states. Both traveled the same road of thought and feeling; both saw at the same instant when the time had come to act. As a mere matter of law it might have answered to have set the slaves free in the seceding states as soon as it became necessary to take up arms at all. But for the president to have done so then would have been worse than useless for the people would not have ratified his act. The border states, themselves slave holders, would have followed their sisters into the Confederacy and the Union cause would have been lost. There was nothing but to wait until the country saw that emancipation was demanded, not only as an act of justice but also as a military measure But when at last the proclamation came, how it strengthened the hands of the North! The South was brave,

energetic, sagacious; but she had written it in her constitution that human slavery should never cease nor be abolished in any part of her domain. As long as she was fighting with an antagonist who likewise defended slavery the odds were not unequal. But when she found herself facing an opponent pledged to freedom, what sagacity, what energy, what gallantry could enable her to win? From that moment she fought against the stars in their courses. Holmes sang of the conflict—

> " 'Tis the old slave-god battling for his crown,
> And Freedom fighting with her visor down."

And so it was at first. But from the moment of emancipation all that was changed,—it was Freedom fighting with her visor *up,* and the terrific beauty of her face was worth a thousand armies.

The love of Union and the love of liberty—when these two joined hands once more no wonder they swept all before them. You can gauge the strength of Niagara, you can weigh the fall of a planet, you can measure the speed of the whirlwind, but you can never calculate the unprisoned power of moral sentiment.

It was not men who were fighting: it was ideas. It was a narrow dogma of state rights against the grand ideal of national sovereignty. But it was more than that. It was feudalism against freedom. It was the middle ages against the nineteenth century. It was a land where labor was despised against a land where labor was enthroned. It was rank and caste against the Declaration of Independence.

It is a mistake to imagine that the main course

of human events can be turned aside even by as great a man as Lincoln. A power was at work in whose mighty hands Lincoln himself was nothing but a tool. It was the power that has been working here from the beginning. It was the power that will be working here when you and I are gone. It was the power whose purpose is that all men shall be free.

To show you that I have not advanced a hand's breadth beyond the position held by the man whose birth we celebrate, I might quote from speech after speech of his, but let me read instead this letter, less well known, which tells its own story:

Springfield, Ill., April 6, 1859.

To H. L. Pierce and Others:

Gentlemen:—Your kind note inviting me to attend a festival in Boston, on the 28th instant, in honor of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, was duly received. My engagements are such that I cannot come.

Bearing in mind that about seventy years ago two great political parties were first formed in this country, that Thomas Jefferson was the head of one of them and Boston the headquarters of the other it is both curious and interesting that those supposed to descend politically from the party opposed to Jefferson should now be celebrating his birthday in their own original seat and empire, while those claiming political descent from him have nearly ceased to breathe his name everywhere.

Remembering, too, that the Jefferson party formed upon the supposed superior devotion to the personal rights of men, holding the rights of property to be secondary only and greatly inferior, and assuming that the so-called democracy of today are the Jefferson, and their opponents the anti-Jefferson party, it will be equally interesting to note how completely the two have changed hands as to the principles upon which they were originally supposed to be divided. The Democracy

of today hold the liberty of one man to be absolutely nothing, when in conflict with another man's right of property; Republicans, on the contrary, are for both the man and the dollar, but in case of conflict the man before the dollar.

I remember being very much amused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engaged in a fight with their great-coats on, which fight, after a long and rather harmless contest, ended in each having fought himself out of his own coat and into that of the other. If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams they have performed the same feat as the two drunken men.

But, soberly, it is no child play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. One would state with great confidence that he could convince any sane child that the simple propositions of Euclid are true, but nevertheless he would fail, utterly, with one who should deny the definitions and axioms.

The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society, and yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them "glittering generalities." Another bluntly calls them "self-evident lies." And others insidiously argue that they apply to "superior races." These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect—the supplanting the principles of free government and restoring those of classification, caste and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us. This is a world of compensation; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a strugle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and sagacity

to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tryanny and oppression.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN

I do not pretend that the Declaration has been fully realized in the life of this people. I admit that in large regions of the land today political equality is still an empty name. But the end is not yet. In the long pilgrimage of liberty what is forty years? It is only a watch in the night. Political equality is absolute and eternal justice, and justice is the will of God—it cannot fail. All men are equally bound to obey the law? Then all men have an equal right to say what the law shall be—all men, rich and poor, high and low, learned and ignorant, good and bad, white and black—all men. There is no half-way house between despotism and democracy. If intelligence would be safe, let it give ignorance the light. If virtue would be safe, let it lift vice to its own level. If wealth would be safe, let it treat poverty with justice. When God made His world He made democracy inevitable.

The people have never had a government before. Is it strange that they flock to it from all corners of the earth? Nobody pretends it is perfect. Nobody knows better than the people themselves how inefficient it sometimes proves. Yet they love it because they know it is theirs. Upon their faultiest institution they look with the irrepressible pride Touchstone acknowledged when he presented Audrey:

"An ill-favored thing, but my own!" If you doubt the genuineness of their attachment wait until free government is assailed again, and you shall see the old Vesuvius once more in action. They may seem to hold their privileges lightly, but if you want to know whether they are really regarded, try to take the least of them away! If all you want is a smooth-running machine, absolute monarchy is the best that ever was devised. But if you want the pulse-beat of intelligent loyalty in every movement you must build your government out of the brains and hearts of all the people. And that takes time; that means education; it means blunders and embarassment; but meanwhile you secure a state that cannot be overthrown, and every inch once gained is gained forever. Fisher Ames said that a monarchy is a man-of-war, beautiful in motion, irresistible when under way, but a single hidden rock sends her to the bottom: while a democracy is a raft—always in trouble—your feet always wet, but nothing can sink her. We have built on the sound judgment, the incorruptible integrity of men in the mass. Life and liberty have yet found no citadel so safe as the conscience of twelve men drawn from the body of the people. Our safety lies neither at the top nor at the bottom, but in that great body of sober industry that lies between. These are the people. They are not rich enough to be afraid of an income tax nor poor enough to run after socialism for the promise of its loaves and fishes. They are not wise enough to look down on the Declaration of Independence nor foolish enough to believe the Millennium is coming next week on Thursday. They know that this government of

theirs, poor and imperfect as it is, stands for all that has been achieved thus far in the world-old struggle for liberty under law. They are not to be terrorized by labor nor overawed by capital, and they will pulverize union and trust in the same mortar if they ever become convinced that individual liberty is actually in peril.

It is not for us to know the times or the seasons which the Father of all things has kept in His own hands, but of this we may be sure: the race that hails from Runnymede and Bunker Hill is not going to lie down under any form of tyranny. It will not take back the Declaration of Independence. That sublime document was written long ago in the blood of the Revolution. It had to be written once more in the blood of the Civil War. God grant, it need never be written again in color so costly, but if the need should arise, then, as once and twice before, it shall be done!

We need not shut our eyes to the follies and abuses of our time. We cannot deny that public life is here and there corrupt. We know that trusts are now and then betrayed. But these signs are superficial and we believe they are transient. The heart of the nation is sound. Its instincts and intentions are honest and wholesome; and it is the real character of a people, not its occasional slips and falls, that determines its fate. These things are but the froth and scum—they are only the driftwood and noisome weeds that gather in the eddies and cumber and defile the river's banks. Out in midstream the great, free, clear current of national life sweeps on to its destiny. Only get near enough to

see and feel the tremendous current of our national life and purpose,— the obstacles in its course, even the lofty landmarks upon its shores, sink into insignificance. You feel only the majestic stream of Anglo-Saxon liberty, proceeding from its far-off sources in the German forests, gathering force from Runnymede, from Naseby, from our own great Revolution and sweeping onward to its shining goal— to that bright ocean of universal brotherhood and peace which is one day to surround the world. Faithless indeed must that man be whose study of the great ages and examples of his race permits him to doubt whether the guiding is from above. I believe in the capacity of the American people to solve every problem its duty brings before it. For every great hour the great man is born. Out of the loins of the nation shall spring every son of strength she needs. To 1775 came Washington, and to 1861—to the hour of futile voices and failing arms, came the incomparable statesman whose deathless fame has brought us here today.

The time is holy: it belongs to memory and to love. A hundred years ago the man was born whose name is music in all hearts that love their country or their kind. We cannot speak of him in measured terms. For other men we weigh our words and with a scrupulous hand we count the tribute of our praise, but not for him. Good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over do men give into his bosom, for as he measured unto others it is measured to him again. Fame lets her trumpet fall to pay him the more tender homage of her tears;

and Love kneels down and breaks her box of costly ointment for his feet.

Today we think of all that came to pass between his birth of penury and his death of pain. We see the poor log cabin in the clearing where his eyes first met the light of day. And then we see that fated room in Tenth Street where hands shaking with horror have brought him in to die. We see it suddenly crowded with officers of state, and in the first deep hush of death we hear the solemn words of Stanton, "Now he belongs to the ages."

And then we ask "How did he come to be? What were the forces that took up that low-born child and as with plastic fingers molded him into the greatest ruler of men the world has ever seen?" For what is it to conquer kingdoms and compel the wills of men to yield to yours? What is that to the thing he did?—winning the reason and the heart of millions until, as the meek flock follows the faithful shepherd, the nation was ready to follow his rod and staff into the valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil!

"Whence did he come?" we ask; and the questioned years answer us in pictures.

They show us a half-clad boy in the red flare of his pine torch, reading—painfully spelling out the pages of his borrowed book. We look again, and now there is a tall young woodsman driving the shivering wedges into the walnut logs or meeting the best muscle of the prairie in the wrestler's ring.

The scene changes, and now we are watching a long-limbed boatman on the bosom of a mighty river, piloting his flat, ungainly craft through golden

days and under the still stars more than a thousand miles to market. We see him wandering in the crescent city of the far, far south. We find him leaning in the corner of the auction-place where trembling families are bought and sold. Husband is torn from wife, mother from child, before his eyes. We mark the speechless anguish furrowing his face as the full meaning of the brutal system sinks into his soul.

Again the scene changes; and now he is at home among the neighbors, taking his kind part in all their plain affairs. We hear their jokes, their stories, their debates. We follow as they take him up in proud and loving hands and push him out into the world, their champion and leader.

Now he is studying law. With clear eyes and unspoiled brain he is mastering the few great books that hold the garnered wisdom of the race. We see him ponder earnestly and long, teachable as a child, open as the day, tenderly in love with what is right.

He is standing up in court, defending the cause he gave his heart to. We see the revelation come that he is wrong. His client has deceived him. The case is rotten at the core. His huge strength fails. We see him sink into his chair and hang his head, unable to contend against the truth.

We watch him as he goes along the street, awkward, ill-clad, a laugh-provoking, laughter-loving giant, with the shadow of all human sorrow haunting his deep eyes. "Old Abe, old honest Abe," we hear men say; and something seems to catch us in the throat.

Once more the scene changes; and now we see

this raw-boned hewer of fence-rails, this ring-master of rude country wit and sport, the center of ten thousand earnest faces where he is matching himself against the most powerful debater of his time. We see him hold his own. We hear his statement of the question, clear as day, the laugh that greets the unanswerable story, the reason that goes home to every heart. We feel the unbound majesty of manhood as the towering form is lifted with the inspiration of his lofty theme.

The eyes of the nation are upon him now. The plain folk are beginning to understand him—they are taking the true measure of the man. With the deliberate emphasis of fate we hear him say: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. This nation cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Once more we follow as the common people lift him high in proud and loving hands. They have placed him in the presidential chair. Heaven help him now, for he is wrestling with problems the darkest and most dangerous soldier or statesman ever had to solve! Untrained in war, yet set amidst the greatest civil war the world has known, and charged with its support and guidance. We see him contending with hatred and deceit in foreign councils, with confusion in the congress, with jealousy in the cabinet, with weakness and folly in the field, with plots and counterplots on every hand, bending under such a load of grief and care as few have ever borne. We hail him as he comes triumphant out of all; and even then, while he is gathering North and South, like two death-wounded sons, into his loving arms, we see his head fall forward on his

breast. The victim has been offered up—the great, kind life is closed.

The years are true. That was the road he came by: those were the forces that fashioned the strong nature for its fearful task. But is that all? The same road was traveled by his fellows; the same forces were at work on them. How did it come to pass there was no other like him? The secret of his coming still remains unsolved. When all is pondered we can only say that out of those eternal depths of being that gave us Alfred, Milton, Cromwell, Washington, he also came, in answer to our need.

Men marvel at the power with which he spoke, but the reason is as obvious as the summer sun. His speech had the first quality of greatness—it was true. It had the second quality of greatness—it was clear. It had the third quality of greatness—it was earnest. The three graces of eloquence are these, and sister they have none. Clearness and truth go naked, but earnestness puts on the rainbow-robe of imagination. When feeling is intense it clothes itself in figures. So it was with him. In moments of profound emotion he had the gift of tongues and uttered himself in parables. Once in the speech at Springfield, once in each of the inaugurals and in all he said upon the field of Gettysburg, he rose to the sublime plane of Hebrew scripture, and spoke for all time as the inspired prophet of his people.

Most wonderful, most fortunate of men! You saved a nation and you freed a race. God put the pen into your hand and said "Strike out of this people's law that foul word, Slavery, and write instead the word whose every letter is a sun, Liberty!" And

you obeyed Him. All hearts shall hold you dear. All tongues shall call you blessed. And while the mighty prairies that gave you to the nation shall unroll for the glad eyes of men the green of seedtime and the harvest gold your memory shall not fail; but millions of your countrymen will say, as we say now, "Thank God for our great Lincoln!"

THE LAWYER

Given before the Bar Associations of Vermont, South Carolina and West Virginia, as well as at various other Legal Gatherings.

I want to speak to you for a little while about the lawyer. Not about lawyers in general, nor about any lawyer in particular, but about the lawyer,—the ideal of our profession. I suppose even lawyers may be permitted to have an ideal. As we speak of the philosopher, the mathematician, the inventor, I presume we may speak of the lawyer. If the perfect lawyer has never really existed, neither has the perfect artist, musician, or statesman. It is one of the proofs of man's essential greatness that he has never satisfied himself in any direction. You remember Emerson's pregnant inquiry, "Man complains that his life is mean; but how did he find out that it is mean?" After all it is we ourselves who erect the standard we fall short of. It is only out of our own mouths that we can be condemned.

The ideal lawyer must be adequately endowed by nature, fully informed by study, perfectly disciplined by practice, open-eyed to his opportunity, and loyal to his trust.

There are lawyers by nature just as there are poets by nature. They are endowed with two great gifts; one is intellectual, the other moral. One is the power to perceive the true relations of things, and the other

is the disposition to see justice done. This ability to see the true relations in which things stand to each other—what is it but common sense magnified? And who will not admit that common sense is always a gift of nature? If you know of any college that can confer an honest degree in common sense, let me know—I want to send my boy there. It can't be done. If he was born with it the school will give it breadth and power. If he was born without it the school will only make the deficiency conspicuous. The Spaniards have a proverb, "A fool is never a great fool until he knows Latin." We have all seen lawyers who would have been stronger if they had relied more on their reason and less on their reading. Even on the bench I have known men who would have been better judges if they had been poorer lawyers. When all is said it is mother-wit that runs the world. Probably you laughed awhile ago, as I did, over that story in the Law Review concerning a famous jurist who was fording a little brook in his chaise and trying to wet the dry wheels by backing again and again into the stream, and finding that each time he wet only the same part of the circumference. An old darkey observing his efforts ventured to help him by turning the wheel round and round in the water until the felloe and spokes were all wet. "I never thought of that," said the absent-minded judge. He must have been greatly consoled by the reply: "Oh, well, some folks just nat'lly has mo' sense than others, anyhow."

How often we have occasion to return to that profound saying of Bacon, "Books teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and

above them won by observation." It was common sense that made the law, and it is common sense that must apply it. In the war between our states a Massachusetts regiment was to be transported by train. The locomotive had broken down. "Is there any man here that knows how to mend this engine?" asked the Colonel. A private stepped out of the ranks and patted the machine, saying, "I ought to; I made her." That is what happens when the real lawyer puts his hand to the law. Some of the best lawyers were never admitted to the bar. More than once I have been consulted by some country magistrate, some backwoods justice of the peace, constable, or plain farmer, who has shown such a clear perception of principles, such a firm grasp of the situation, that I have felt like saying, "Why do you come to me for counsel? It is I that should learn of you." Of course, there are some questions that depend for their solution upon technical learning; but they are not a large proportion. Barring these, I believe it is possible to state any correct judgment in terms that will satisfy the common mind I always distrust a decision that cannot be made intelligible to the ordinary understanding. When Marshall was delivering one of his subtile, far-reaching opinions a political opponent whispered to his companion, "It's wrong, all wrong." "Yes," replied his colleague, "but the man does not live that can point out wherein it is wrong." I do not pretend to say that the criticism was just in that instance. I don't remember what the instance was. But when that is the impression left upon a fair and candid mind,—a feeling that the argument may be right. but that

the result is wrong,—the probability is that the opinion is wrong. If it is not wrong there has been a failure to put it on the true ground. Luke P. Poland, of Vermont, was one of the best judges and legislators we ever had. A neighbor of his, not a lawyer, had been elected justice of the peace. The judge said to him, "I will give you a little advice. You will get along well enough if you never give any reason for your decisions. You are a pretty sensible fellow, and nine times out of ten your judgments will be right, but if you try to tell why, the chances are you will make yourself ridiculous." The true texts are those that shine by their own light. The sound judgment has a way of justifying itself even to the man in the street. It is the business of learning to make itself plain to the unlearned. Greatness can afford to be simple; and the highest wisdom uses the homeliest language. It is weakness and uncertainty that take refuge in obscure phrases. Have I not read of some sort of fish that secures its escape from its enemy by diffusing an inky substance through the water? Read the great judgments of Mansfield, of Marshall, of Gibson, of Shaw. How they commend themselves to the unsophisticated reason! Take one of Ben Franklin's sayings, one of Æsop's fables, one of Lincoln's stories—how they find their way to the hearts and understandings of the masses! Choate uesd to say that Webster's words passed current like coin among the people. So do the plain-dealing words of Theodore Roosevelt today. Law is not something technical, something that smells of the lamp and belongs to the closet. Law is nothing stable, nothing desirable unless it is the sifted

and garnered common sense of the race. You need never tremble for that kind of law. It is a tub that can stand on its own bottom. A code that can be understood and apppreciated only by a class or a profession may fail, but a law that makes its appeal to the good sense and honest instincts of men at large can never fail. For a sound legal judgment is moral as well as mental. It is not enough to see things as they are: the great lawyer sees how they ought to be. His love of justice is as strong as his perception of truth is keen. It has been said, "Love is our highest word and the synonym of God." But if that be so, then the next highest word is justice. "For justice all place a temple and all season summer!" What other excuse can government give for its existence than this—"to establish justice?" So it is that a good lawyer must have the qualities that go to the making of a good judge. He cannot conduct his case wisely nor advise his client safely unless he can foresee with reasonable accuracy how the court will be obliged to treat it when it comes before it. The best counsel is he who best anticipates the court's decision. You cannot make a good judge out of intellect alone. He must have a heart that can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. His blood must be red. Let him be pure and righteous as he may, but through his heart must throb the quick, warm currents of humanity. And above all he must love justice. He must long to see the right prevail. So must the lawyer—"*the* lawyer," I mean. He must be great enough to exult in his own defeat when he finds that he ought to be defeated. Lawyers do not like to be beaten; judges do not like

to be reversed. But a judge who will not rejoice to see his own wrong judgment set aside—he may be great in learning and high in place, but the least in the kingdom of justice is greater than he.

The law is a Spartan mistress, hard indeed and jealous enough, yet not without a certain high and austere beauty of her own. It is not altogether a question of ability—the question of fitness for this or that profession: it is quite as much a question of temper, of disposition. When Othello is summoned from the bridal bed to undertake the Turkish wars, you remember he exclaims:

> "The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
> Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
> My thrice-driven bed of down. I recognize
> A natural and prompt alacrity
> I find in hardness."

He found in it something akin to his own nature and welcomed it so. There is a temper, admirable, too, in its way and the parent of admirable work, which is not the temper of the law. Many a man has found it so when too late. Many another has found it so before it was too late and has left the law for his own proper calling. James Russell Lowell was one of these. He well represents a large class whose temper is literary, dreamy, poetic, rather than forensic. They had the native parts. Lowell himself had a lazy strength which, when he chose to put it forth, worked wonders. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was written at a heat, at one sitting. But such phenomenal activity was followed by long periods of indolent repose in which the brooding genius nourished itself for another flight. We may doubt

if such minds are capable of that continuous and exacting discipline of which we are now speaking. It is not that the imagination serves no purpose in the lawyer's career. It may serve him mightily, but it must serve and not rule. It must be the horses, not the driver. It has been said that the artist is out of place in the law. I cannot subscribe to that. I believe all genuine work must be done in the spirit of the artist. The difference is not that one kind of work is art and the other mere drudgery; the difference is in the style of art and the main purpose of it. There is little learning, little culture, there are few graces and few accomplishments which may not serve the advocate at times and serve him well. But they are only aids to his main purpose. His main purpose is to make the most of his cause; and any learning, any rhetoric, any eloquence, however admirable in itself, which does not help him to that end, is not art, because it violates the first canon of all art, which requires unity and the subordination of every detail to the dominant idea. When the advocate has made the most of his cause he has succeeded, as a workman, whether the cause be won or lost. In the same way, speaking broadly, the main purpose of the lawyer must be to make of himself the best lawyer it is possible for him to become. When he is taken possession of by the desire to do that he finds that to realize his ideal demands as much of him as it ever did of the Spartan. I do not say he may not have a sort of success without it. If nature has given him a sturdy stomach and a normal brain, if fortune shall afford him an average chance among his fellows, he may have a shuffling sort of success and even win

a respectability of income and of place without this hardship; but if that be the goal of his ambition let him rest assured he will never be ranked by his fellow lawyers as a lawyer; he will never find himself leading in emergencies, never be waited for at the council-board nor dreaded in the battle of debate.

In the first place, the realization of his ideal will call upon him for a body strong and sound and clean. I do not say he cannot succeed without it. I say he cannot make of himself the best lawyer possible, without it. I do not forget how numerous have been the proofs that a strong will and a persistent purpose may overcome all physical defects, that men of feeble frame have wielded the power of giants. I do not forget how numerous have been those other proofs that genius may do wonders even when the body is trampled upon, abused, made drunken. I do not forget that the alternate excitement and exhaustion of the lawyer's life constitute peculiar temptations, and that many of the best have fallen,—that many of the ablest have dragged this lengthening chain along the path of their success. But the truth remains that he who would do his best must have a body strong and sound and clean. And whatever may have been the case in former days, the leaders of the bar today are mostly of this class. Intemperance was once almost the badge of our profession. It has come to be exceptional. The man who would lead realizes that he is like an athlete training for his finest effort. He knows that he has contests before him that will task him to the uttermost. He knows that he will have rivals who have turned their backs on every such temptation, and that all

the difference between success and failure in the most important cause may turn some day on such advantage between him and his opponent. He knows that it is wisdom to cast off every impediment, as that Lacedaemonian youth in the foot race at Olympia finally threw aside his girdle itself and ran naked to the goal. Indeed, I do not know the career in life where physical endurance counts for more than here. The great contests of the forum sometimes become physical almost as much as mental. Hour after hour may pass in strenuous exertion, in constant watchfulness, in alert readiness, in slow, painful pursuit, and the fate of the case may hang on another hour of unflagging effort. Then endurance tells; then training tells; then the temperate life tells. The man who can go through such a day and then if need be go not to his bed but to his office and spend night there and come to court at morning armed cap-a-pé and fresh for the final struggle, has a superiority over his weaker adversary, who may be otherwise his peer, which it would be difficult to overrate.

Then, again, the realization of his ideal will demand of him a patience and minuteness of labor which few are willing to endure. He must learn to love drudgery, for nine-tenths of his employment will be what the world calls that. I used to think a lawyer was a man who spent his time making fine speeches in court. The years have taught me my mistake. I now see that a lawyer is a man who spends his days in drudgery nobody else is willing to submit to, that when the hour of doubt and difficulty comes he may have a sensible word to offer when no one else knows what to say. His admired effort is "the perfect

flower of his correction.'' It is living knowledge; it is acquiring skill; it is training, disciplining, chastening every faculty into unwavering obedience. It is nothing peculiar to our profession. MacDonald defined the religious gift of grace as ''the lovely result of forgotten toil;'' and that is true of all perfection. It may be essential to our enjoyment of the finished product that we shut our eyes to the process, but not when we are inquiring how the masterpiece came to be. The most impressive picture of the orator's power I can recall is that which Landor gave us in the imaginary conversation between Demosthenes and a contemporary. The prince of advocates is talking of his past career, and as his memory goes back to the triumphant moments of his life, he exclaims: ''I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger paused at the silence of her gateways and said, 'Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people.' '' But that is only half the lesson. The picture will mislead us wholly unless we set beside it that earlier one of the ill-shaped, thick-tongued, stammering youth, rehearsing with pebbles in his mouth, rehearsing while he raced against the wind, rehearsing in the thunders of the sea, in his dungeon underground, in his legal contests with his guardians,—developing and subduing every faculty of mind and body until it obeyed the slightest dictate of his art.

But, as I said, the law is not all speech making. Look at what the practitioner must have at his command. There is the vast and venerable body of the common law of England, the basis of our law. There

lie the explanations of our present code; there lie the fundamental principles which are to guide him, or give him his bearing, in almost every change; there is the source and fountain of our American conceptions of property and law. And here, too, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." There is the constitution of his state, by which every act of the legislature must be tested. This he must know as if by heart. There is the Federal constitution to which every state law must yield—to which every state constitution must, if necessary, bend. This must be familiar to him as his name. Then there are the acts of Congress, the statutes of his own state assembly, changing year by year, the decisions of courts of last resort deciding novel cases, an ever-increasing mass to analyse, to know as best he can,—the vital part of it. In the mere gathering of information what limit is there but the limit of his strength? In the mere matter of selection—what to slight, what to study carefully—see what discrimination is required. Who wonders that we grow bewildered? When a law student asked Gen. Butler what book he should read first, the bluff old pirate swept his arm toward his crowded shelves and cried: "Oh—, pitch in anywhere; you can't expect to know anything for a few years, anyhow!" When we watch the vast flood pouring past us we realize that discrimination is becoming all the time more necessary—all the time more difficult. Who will have the courage to contend against it? Here is where the philosophic temper tells. Here is opportunity for him who is not to be cowed by obstacles, nor bewildered by labyrinths, nor fooled by shams, nor imposed upon

by hollow reputations,—who can separate the grain from chaff, who can follow the thread of a legal principle through every devious winding to the light of day.

How many-sided an active trial lawyer must become in the course of years! Hardly a department of business or a phase of social life that he does not touch. Who can wonder at the prominence the profession holds in public life when he remembers that it touches life at more points than any other. Then, again, the faculties developed are the very ones which in the contests of life give men advantage over their fellows. To say nothing further of that breadth and fullness of knowledge which it gathers day by day, that perfect knowledge of human nature, the discipline itself,—that mastery of all one's power, which it imparts, is enough to account for its pre-eminence.

What is more dramatic than an earnest trial? Here is human life contracted to the limits of a play, and yet not a play, but the reality itself. You know how Shakespeare in the historical plays crowds events that happened years apart into the limits of a week to give his drama unity, intensity, and dramatic power—how the Greek drama confines the action to a single day, and yet shows the unfolding fates of years within that day. So in the court room you have human life in miniature—a drama going on before your eyes—no libretto in your hand to tell you how it is coming out—every step a surprise—its climaxes all real—the issues of life and death often to be found in a moment, sometimes in a single word.

The court room is a battlefield and calls for courage; no Flodden Field or Gettysburg calls for

more. In the exigencies of a trial the coward goes to the rear—no matter how learned a coward he may be. To learn to think upon his feet, to deliberate and decide in the very heat of strife, to meet apparent ruin with a smile, never to lose his poise, to be the perfect master of himself in every crisis of his case,—all this his art demands. No jury will try to carry through a case they see the lawyer has lost heart in.

His ideal grows stricter, more severe, as years go by until no superfluity is tolerable. So in all art. In youth, Venus and Adonis—in age, Hamlet. So all art grows severe as it grows perfect—even with painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, but especially with orators, and most of all with the master of that severest type of oratory, the advocate in court. No ornament now for the sake of ornament, no weapon to be despised however rude that will bring victory. "If you knew how precious freedom is, you would defend it with axes," said the Spartans to the Great King's satrap when he ridiculed their arms. What opportunity for genuine eloquence!—the clean-cut statement, the shrewd analysis, cunning to track the lie back to its lair, courage to transfix it when it is found, illustration like a burst of sunlight in a darkened room, the witty story, the touch of pathos, the passionate appeal!

To me the peculiar glory of the lawyer's career is that its power increases with increasing years. The great lawyer is greatest at the last. His highest ability begins when men in other walks of life have passed their usefulness. Three score and ten is young for the ideal lawyer. Now comes the cumulative force of all

his years of knowledge, training, and resource. There was Sidney Bartlett, leader of Suffolk County Bar at ninety years. Holmes called him "the lion of the law," and wrote:

"How Court Street trembles when he leaves his den
Clad in the pomp of four score years and ten!"

There was Henry W. Paine, once leader of the same great bar, who left his practice at eighty-four. He was an old man when he used to stand in court and lay down the law with his simple *ipse dixit,* rarely citing book, and rarely asked to cite it. There was one exception, however, and it called forth from him the finest of court repartees. He was arguing before Judge Gray, afterwards of the Federal Supreme Court, who, always more of a lawyer than a courtier, broke in upon him with, "Mr. Paine, that is not the law." "It was the law," replied the perfect courtier, "until Your Honor just spoke." When you entered the Supreme Court chamber a few years ago, you saw upon the bench a figure worthy to remind you of Tennyson's description of Homer:

And there the Ionian father of the rest,
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snowed upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin,

—Stephen J. Field, fit representative of his long-lived, manly race. This is, indeed, in Browning's fine phrase: "The last of life for which the first was made." To every young man who has any aspiration at all life comes in the same guises which it put on before the Trojan shepherd. The three goddesses appear. The love of pleasure, sensuous, beautiful—

so Aphrodite came. It also comes in guise of greater dignity, more alluring, too, to minds of manly temper, and speaks to him of wealth and influence. So Heré came to Paris.

"Still she spake on, and still she spake of power,
Which in all action is the end of all."

One other form she comes in, nobler still, Wisdom herself, Athene:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

But there is a graver consideration. There is a larger sense in which life itself is only another name for opportunity. I should have wasted the hour you lend me tonight if I should close without bringing my subject to the test of this thought also. We all recognize the sordidness of the view that looks upon any occupation solely as bread winning, or as a way to get rich. But the thoughtful man might ask: "After all your fine talk of information, discipline, education even in its broadest sense,—cui bono? Is this all? Is this, then, the chief end of man, to be educated? If so, the universe is made to revolve about my individual soul for a center—a philosophy as unworthy of my belief as that old petty theory of the heavens, which made the earth the center of all things instead of recognizing it as the infinitesimal speck it is, following in the wake of titanic suns and systems. I cannot accept that philosophy." Well, neither can I. I agree: It is beneficent activity which is the chief end of man,—that, with the eternal happiness which keeps it company. We can never be at peace with ourselves, never possess that happiness which, as

Matthew Arnold put it, comes from the consciousness of hitting the mark, if we fail to fulfill the prime purpose of existence, which is to live in and for the life of humanity—not the struggling, sordid humanity of today alone, but the triumphant, glorified humanity which is to be, on earth.

What is a lawyer's part in life thus looked upon? A very small part some people would say. There is a notion that a lawyer's very business is inconsistent with any such view. I used to hear a minister laugh about a pious member of his flock who was accustomed to make earnest prayer for a friend of his, a lawyer, that he might become a Christian, always adding with a dubious sigh, "Oh, Lord, if it be possible for a lawyer to be a Christian!" If Tolstoi is right the lawyer's life does run counter to Christian ethics at every step. So does the judge's, the soldier's, the policeman's, the law-maker's, every man's who helps to hold up existing governmental order. I bow to the sincerity and consistency of those who thus read and obey the Sermon on the Mount, but I take it we do not so interpret it; and if the social order is to be maintained, as necessary in some sort and the best we could get so far, if the practical work before lies in slowly remolding it to better ideals and uses, then the lawyer's opportunity is indeed unrivaled. I know the tendency is for him to grow conservative,—distrusting, fearing change. I blush to own that law reforms have not always nor often had their birth in lawyers' brains. They have come, like almost all reforms, from below, in the upheaval of crushed and outraged masses.

Then, again, see how wealth almost monopolizes

legal talent. A moment's reflection will suffice for you to name a score of lawyers of commanding powers in the pay of enormous corporations—one moment. Now take five and count over for me half as many of equal force and fame who represent the people in their life-long struggle with these vast and overshadowing interests. Let a young man at the bar display great ability,—instantly he is clapped under a retainer. When Chatham made his first speech in the House of Commons, Walpole exclaimed: "We must muzzle that terrible Cornet of Horse," and sent a henchman to bribe him. Happily for England and America, too, Walpole had no bribe large enough to make a gag for those terrible lips. Unfortunately, the Chathams have not always been so hard to muzzle. Nor is it strange. The retainer is not a bribe. It is an honest fee. I do not impugn the motives of those who take it when it comes. It is a flattering, insidious prize. I know wealth must have brains to serve it, and is entitled to such service. I am not arraigning wealth. My lamentation is that there should not be more to hear the call to the other side, to stand as champions of the people unfettered by any such alliance. The questions we must meet hereafter relate to wealth and especially to the framing of laws which may regulate the distribution of it. Should all our lawyers be retained by wealth? How can we lessen the inequalities of life and not impair the principles of property and law? That is the problem that confronts us. How can wealth be forced to pay its share of taxes? How shall we give the poor man's child an even chance in life? How get for him who toils a few free hours of sunlight with his family, an hour

or two each day to cultivate his mind? How see to it that these ponderous, soulless machines, to which indeed we owe so much, do not become in the end very Juggernauts, crushing manhood, womanhood, and childhood to the earth? How shall we counteract with wholesome, hopeful laws the blind despairing efforts of the giant whose hundred hands may soon find swords to fight with? These are the questions that face us. How shall we ever answer them with safety if every man, as soon as he has mastered law enough to be of any use, forsakes the poor and strikes hands with the rich?

Thomas Erskine went into Lord Mansfield's court one morning penniless, as the obscure associate of eminent counsel, who thought their case beyond hope, not worth a struggle. He rose unexpectedly, and in the face of his Lordship's reproof dragged the real author of the iniquity into court and by sheer force of his audacious eloquence transfixed him there. His case was won, and he went out an hour later, his place and fame secure, receiving retainer after retainer as he made his way out of the hall—the most sudden and dramatic instance of forensic success on record. Years afterwards when some one asked him how he dared to face Lord Mansfield with such boldness on a point where he was clearly out of order, he replied: "I seemed to feel my children tugging at my robe, and saying, 'Now, father, is the time to get us bread.'" I know how very strong such tugging is, but I have sometimes thought that advocates might feel the hands of innumerable children tugging at their robes if they had hearts to heed them.

If I seem to make too high and severe a test for our profession—if you say this is not the common view—you will at least admit that if the lawyer does not lift the burden from his fellow men, it is not for lack of many a golden opportunity. It may be in the future as in the past that the helpers of mankind must come from other walks of life,—that the burden of reform shall be laid on the shoulders that are willing, rather than on the shoulders that are able, to bear; but one thing is sure: There never was a time when the lawyer might wield such power as in the fifty years before us. For in those years, as all men see, the foundations of the state are to be searched as with candles. Every principle of polity is to be challenged and overhauled, and the ceaseless question will be asked, What ails the social order? Why in a world of plenty, in a land the garden of the world, under a government of the people, by the people, for the people, is it possible that one man should spoil in luxury while another may starve beside him for the lack of work? If the men whose daily life has taught them to expound and apply the rules of reason, of government, and law,—if they will keep their heads clear and their hearts warm to deserve and win the confidence of their fellows, what helpful part may they not take in solving these dark problems? Only let not all hold the retainer of capital. Let a few stand for the numberless clientage of the poor.

You will say I have idealized the profession. I confess it. I could not labor in it unless I did. Whatever one's profession may be, let him idealize it. If I had but one word of counsel to give it would be that. Clothe it with the richest imagery; surround it with

the noblest names, the proudest associations. If you were an artist you would think of Phidias, and Raphael, and Michael Angelo. If you were a preacher you would think of Savonarola, and Whitefield, and Bossuet, and Brooks. If you are a lawyer think of Marshall, and Webster, of Erskine, and Coke, of Selden, Ulpian, Demosthenes. These, not the hucksters and shysters of the day, stand for your art. Lift it to the level of your highest thought; dignify it by your noblest effort; then if you fail to fulfill your ideal your very failure might be success for one who strove less nobly.

> "Build as thou wilt and as thy light is given;
> Then if at last the airy structure fall,
> Dissolve and vanish, take thyself no shame;
> They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

The lawyer leaves a short-lived fame. His cases, which taxed his strength and drained his very blood, are mostly of passing interest and soon forgotten. There was Dexter, of whom Webster said: "His very statement was argument, his inference seemed demonstration." He hardly lives now beyond that single sentence of Webster's eulogium. There was Jeremiah Mason, the giant of Webster's day, to whose rivalry Webster himself attributed his development, a rivalry that held the god-like Daniel to his utmost effort, and made him often say: "The laurels of Miltiades will not let me sleep." It was Mason, you may remember, who argued the Dartmouth College case in the State Court of New Hampshire, and so argued it that when Webster presented it again in the United States Supreme Court in that world-famous speech,

he could only plough through again, and did, the same furrow that Mason's share had run in. This was the man whom old lawyers still speak of as the greatest New England ever had. I doubt if many of you ever heard of him before. And yet he did a man's work and fills a man's place in the world's forgotten history. Choate himself has left little more than an actor's tradition. The race of fame is not always to the swift nor its battle to the strong. How pathetic the thought of that innumerable nameless multitude who have done the world's rough work! Other men labored and we have entered into their labors. We cannot even thank them for it. That may be our lot, and doubtless will. It is only a question of time at best when we shall be forgotten. You go out perhaps under a starry night. Above you ride the heavenly host. You see the bright majestic stars, the splendid constellations. Perhaps you know their names—Jupiter, Saturn, Orion, the Pleiades. You think they shed the light upon your path, and so they do, but not the whole. Astronomers will tell you that one-fourth of all that blended radiance falls from stars too small for you to see. They seem to have no place in heaven. They have no name on earth. And yet they help to light you on your way. Not one of us may ever become a bright, particular star in the heaven of fame. But we may all join the invisible host that shed their kindly light upon the paths of men.

ISRAEL'S IDEAL OF JUSTICE

A Response to that Toast, at a Banquet of the B'nai B'rith in Washington, D. C., April 6, 1910.

I wish to say a few words tonight about the contribution Israel has made to the world's ideal of justice. Justice is undoubtedly the dearest interest that men possess. There is only one thing more important than to get justice, and that is to do justice. The race that has done most to elevate and widen the world's sense of justice has rendered it the greatest service. And let me say at once that the reading and reflection of a lifetime have led me to believe that that supreme distinction must be accorded to the Jew.

What is justice? Certainly it is not that thing which in a childish and partial view some men mistake for justice,—the deserved punishment of guilt, or the reward of merit. Rather let us say it is that harmonious adjustment of *all* relations that comes of a keen and controlling sense of what is right. Justice is a universal concept. It is not in conflict with mercy. Mercy is only another name for justice. It is only another expression of the same infinite and divine face. If we ever think of mercy and justice as warring with each other it is only because our view is too narrow and contracted. Take it in a court of justice. It is never a question whether mercy shall be shown. Mercy ought always to be shown. The

question is how shall it be shown, and to whom shall it be shown, to the one or to the many, to the guilty or to the innocent, to the murderer or to him who may be his next victim if he shall go free, to the individual sufferer or to that great number who may be restrained by his example? And even to the offender some measure of punishment may be the truest mercy.

Now it is the glory of the Jew that he clearly perceived this universal quality of justice. That unrivalled gift of spiritual insight that enabled him to stand in the crowded pantheon of pagan gods, unbewildered by their subtlety, unenamored of their beauty, and proclaim the everlasting truth that God is one,—that same gift enabled him to see that God's character is one and perfectly consistent. He bowed down and said, "Our God is a consuming fire," and then lifted up his face in childlike confidence and said, "His mercy endureth forever." He saw that the two truths were not really two but one. He thought of God as a king who wraps creation round him like a garment, and yet he felt him to be a father who leans down to catch the lowest whisper of his child. And his idea of God was one and the same with his idea of justice. Other peoples have pictured justice as an angel standing beside the throne, waiting with the glittering, unsheathed sword of vengeance, or holding before her blindfolded eyes the poised and pendent balance. The Hebrew went beyond all that. With the boldness of the seer he cried, "Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne," as much as to say, God's very throne is built upon his justice, and if God himself *could* fall away from justice he would

in that same moment fall away from power. When has thought soared to a more daring height, or clothed itself in language more magnificent? Compare that sublime conception of the Jew with the vacillating deities of Olympus,—creations of the most brilliant intellect the world has ever known.

And then he saw that justice was eternal. All things about him were in flux. Races might come and go, empires might rise and fall, but what was right yesterday was right today and would be right tomorrow. There he took his stand. The earth might shake and tremble, the mountains might skip like young rams, but justice would never fail him, and underneath him were the everlasting arms. God gave him to see, through the things that are ever changing, the things that never change.

And one thing more he saw,—saw it with a clearness of vision never granted to any other, and held to it with a courage as stubborn as ever stood against the tide of battle—he saw that no matter what the opposition, no matter what the persecution, no matter what the apparent power of the oppressor, justice was sure to triumph in the end. That is the vision and the faith that have made his record glorious. Those are the wings of song. That is the burning coal of prophecy. The reign of the Messiah, what is it after all but the final the permanent establishment of justice? That is the glorious future that is drawing to itself the hearts of men; and towards it all eyes are turning. Thousands of years ago the Hebrew saw it and proclaimed its coming. When all the world around lay buried in sleep and darkness he stood upon the mountain sum-

mit and caught the earliest ray of the ascending dawn. In prayer and psalm and prophecy, in the matchless splendor of oriental speech, he delivered his message and taught the world his truth—justice universal, eternal, triumphant.

No people was ever oppressed like this people. No people was ever so persecuted, so trodden upon, so prostrate; yet none has triumphed so magnificently. Israel's ideal of Justice has taken permanent possession of the human mind. Torn asunder by faction, driven from his country, scattered to the four winds of heaven, scourged up and down the highways of the world, stretched upon the rack, burned at the stake, massacred by the hundred-thousand, a wanderer friendless and homeless through the centuries, despised by the world he was liberating from its idols, Israel has stamped his ideal of justice upon the human consciousness itself, and lives in every upward movement of the race. I do not forget—though for the moment I may seem to do so—I do not forget what other races have contributed to the common store,—Athens and Italy their sense of beauty, Sparta and Rome their love of discipline and order, Gaul and Germany their zeal for liberty, England and America the ever-blessed union of liberty under law; I do not forget what your own gifted race has wrought in other ways—in war and state-craft, in music, art, poetry, science, history, philosophy—but, compared with the meaning and majesty of this achievement, every other work you have accomplished, every triumph of every other people sinks into insignificance. Give up every other claim to the world's gratitude before you surrender this: The world owes its conception of justice to the Jew.

AT GRANT'S TOMB; A DECORATION DAY ADDRESS

Passages from an Address delivered at Grant's Tomb, Riverside Drive, New York, on the invitation of U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, Department of N. Y. G. A. R., May 30, 1906.

The bitterest of Southern statesmen informed the House of Representatives that his section looked upon the Federal bond only as a matter of convenience. "There is no magic in this word Union!" he declared. That was in 1824, and for over a generation Randolph's fellow skeptics took the sneer for truth. The first cannon-shot against Fort Sumter taught them their mistake. There *was* magic in the word Union, and under the spell of it they saw the whole North bristle with bayonets and billow with banners, while a million men made ready to march down to the Gulf. It was a war between the old and the new—the past and the present—a war of civilizations and a war of worlds. And so it was, that a conquest of arms would have been a fruitless victory without the conquest of ideas. But freedom has triumphed: slavery is gone and not a voice is raised to call it back. Nationality has triumphed: today this flag is kissed by all the breezes of the South.

Those were the two great trophies of the war—freedom and nationality. That was the splendid spoil our heroes brought back from the crimson fields to

hang forever in the dome of fame and shine untarnished by the envious years. The dead are mightily avenged in the adoption of their principles. Do you not hear them calling from their graves under the cypress and the drooping vines? "Let all unkindness be forgotten now. This reunited country is our monument. The triumph of our cause is all the crown we need. Give up all things for peace—all things but one—all things except the beautiful and everlasting truth for which we died!"

There was no personal rancor between the brave men who fought the question out. The issues were too vast and terrible for that. Who uttered those large words of golden charity, "Let us have peace?" Was it not the most dread and dogged fighter of all? It was the same man who said: "I will provide no transports for the retreat of my forces across this river. If I win I shall not need them, and if I am beaten a log will be enough to take my army back." No wonder the Confederacy trembled when it learned that the North had finally gathered up all the reins of battle and placed them in those unrelenting hands. That was the same man, gentle as a knight of old, who handed back Lee's beautiful sword when he surrendered it, and told the Southern soldier-boys to keep their horses because they would need them for the Spring plowing.

And yet when the war began what was he? A man who had made a failure of life and was cutting and hauling firewood for the kitchens of St. Louis. When democracy was in danger she stooped among her failures, and out of that material molded the greatest general of the age. It was as if she had said: "I will

teach the world for all time that free government can produce its own defenders out of the undreamed greatness of common manhood!'' Europe said: ''Your real trouble will come when the war is over and you undertake to disband these enormous armies.'' Democracy said: ''I will show you.'' She uttered the one word *peace,* and her armies melted away as the snow does in the Spring. These men were great and did great things because they trusted in great principles. Men have always been greatest when their need was greatest. They have done most when they have believed most. Doubt begets failure—belief is the father of deeds.

These are the days—these are the object-lessons that quicken patriotic life and make the future safe. From some altar which the service of this day has kindled the angel of patriotism may snatch the live ember that can still touch cold, impassive lips with the old deathless fire. Perhaps this very day some leader of the time to come may hear his call. This very day the armies of the future may be mustered in. For in how many places all over this wide land these sad, proud ceremonies are now going on! We see them one and all. We see them in the shadow of heroic tombs like this where we are gathered. We see them in solemn sleeping-places on the banks of lordly rivers where many thousands rest upon their arms. We see them on old cruel battlefields where the young summer laughs aloud, and vine and verdure make the record of the strife appear as false and idle as a half-remembered dream. We see them in villages and towns alive with banners, and in thronged thoroughfares of mighty cities where hurrying men of alien

race and unfamiliar speech stare at the passing column as if they gazed upon a pageant of the past. We see them in the most pathetic parts of all,—in little humble burial-places scattered along the prairies or hidden away among the lonely hills. We watch them one by one. We see the proud procession going forth,—men in the noon of life, young men with quick and eager pulse, their brows still bright with the sweet dews of dawn, and children from their full hands dropping flowers—and at the heart of each we see a dwindled company of white-haired men whose ardent youth was touched to greatness by their time's great call. Who dreams that he can weigh with words the value of observances like these? God pity us if we believe that all the bills and bonds in the banks of this imperial city constitute an asset half as dear!

When this day began to be observed it was only a day set apart for decorating the graves of those who perished in the Civil War. Year by year it has grown in meaning and in scope until it has come to be the All Souls Day of the nation. It now aims to guard and keep alive the memory of all who at any time or in any place have laid down their lives for the great republic. To all who by their death have magnified her, to all her servants departed this life in her faith and fear, the time is consecrated. To one and all. There is none so long dead as to be forgotten. There is none so far away as to be out of mind. There is none so humble as to be overlooked. There is none so mighty or renowned as not to receive an added dignity and grace from the spirit of the hour. From 1775 to 1906,—from the sunny lawn at Lexington

to the dank jungle of the South Pacific,—there is not one who parted with sweet life in the belief that he was serving her but has his part in her memory and gratitude today. Today she tenderly recalls not only all who wore her colors in camp and field, but all who for her welfare gave up health or friends or quiet hours,—all who in selfish times were ready to forego the rewards of office, even the good will of their fellow-men, not because they loved these less but because they loved her more,—willing to endure shame and persecution if only they might make her law worthy of obedience and her raiment white as snow. Time, that touches all things with mellowing hands, has softened the recollections of old contests, and while bearing to oblivion much that was held dear lends grandeur and luster to all that still remains. It is not her land nor her arms nor her gold that constitutes the true wealth of the nation: it is her sacred and heroic memories. And this is the day when she is making up her jewels. Well may she remember this returning day to keep it holy. No greed, no ambition, can poison the life of a people if in every year it will keep sacred one such day.

ONE OF THE FOURTH ESTATE: CROSBY STUART NOYES

A Eulogy at a Memorial Meeting in the New National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Sunday, April 5, 1908.

Mr. President, as you are well aware, it is quite against my personal inclination that I am taking more than a silent part in these observances. Not that I am not always glad to pay my tribute to a public benefactor, but that I feel incompetent, from lack of personal acquaintance, to speak of him as he deserves. Yet I could not well refuse, because I hold that an invitation of this character, and coming from the source it does, should be to any true citizen equivalent to a command. Fortunately there are many here who knew him well, and what I have to say has been verified already.

What a character it is that has been drawn for us in the last few weeks by those who knew him from young manhood to old age! To begin with, a farmer's boy, too frail to follow the plow, but with a rich gift of expression—a love of letters joined to a keen zest for life; a bright sense of humor playing over austere principles, as sunlight plays over the mountain crags. Then, in the full strength of years, courage without headiness, independence without rancor. Critical of imperfection, yet always quicker to see good than evil. No petty spite, no personal animosity—always reserving the divine

faculty of hate for giant wrongs and oppressions, the only objects worthy of its terrible aim. Modest, unassuming, ready to lend an ear to any complaint however humble, to champion any honest cause however feeble. Bold yet conservative, shrewd and capable in business, broadminded and far-sighted in civic affairs, staunch in time of trial, steady against assault; never stepping needlessly into the gaze of men, yet influencing their thought and conduct in a thousand unobtrusive ways; a quiet molder of opinion; a doer of deeds and yet a dreamer of dreams; with a faith and pride in Washington that amounted to a passion; full of plans to reclaim her waste places and preserve her scenes of natural beauty for the generations that are to come. A philanthropy that knew no color, class or creed, and a personal charm that opened hostile doors like the touch of magic and turned enemies into friends! Such is the picture, so fine and nobly rounded that if it were not vouched for by those whose word is above question and who know whereof they speak, we might hesitate to accept it as the truth.

Yet we do accept it; and I, as a son of that New England that sent him forth, point to him with special pride as a shining example of what her sturdy stock has done for American ideals in every quarter of the land.

What a complete and wholly satisfying life it was! Not without its obstacles and adversities, but developing the quiet strength that could surmount them all. Walking from Philadelphia to Washington, except for an offered ride, which he laughingly said turned out to be harder than walking; beginning

with less than two dollars in a strange city; throwing himself at once into the life and interests of the place; following with eager eyes of youth the portentous events that led up to and brought on the war; studying and describing the statesmen and leaders of the period; listening to Webster, to Calhoun, to Clay; watching and participating in the struggles and passions, the defeats and victories of that great conflict out of which our true national consciousness was to have its birth; knowing the friendship of Lincoln; receiving the confidence of Stanton; and, when peace was restored, taking his seat in that editorial chair which he made a sort of throne; maintaining there during forty years the best traditions of that older journalism which had Bryant and Bowles and Greeley for its exemplars; storing his mind with study; correcting his opinions by the safer schooling of affairs; traveling in many lands and bringing back the treasures of remote ages and strange peoples to beautify his home; giving himself unstintedly for the good of his time and the elevation of the city of his care, and finding himself year by year more secure in the love and veneration of his fellows—surely that was a life worth living, and the memory of it is a priceless heritage to leave his sons.

To me, sir, there is something peculiarly impressive and inspiring in a scene like this—a city calling her sons and daughters together to review the life and recount the services of one of the truest and noblest of her citizens, to weigh the pure gold of his character, and leave the garland of gratitude upon his grave. It is, indeed, good for us to be here. He may not know what we are saying of him here

today; yet in that long, laborious life may he not sometimes have been cheered and strengthened by the foreknowledge that this hour would come? He must have known that he had deserved well of Washington and that Washington would set the seal of her approval on his work when it was done. He was, in the truest and best sense of the expression, a public man. He had lived in the general eye, and when he saw his end approaching he recognized and provided for the right he knew his fellow citizens would claim, to have a part in his funeral. That tribute of their love and reverence was duly paid; and now, not in the fresh pain of grief or the first sense of loss, but in the calm and quiet hour of grateful recollection, the city summons us to say for him the final, fitting word. For sixty years he held her welfare and her honor dear. In her day of small things he was faithful and in the day of her greatness he was proud. In the night of gloom he did not forsake her, and in the morning of splendor he was with her and rejoiced. All his care and labor was to make her paths prosperous and peaceful, her homes pure, her people happy, her apparel glorious and her habitation beautiful to behold. We believe that all he lived to see was only the beginning, the faint far-off beginning, of her coming day's magnificence. He is gone, but he will not be forgotten. As time goes on, other sons no less gifted and devoted will be born of her womb or be beckoned to her side; but whatever other names she may inscribe in after years upon her broad escutcheon, she will never erase the name of *Crosby Stuart Noyes.*

THE NEW DESPOTISM

A Speech at the Dinner to the Federal Judges under the Auspices of the New York County Lawyers' Association, February 17, 1912.

My native State, in its Bill of Rights, declares that the safety of free government will be found in "a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles." In the few moments allotted me tonight I wish to examine the judicial recall in the light of those principles.

We have built our institutions on the proposition that the people have the right to rule. Their will is made known through the suffrage. And when opinions differ, as they usually do, the majority must govern. But that is not the whole of the proposition. If it were, there would be no safeguard whatever for the rights of the minority. The majority might appropriate their property. It might reduce them to slavery. It might even take away their lives. The proposition takes for granted, then, certain guaranties for the protection of the minority. And what are these? They are those elementary rights which no majority, however large, may ever violate. They have been recognized in constitutions and bills of rights, but they were not created by them. They inhere in free government itself, for human freedom is impossible without them. Among these rights there is none more important

than this: That no citizen shall be deprived of his liberty or property except by the judgment of the law and after a trial before an independent and impartial tribunal. We have now come to the keystone of the arch. It is this: The majority of the legal voters cannot constitute itself this tribunal. If it can, it still holds the property and lives of the minority in its hands, subject to its mere will and pleasure, for there is no one who can call it to account.

The cases that may come before the tribunal are of two classes. First, those between individuals merely; second, those in which one of the parties is in fact, if not in name, the people themselves, or the popular majority. By far the most important and most trying cases will be those of the second class, in which it is contended that some fundamental right of the individual or the minority is being violated. The violation will be attempted under the form of law, and thus the real party upon one side is the people or the popular majority, whose will has here found expression in the form of law. In such cases how is the independence and impartiality of the tribunal to be secured? How except by removing it as far as possible from dictation by either party? Let it be remembered that the tribunal, the court, has been created and its members chosen by one of the parties to the controversy, namely, the people. Clearly, then, the only security the other party can have is this: That the tribunal, once it is created and its members chosen, shall be permitted to decide without further interference. If it is to be checked and overawed by one of the parties, if, the moment it decides the case against that party,

its power is to be taken from it and bestowed upon others, then it is the party that decides the case, not the tribunal.

Let us inquire whether this reasoning fits the facts of the present time. Take but one example. A popular majority, through the Legislature elected by it, or more directly by the initiative and referendum, enacts a statute requiring railroads to carry passengers for one cent a mile. A test case comes before the court. The railroad insists that the act robs it of its property and the court so holds. Thereupon the same popular majority votes the judges out of office and elects to fill their places judges who will reverse the decision. Has not the popular majority constituted itself the court? May a man be the judge in his own case?

Let us test the measure by another fundamental principle. A despot makes the law and also decides whether the particular case comes within the law. Or he may just as well dispense with the law, since no one can question his decision that the case comes within it. On the other hand, in a free government one body makes the law, the general rule, while another body decides whether the particular case falls within the rule. Thus the citizen is protected. We call it keeping the legislative and judicial departments separate. In a despotism they are united. In a free government they are separate. Now if the popular majority not only makes the law, but also decides whether a given case falls within it, then the legislative and judicial powers are united in the same body and the government ceases to be free and becomes a despotism.

If it be objected that the argument proves too much, since by this reasoning the rule should be once a judge always a judge, my answer is two-fold. First, I hold with Hamilton that the judicial tenure ought to be nothing less than during good behavior. Second, if the judges are to be elected for limited terms, those terms should be at least of such a length that the judge's re-election should not depend upon his decision of some particular case or question, but upon his general worthiness to be a judge.

The argument for the recall assumes that judges are only agents of the majority, and easily reaches the conclusion that when the agent fails to satisfy his principal he may rightly be recalled. The fallacy in the argument is in the assumption that the judge is an agent. He is not an agent in any proper sense of that word. He is not the agent of either party to a cause. He is not even the agent of both parties. If his duty were to trade and compromise between them he might be considered the agent of both. But that is not his duty. His duty is to decide. It is not for him to please, nor to seek to please, either party. It is for him to decide the question between them as law and justice requires.

But some one will say: "The Constitution with its guaranties was adopted by the popular majority. Can you not trust it to abide by the work of its own hands?" Sir, I believe in the people, but I should not wish to see even the Bill of Rights subjected to the chances of every popular election. The making of a constitution is a work of momentous

import. Statutes stand for what the people think from year to year. Constitutions stand for what they think from generation to generation. When a change in the organic law is proposed; when society has been stirred to its depths by the interest excited; when the strongest intellects of the time have spent their powers upon the question; when it has been debated in all its bearings; and when the people conscious of the tremendous issues involved have solemnly weighed and decided for themselves and their posterity, I am willing to leave the question in their hands. But what resemblance has that to the proceedings we are discussing now? Another thing. When a constitution is to be adopted or amended the question submitted is in its nature general. It is a law. But when a controversy arises before a court it is concrete, and the question is apt to be whether the case falls within the law. Perhaps no one would be ready to propose that the Constitution should be changed, and yet a multitude may wish to have it decided that the party is not entitled to the protection of the Constitution in the case at bar. Now that is a question which a popular assembly is not adapted to try, nor qualified to decide. It is necessarily a question for a court.

If judicial opinions are to be reviewed at popular elections, why should not judges be instructed beforehand how to decide questions that are certain to arise? They would be saved the possibility of making a mistake. If that is not to be done the greatest jurist will be the one who shows himself most expert and nimble in keeping on the side of the majority.

When the king asked Lord Coke how he would decide a certain question if it came before him he replied: "When that case arises I will decide it as shall befit a judge." History has recorded the answer with a proud smile. When democracy asks that question of her judges shall they answer with less dignity and self-respect than the chief justice of the Stuarts? When Prince Hal struck the lord chief justice on the bench and went to jail for it, the king shed happy tears that he had a judge who dared administer the law even to the heir apparent, and that he had a son who in his sober second thought accepted the judgment of the law. Has free America in the twentieth century less reverence for law than the House of Lancaster had five hundred years ago? In one respect the Roman tribunes performed for the Roman people the office that our judges do for us— they had the power to veto laws that struck at fundamental rights. You remember that when the plebs were advised to do away with tribunes by those whose purpose had been thwarted by them, the tribunes recalled the people to their senses with a fable. Once upon a time, they said the wolves advised the sheep to get rid of their watch dogs, because they interfered with the sheep going where they pleased and were really the only obstacle to a perfect understanding between the forest and the fold! When afterward the people did give up their tribunes, they lost their liberty, and they never regained it till they got them back. Your watch dog may annoy the sheep when they wish to go astray—he may even nip one of them now and then as he tries to bring them back—but let the flock

think twice before they exchange the watch dog for the wolf. In that terrible indictment against George III which Thomas Jefferson drew in the Declaration of Independence, two of the heaviest counts were these:

"He has obstructed the Administration of Justice by refusing his Assent to laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

"He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the Tenure of their Offices and the Amount and Payment of their Salaries."

Are we prepared to accept another George III in the shape of a popular majority?

Our day has witnessed the first widespread and determined effort to secure the establishment of a permanent international court. The world's confidence in courts has become so deeply rooted that we have reason to hope that the end of war is in sight. Is it not remarkable that our day should have witnessed also a serious and calculated effort to abolish courts altogether? That two such propositions should have been the birth of the same time will be one of the marvels of history.

The proposal to recall judges for unpopular decisions is nothing less than a proposal to abolish courts. To abolish courts is to abolish freedom. However innocent the motives of those who propose this measure, no deadlier blow was ever aimed at the heart of human liberty than this. The people have only to understand it to reject it. They are not ready to throw away the fruits of their long labors and unnumbered battles, labors endured and battles waged for this very thing, that under the broad

shield of a sacred and inviolable justice the weakest or most hated might rest secure in their liberty, their property, their lives. They will discover the tyrant under this flattering disguise. And in the end they will consign to obloquy the names of those who would have tempted them to their destruction.

A CITY WITHOUT CITIZENS

A Speech at the Dinner to the President of the United States, Given by the Residents of Washington, under the Auspices of the Board of Trade and the Chamber of Commerce, at the New Willard Hotel in Washington, May 8, 1909.

MR. CHAIRMAN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE AND FELLOW GUESTS:—I pledge you in a sentiment that is almost a prayer—"May this prove a fortunate day for the District of Columbia!" Without doubt the people of the District look upon the occasion that has drawn us here as a most happy augury. The chief magistrate of the nation, not more respected than beloved, has signified his willingness to sit at their board, to break their bread and taste their salt. It is a proof of interest and kindness that has touched all hearts. We who are seated around these tables are only a handful out of many thousands who in thought and sympathy are with us at this feast. Presidents have come and gone, doing their duty by the District as they saw it, but in the press and throng of larger duties too often prevented from giving to local matters the attention they deserved. Never before has a President, at the very beginning of his term, thus held out the hand of friendship to our people. Our President has seen much of Washington. But more than that he has traveled far and wide; he

has studied the capitals of other countries, their institutions and their laws. And thus he adds to the true promptings of a generous heart the wisdom of a ripe experience. Those are the qualities that are needed here and now. It is the hour for a statesman. The population of the District has increased so rapidly, it is growing so in wealth and beauty, the greatness of its future is already so assured, that the time has come, when the true relations between the District and the nation must be clearly conceived and accurately defined, and when an ideal must be formed for the District of Columbia—an ideal to be worked for through generations, true enough and grand enough to claim the attention and the devotion of all the land.

The men who made the constitution were absolutely certain of one thing, and that was that this federal government must have a home of its own. "Over such district," the Constitution, in so many words, declares, "the Congress shall exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever." So far as general legislation is concerned there is no power in Congress to delegate this authority. It must legislate itself. When it attempted once to bestow upon a territorial legislature for the district the authority to make general laws, the court declared the attempt unconstitutional and vain. The utmost it can do in this direction is to authorize the enactment of local regulations. No attempt to legislate for Washington will be worth the making unless it is made in the same spirit in which the founders worked. It was said of an Eastern temple, "It was designed by Titans and finished by jewelers." The tribute is capable of

a double meaning. A great work *should* be grandly conceived and then executed with minutest pains. We wish as much for Washington. But the jeweler must not meddle with the architect's design. If he does men may say: "It was planned by Titans, it was finished by pygmies." Less than half a century had elapsed from the founding of the capital before a Congress was found pusillanimous enough to surrender and cede back thirty square miles of federal soil; and the noble patrimony the nation had received from The Father of his Country was broken in two, and the Virginia portion cast away. Our task tonight is to put the Washington of our day to the test of the great principles that controlled the founders of our government, to view the work they left us in the light of all that has developed since, and to plan for the future as men of their vision would have planned in our surroundings.

What do we mean when we say the District of Columbia? There are at least three meanings in which the expression may be accurately used. It may mean the mere territory, the seventy square miles of land and water. It may mean the municipal corporation which has been created by the act of Congress. It may mean the political community, which may be called, and by the Supreme Court has been repeatedly called, for certain purposes, a state. In this third sense it is not a mere municipal corporation but is filled with the sovereignty of the United States of America. It is of the utmost importance to distinguish between these meanings, especially between the second and the third, if we would keep our thinking clear. Let us take a moment

to trace this distinction in the transactions of a century.

When the United States, in 1800, took possession of this territory it found local self-government here. For two generations it left it undisturbed. "Prior to 1871," said Mr. Justice Bradley, in a case before the court of last resort, "the government of the United States, except so far as the protection of its own public buildings and property was concerned, took no part in the local government. The officers of the departments, even the President himself, exercised no local authority in city affairs." In 1871 the Congress created here a new government, expressly "for municipal purposes." It had its governor and its legislature—the latter, of course, elected by the people. It had also a board of public works, whose members, including the governor as its head, were appointed by the President and Senate. This board laid out the money raised in taxes and assessed the owners benefited by improvements. The court held that its acts were binding on the District, and that, in spite of its appointment by the President, it was only a branch of the municipal government. Thus matters remained until 1874, when Congress tore down all it had previously done and started new. The Governor and the board of public works were abolished, and the power which they had exercised was entrusted to a commission of three, to be appointed by the President and Senate. Four years later, in 1878, the new arrangement was made permanent. Nevertheless the contention was made before the Supreme Court of the United States that the effect of the new act was to destroy the District of Columbia as a mun-

icipal corporation, except in name, and to make it nothing more than a department of the national government. The contention was ruled down. The fact that its officers were appointed by the President, said the court, did not make the District of Columbia any less a municipal body corporate. Recognizing the general desirableness of local self-government, it held that the principle of representative government was legally satisfied when the appointment of local officers was made by other officers who themselves had been elected by the people, saying: "The people are the recognized source of all authority, and to this authority it must come at last, whether immediately or by a circuitous process." Whether a flaw is to be found in this reasoning as applied to the situation before the court, inasmuch as the people of the District of Columbia, the people to be governed, never did have a share in electing the President and Senate, who were the appointing officers, I will not stop here to inquire; for my present purpose is to point out the separation that has always been recognized between the District of Columbia, as a mere municipal corporation, and the District of Columbia as a *quasi* state.

There is only one sovereign in the District of Columbia. Indeed, in respect to sovereignty the situation is precisely the same as if there were no other domain affected by the central government,—as if all its functions were performed here. Why, then, it may be asked, should there be such a municipality as the District of Columbia at all? Why should not the general government take direct control, and adminster all the affairs of the District through its

own bureaus? It would not be so easy to answer that question if two facts were other than they are. First, if there were no citizens of the United States except those who live in the District; second, if the district elected the national officers. But there are 350,000 people here, and there are some ninety millions outside, and all are citizens of the United States; and the 350,000 who live here have *some* interests which they do not hold in common with the ninety millions who live outside. It is, in part at least, for the recognition and protection of these separate and peculiar interests that a municipal government exists and is required. All the more is it needed by reason of the fact that there is no suffrage. Let us picture what might be. The streets and public works might all be put under the War Department, the public health under the Surgeon-General, the charities made a bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor, or perhaps of the Interior, and the schools turned over to the Commissioner of Education. And so it might go on until the local government was completely bureaucratic,—until the rod of national administration, turned serpent, had swallowed up all the little rods of local administration and was left alone upon the floor. In the meantime the city, growing by leaps and bounds, has doubled and trebled its present population, and we have here a million people, without a word to say, in theory or in fact, directly or indirectly, about the streets they walk, the water they drink, the light they burn, or the education of their children —everything done *for* them, and done by officers in whose selection they had no voice, and who have

been selected with no particular reference to *their* opinions or their needs. To some of us that is not a pleasing spectacle.

Certainly we must not forget that this is a national city. There is little risk of that. But there *are* institutions, many and important, which are not national in their aim or character. They are exactly such institutions as the same numerical population would require were this not the nation's capital. That is true of the institutions of charity and punishment. We should need to have schools, recording offices, post offices and courts; we should need streets and bridges, and a thousand things besides, by reason of the fact that we *are* a city. Institutions that answer the needs of the community merely as a community, without reference to the national government —should not these be treated as local institutions? Should they not be administered as a part of the municipal government and officered by men identified with the district?

Those courts of the District which deal not exclusively with local controversies but in large measure with disputes to which the nation is a party may perhaps be fairly made up, one-half, of members drawn from the locality, and one-half from the nation at large. This seems the more appropriate inasmuch as those who hold these offices hold them during good behavior, and when they come here come hoping to behave well enough to remain through life. But many offices relate exclusively to this community, at least as much so as the offices of any community can be said to relate to itself alone, and why should not these be filled by local citizens?

Even if there should be no statute thus restricting the selection, ought not such a course to be pursued as a permanent policy? Why should the people of the district have their deeds recorded by a man from California? Why should Washington be the only city in the land that cannot have a postmaster appointed from among its citizens? If we are to keep up the form of municipal government at all, does not a fair consistency demand that we should treat it as municipal,—as existing, among other purposes, to care for all that is peculiar and local in the interests and needs of the community? Will it not be wisdom to treat it so? Let us not forget that there are thousands upon thousands here who have no other abiding place. Their roots have struck deep into the soil. They love their city with all the national pride we share with them and with that tender sentiment which we call, "the love of home," besides. Is it wise to treat them as aliens in the house of their fathers? Others have lived here till all ties with other places are dissolved; and they expect that their children will live here when they are gone. These people, so completely and irrevocably identified with the place, constitute an element not wisely to be overlooked when one is considering how local affairs may be most prudently and loyally administered.

Who knows? Perhaps we have come already to the parting of the ways. Little by little the local hold is lost. Here a hospital is drawn under the control of a department. There the jail slips out of the hands of the district into the hands of the attorney general. Now it is proposed that the schools be placed under a bureau; and now, that the city

shall be officered on the principles of efficiency alone, —by any one who can be found who is most competent, though he never saw Washington before. It would be something to assume that among 350,000 such as we find gathered here, not a single man could be found, capable of conducting the business of the city. But if it should be conjectured that in some far off place a commissioner might be found somewhat more efficient, would that difference in efficiency make up for the sacrifice of one more bond—sometimes it seems as if it were the last—between the government and the locality? The problem of city government is not altogether, I venture to think, a matter of perfecting the machinery. Men are not altogether machines. They have sentiments, they have hearts. And if there had not been sentiment and heart as well as brain, there would be today no Washington. As far as the municipal government is concerned, the people of the district seem to have settled down to the arrangement that there should be no suffrage. They accept it very much as Lord Dundreary's brother Sam accepted his embarrassment in being born, and especially in being born bald-headed. "You see—Sam— he wasn't consulted —and there he was—and it was too late to do anything about it." But suffrage or no suffrage in municipal affairs has nothing to do with the principle of which I speak. I believe it should be the policy of the government, alongside of the national spirit that inspires all hearts, to foster and perpetuate a sturdy local patriotism, a local and peculiar civic pride,—and, to this end, that all such institutions as are purely local in their character

should be scrupulously retained under the district government, and that all offices of this kind should be filled by those who have become residents of Washington for good and all.

Sir, I am not inclined to discuss tonight the various proposed changes in the constitution of the city government. These concern a possible increase of efficiency in the municipal machine. In what I am yet to say I prefer to dwell upon a broader question. But no one ought to refer to the form of government that has given shape to our affairs since 1874 without doing justice to the splendid advances that have been made under its direction. In 1878 the plan was adopted of raising upon the ratable property here a tax of one and one-half per cent and of matching that with an equal amount from the national treasury. Up to that time the district had carried the burden, year by year, almost or quite alone, and was sinking under a debt of many millions. Under the new arrangement Washington has sprung to her feet. Parks have been laid out, avenues extended, bridges constructed, public buildings erected, grade crossings abolished, railway terminals improved, a magnificient new station built, the sewage and water systems practically made over, millions upon millions spent towards making the city in health and beauty what it ought to be. Meantime absolute fidelity in the discharge of duties, no stain or hint of corruption, scarely a dishonest transaction even charged. Surely that is record for any city to cherish and for those who have had a share in making it to look back upon with pride.

Some forbidding obstacles have been encountered

and are met with still. One is, the being compelled to pay for permanent improvements out of the current income. What other city is expected to pay for its great works, to last for generations, out of its ordinary receipts, meanwhile taking it out of its schools and scrimping its legitimate expenses? Any other city would raise the money on bonds and pay them a little at a time. Washington need not be bonded, since the national treasury can supply it with the loan and let it be paid back at a reasonable rate; but the principle is sound. It is enforced by the late Secretary of the Treasury in his able report for 1908, where he sets forth with great lucidity the need of a national budget to bring about an adjustment between disbursements and receipts, with a rigid separation between expenditures for the ordinary service of the government and those for permanent public works, the latter to be met by bond issues.

But there are obstacles of graver import, and they constitute defects radical and without remedy in the present relation between nation and district. They can be removed only by a change in that relation itself. We shall all agree that to legislate wisely requires two things, first, a lively interest in the object of legislation, second, a clear intelligence touching the subject in hand. There being no representative from the district itself in either branch of congress, it becomes necessary to commit the interests of the district, and the interests of the nation *in* the district, to hands unfamiliar with the subject and without any lively interest therein. The congress as a whole cannot be expected to supply

these requisites. No one pretends it does. It is engaged upon a thousand subjects, many of which appear to its members to be vastly more important than any that concerns the district. We cannot wonder at it—it is in the nature of things that it should be so. The step logically required by this condition is next taken. A committee in the house and a committee in the senate are especially charged with these affairs. Not that their word is accepted as final. If it were, some difficulties would be escaped. But in the end their report must run the gauntlet of the whole house or senate. Here ignorance of district affairs has often shown itself so egregious and glaring that it could excite nothing but laughter if tears were not often a fitter recognition of the folly. And when that occurs there is no representative for the district to meet the ignorant unfounded claim; 350,000 people are voiceless in that hall. The committees cannot meet the emergency. To expect it would be to expect more than mortal men can do. Who *are* the members of the committees? Are they senators and representatives set apart for this work and free to devote themselves entirely to such business? By no means. They have their own constituents to serve, and they have, besides, their share of responsibility for the general legislation, like all their fellow members. They are appointed; they do the best they can; and if they give sufficient time to our affairs to understand our problems, they run the risk of losing their seats entirely by being thought at home to have neglected their own states or districts. I am credibly informed that the risk has turned into a certainty in more instances than

one. But, more than that, the membership of house and senate changes and the membership of the committees changes with it. Hardly has a member become reasonably acquainted with our subject when he is called away, another takes his place, and the whole process of education must be begun again.

That is the radical and incurable defect of the present system. Keep your three commissioners if you will, or substitute for them a single head, improve the machinery of municipal administration all you can, until it runs with the regularity of a Swiss watch—you have not touched the trouble. What is needed is, two men in the house and one man in the senate,—real live men, men who have lived long in the District of Columbia and belong to her, men who know her need and her capacity, who know the history and condition of her institutions, her charities, her prisons, the views and aspirations of her people, men who are proud of their connection with her and proud that to her soil has been committed the ark of civil and religious liberty. What we need is *members* of these bodies, with the prestige that belongs to members, not figure-heads, not lobbyists, not delegates, but a member of the senate and two members of the house, able, enlightened, informed, fit to represent the will and judgment of 350,000 citizens gathered within these bounds.

But that requires an amendment of the constitution! So it does. An amendment in strict accord with the principles of the constitution, made necessary by the changed conditions of a hundred and twenty years, made unavoidable and inevitable by the changes that will take place in the fifty or one

hundred years to come. Do you imagine that when a million or fiften hundred thousand shall be swarming in our borders they will be the only people in this broad domain to have no hand in the government of this magnificent republic, no word in the election of its president, no tongue in the national assembly? When a million men are here, when they ask why they alone can have no part in a republican form of government, do you imagine they will call it a sufficient answer to be told, "Because you live in Washington. If you lived in the poorest village in the land, you might, but not while you live here." Bear in mind I am not speaking of municipal suffrage. I am speaking of the simple of a million American citizens to have a share—less than one-hundredth part it would be—in the legislation that concerns their country and its capital. Suppose they have no more right than the same number of people who live anywhere else in the United States. Have they not as much? And that is all the right of which I speak.

But I hear it said, "The people of the District do not care for suffrage." Well, all I can say to that is this. If the people of the District of Columbia do not really care to have a part in the government of this splendid country, they do not deserve to have it, and nobody need fear it will be thrust upon them. But I cannot believe that statement.

"Say, Seigniors, are the old Niles dry?"

I cannot believe that the human heart has changed. I cannot believe that principles have lost their power. I cannot believe that the deep instincts that built

up this wonderful fabric of free government have died out here in the very seat of its majesty, and that here alone the "bright consummate flower" of liberty has gone to seed. There is no doubt that they need quickening. There is no doubt that they have sunk into the torpor of faculties disused. But hold before their eyes the hope of that which I am now describing and you shall see whether self-respect and the desire for self-government are dead.

Sir, if I had it in my power tonight, to dispose of this matter as I would, do you know what I would do? I would not change the constitution. I would not give the people of the district suffrage. What I would do is this. I would set to their dry hearts the flame of that old Promethean torch, the love of liberty. I would fill them with divine unrest at their condition. I would set beside that condition a picture of the dignity and power they might enjoy as real citizens of their country. I would move them first to desire and then to demand their portion of our heritage. I would nerve them to toil for it and fight for it through years of bitter opposition—and then at last, when the agitation had created a new Washington—when four hundred or five hundred thousand people were calling as with one mighty voice for the great prize of representative government—then— then I would bestow it on them. And, sir, I believe that is exactly what the god of time will do.

A city of the dumb! Mr. Chairman, I have heard you speak of a little village on an island off the New England coast, inhabited entirely by deaf mutes. They live unto themselves. They marry and

intermarry and rear children who are dumb as they. They go about their task but speak no word. The busy hum of life goes on around them; the shuttles of the world's activities fly to and fro; but into the growing web they weave no strand. Sir, I will not extend the parallel. It is too obvious and too painful to be drawn. But that is not the Washington that shall be. Only let the agitation begin. Let it start here tonight. Why not make the occasion historic? Let every true son of Washington, native or adopted, go out from this feast strengthened and heartened for a long enlistment. Let him know for once in his life the glory of being possessed by a grand idea—the sublime enthusiasm of being lost in absolute devotion to a great cause. Let them meet and join hands and stir one another's hearts, quicken one another's minds and sustain one another's courage. Let it go on. It will meet with opposition; it will meet with ridicule; it will meet with censure; it will take years, it may take many—but it can have but one possible outcome if the sons of Washington are worthy of the name they bear.

Again I say I am not speaking now of municipal suffrage at all. Let the present arrangement, or some improved substitute for it, be continued if you please. What has that to do with the broad and fundamental fact that the hundreds of thousands here should have their due and proportionate representation in the National Assembly—should have the same right that other citizens enjoy of giving their votes in the election of the chief magistrate of the republic? The Republic! It is not alone for the District of Columbia that I bring the proposition

forward. The interests of the nation would be served as well. They would be served, first of all, by the increased efficiency and propriety of the laws that would be enacted; in the next place by the fact that the members from the district, being familiar with the local situation and serving on the local committees, would relieve the members from other states of much of their present burden, leaving them freer to perform the duties for which they were specially selected. Further, it would serve the nation by adding to the congress men of weight and influence in national concerns. We should have here a constituency peculiarly rich in material for representatives. But, more perhaps than all the rest, the change would serve the interests of the whole nation by recognizing the grand principle of representative government here, in the most conspicuous position in the country, where hitherto it has been cast aside. Men could no longer point the finger of scorn at us and say: "Washington gives the lie to your pretensions. Look! In the very seat of national greatness you acknowledge by your acts that your form of government is a failure." Until we are honest enough and brave enough to live up to our principles we shall deserve all our troubles, and, sir, from the bottom of my heart I do believe that the greatest troubles we have spring from this very fact, that we have turned our back upon those principles. We shall never find peace or safety until we return to them again.

Shall we say we fear the suffrages of ignorance and vice—the ignorance and vice that we ourselves are to blame for—that could not last a generation

if we did our duty by our fellow men? Shame on the race or the community that holds in its hands the wealth of the continent and carries in its brains the accumulated culture of the centuries and yet refuses to lift that ignorance and vice to the level of enlightenment and virtue. Tear down your shacks and shanties. Let in the sun upon your noisome alleys. Build decent habitations for the poor to dwell in. Make your prisons moral hospitals instead of breeding cells for crime. Spread education broadcast in the streets. Let us do the work of Christians at our doors before we admit that our fathers were fools and that democratic government is all a dark mistake. Never until the men of wealth and education have spent their last surplus dollar, and exhausted the ingenuity of their brains, in the effort to make their fellow men worthy to be sharers in the government, never until then will they have a right to hide behind an excuse like that. I admit that an ignorant and degraded class armed with the ballot is a menace to the safety of the state; but I deny that it is a greater menace in the end than that same class robbed of its rights, thrust down into the dark, and left as no longer requiring to be regarded or assisted because no longer having any part in the affairs of state. Strip men of the ballot and you take away from society the most powerful inducement that can prompt selfish human nature to educate and elevate its helpless and its poor. We must find fault with the Creator if we wish to complain that wealth, virtue and culture cannot be safe in the neighborhood of poverty, ignorance and vice. He means that it shall be so. He sees Blagden's Alley as well as Dupont Circle,

and he has made it certain by the laws of nature, by every wind that breathes across the city, by every tiny insect that takes its unregarded flight from home to home, that Dupont Circle shall not be safe while Blagden's Alley is rotting with disease and filth. The very laws of nature are democratic. It is just the same in government. A community that has the power to lift ignorance and vice to its own level, and will not stretch out its hand to do it, *deserves* to be endangered by ignorance and vice; and Eternal Justice will see to it that it is so. We cannot escape our duties—let us face them, then, like men.

If Franklin or Jefferson were here today and saw this mighty population with no voice in its affairs, he would lay his finger, like a wise physician, on the body politic and say, "Here—here is where you are ailing. Have faith in the principles that brought *us* through." Let us take up the stitch our fathers dropped. Let us apply to our situation the rules of government they applied to theirs. If you should say to Jefferson, "Why should we be disturbed? Will it give us more interest on our money?" Jefferson would answer you, "That I cannot tell, but this I know, that 'the man who loves freedom for anything but freedom's self was made to be a slave.'" Even if we should fail, men would write over our graves the profound saying of Guizot, "The struggle itself supplied in some measure the place of liberty." But we cannot fail. Is this an hour to doubt or question the principles of free government? Now, when those principles, encouraged by their success upon this continent, are shaking every throne upon the globe? When on the shores of the Bosphorus Young Turkey

is making good its claim to constitutional government? When Persia is starting from her revery and old China is turning from the slumber of four thousand years? Now, when in the islands of the south Pacific we ourselves are reaching out a hand to lead a strange race into the ordered paths of Anglo Saxon freedom? Let the sons of Washington beware lest the little brown men of the Philippines enter the kingdom of representative government before them. If the people of Columbia prefer to take their ease, no rude reformer will disturb their rest. But when we have passed away men will describe us as the dying patriarch in his prophetic vision pictured the most degenerate of his tribes: "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens: and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute."

Sir, the danger to this country, lies not, as we sometimes think, in the poor immigrant who flees to us from far, still smarting from the lash of tyranny, —ignorant and low-minded though he be. The prize of citizenship will appeal to him. He will clutch it and hold it fast as "the immediate jewel of his soul." The danger lies in him who, "like the base Judean, throws a pearl away richer than all his tribe"—in the man who will share the blessings of liberty without bearing its burdens—in the man who is willing that impudence and theft shall sit in the seat of power, so long as *he* is left free to pile up his millions, or scatter them like a lord on the playground of Europe.

The capital of the United States—what is it?

It is not marble palaces nor lofty domes nor splendid obelisks. If it is anything, it typifies a great idea. The deepest word that was ever uttered to interpret that idea was wrung from lips that trembled between hope and despair upon the field of Gettysburg—"of the people, for the people, by the people." *Can* Washington typify that idea while it stands as it does today? It cannot be. It must be changed. It will be changed. The time will surely come when he who stands in the shadow of these majestic structures, and of the prouder ones that shall arise, will have no cause to hang his head for shame at any violation of our principles, but will feel that here, here more truly than anywhere else on the face of the whole earth, he is standing in their august and visible presence.

And now, Mr. President, at the end as at the beginning we turn to you—not to express the hope that you may discharge the new duties with clearer sight or firmer fidelity than you discharged the old, for that would be impossible, but that in your more exalted station you may find a wider field for your beneficent endeavors, cheered, as you will be, by the personal love of millions of your fellows and supported by the unwavering faith of all America.

ROBERT BURNS: A POET FOR THE WORLD.

An Address Delivered at the Unveiling of the Burns Monument in Barre, Vermont, July 21, 1899.

One hundred and three years ago this very day Robert Burns lay dying in Dumfries. Thank God, there have been few sadder deaths than that. His four little sons had been brought in from a neighbor's house to hear his parting words. In the next room his wife, his "bonnie Jean," dearer to his wayward heart than he himself had ever known, lay waiting her hour in childbed. Poverty sat upon his hearthstone, and his last words were mingled with curses for the cruel legal agent whose threatening letter had tortured and embittered his dying hours. His country had praised and petted and then had shunned and neglected him, and he had been his own worst enemy, until now in a rude tenement, surrounded with all the circumstances of misery, poor, heart-broken and abandoned, he was passing away from life. Thus was being fulfilled at last the very prophecy he had uttered in verse one bright spring morning ten years before, "following his plow along the mountain-side," and musing over the "wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower" his share had crushed and buried:

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

Outside in the streets men were gathered in hushed groups waiting the news that he was dead, half conscious that the greatest of Scotchmen had been living in their midst. Whatever they may have thought, we know today that the young man who lay dying there that morning, too poor to pay his debts, was leaving to his country the richest heritage she ever possessed, or perhaps ever would possess,—leaving his country-men a name and fame that would be their strongest bond, that would be their pride and boast wherever the scattered clans should be foregathered, in lands beyond the sea and in a century unborn!

We have proof before us; for here today upon a foreign shore, thousands of miles from the scene of all his sorrows and joys, among mountains beautiful as his own Scotland's, but which his eye or fancy never saw, men of his blood, whose fathers' fathers' fathers may have seen his face, have raised to him, from the eternal granite of these hills, a shape of beauty and of power, to testify forever of Scotia's undying loyalty and love.

It was difficult for his neighbors a hundred years ago to realize his greatness. They saw him at his common tasks, day by day, and knew the passions and weaknesses that marked him for a man—and he was indeed humanest of the human. They had not be-

fore their eyes the image of Burns that we behold today, the glorious bard whose fame has been growing through the century, the figure that walks the fields of song in immortal youth and steps out to us from the pages of other poets wearing the brightest wreaths of praise that can be woven out of words. They only saw the man. Today the difficulty is reversed—we only see the poet; and what we covet most today is that nearer, more familiar sight. We wish to know the poet, but we wish to know the man as well, feeling sure that as our conception of the poet has exalted and idealized the man they saw and knew, so their sight and knowledge of the man, if we could only share it, would warm and humanize our conception of the bard. This is our delightful task today—to form, if possible, one whole, true, admiring yet unflattering conception of Robert Burns.

One thing we must not forget, and that is that Burns never looked upon himself as we look upon him. He never dreamed of the immortality of fame unto which he was born. He never wrote for us, for the unknown future. He never wrote for a great unseen public even of his own time. The modest, manly words with which he prefaced his poems when he printed them, show clearly how humble his ambition was. To himself he was but the Aryshire bard; and it was an accident that he published at all. Penniless and hiding from arrest, he was persuaded by friends that a small edition of his songs might yield him a profit and help him on his way to the West Indies. So the Kilmarnock edition came out, six hundred copies from an obscure country press. The unpretentious little book contained, among the rest, that

perfect love song. It was upon a Lammas Night, The Twa Dogs. The Mouse, The Mountain Daisy, and The Cotter's Saturday Night. No such body of verse had come to light since the age of Elizabeth. We know what a sensation it made. The whole course of the poet's life was turned. The venture brought him in three hundred dollars, and took him up to Edinburgh and made him the lion of the hour. But the remarkable thing is that scarcely one of these wonderful productions had been written to be printed at all. They had eased his own morbid or passionate hours; they had passed from hand to hand among his friends; and that was all he had ever expected. And, when you think of it, what were the subjects of his verse? Merely his own experiences, his own loves and hates, or some incident that set him moralizing or stirred the deeper and finer forces of his nature. Look at his poem to the mouse. As he walks behind the plough one day the share turns up a mouse's nest and the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous, beastie" scurries away across the field. Now what shall Rob do? Go to the house and sharpen the quill and write a great poem to be read a century afterwards? Pish! It never enters his head. He only calls back the lout who is running after the mouse to kill it, asking him what harm the mouse has ever done him, and then, as he steadies the plough, he falls a-talking to himself.

> Crooning to a body's sel'
> Does weel eneugh.

We owe it to no vanity or care of his that we are permitted today to overhear him. We owe it

to that larger providence which somehow or other does manage to preserve to the world the world's richest things:

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
And fellow-mortal!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

How close and human it all is, and nearer, more pathetic still, when the mouse's sad case minds him of his own:

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

In The Twa Dogs he makes his own collie and some nobleman's New Foundland keep up an imaginary conversation on the life and manners of the high and low. But literature cannot show a sharper,

shrewder, merrier commentary on the characters and fortunes of the rich and poor. The peasant life is here pictured. Burns's dog admits that their lot is hard, but there is a brighter side, for

> —whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
> Can mak' the bodies unco happy;
> They lay aside their private cares,
> To mind the Kirk and State affairs.
>
> Love blinks, Wit slaps and social Mirth,
> Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

Then it is the New Foundland's turn, and he proceeds to lay bare the vices and follies of the great:

> At operas and plays parading,
> Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
>
> They mak' a tour, and tak' a whirl,
> To learn bon ton and see the worl'.

Burns was sometimes taken to task by his high-born patrons, for choosing such homely subjects. Thank goodness, he never paid any heed to them. He sat one day behind a fine lady in church. She had a louse on her bonnet. The louse is there still—it always will be. The world will never get over laughing at it and wishing

> O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as ithers see us!

That poem has pricked more bubbles of vanity than all the preachers that ever stood in pulpits. And yet, do not imagine Burns wrote it to teach a great moral lesson. I feel certain he wrote it out of pure mischief. There was almost as much truth as mockery in that disclaimer of his:

For me, an aim I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

But now turn to his love songs. How warm and thrilling they are. Why? Because he wrote them for his mistress, not, as the poet does now, for his magazine.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of all the town,
I sighed, and said, amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morrison.

Then there is that little drama, The Jolly Beggars. Critics have called it the most finished and perfect of the poet's works. Sir Walter Scott pronounced it unsurpassed of its kind in the whole range of English poetry. Yet Burns gave away the only copy he possessed, and actually forgot that he had ever written it. How did he come to write it in the first place? "Poosie Nansie's" was a low-down public house in Mauchline village, the resort of thieves and beggars. Burns, with two companions, passing that way one late autumn evening, were attracted by the sounds of revelry within. They entered and were rapturously welcomed by the "merry core of randie, gangrel bodies," drinking, carousing, singing, in the full swing of their rough debauch. The poet took it all in, went home and made a word-picture of the scene, drew every character to the life, and put into their mouths the raciest songs that have ever expressed the sentiments of the outcast, railing against the powers that be:

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig for those by laws protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast;
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

You see how even beggary and thievedom could grow poetic under his touch, the touch of the same hand, too, that pictured the Cotter's Saturday night. And even the Cotter's Saturday Night we owe to the simplest of causes. It was composed in a mood of reverence induced by the peculiar solemnity with which Burns's father conducted their own family worship. Such was the origin of that unfading picture. Burns did not know that it was immortal—He only felt that it was true.

Most of his poetry was only another form of his conversation. It dealt with the same topics, and was addressed to the same persons. His brightest and pithiest words are often to be found in those rhyming epistles he sent his friends. One year he made his tax inventory in verse. It offers still a half-humorous, half-sorrowful picture of his poverty. Some of the poems,—and some of the best, too,—bristle all over with the names of his neighbors. So it is, for instance, in The Twa Herds, otherwise called The Holy Tulyie, all about a shameful quarrel between two ministers over their parish boundary. It was never printed while Burns lived. It was handed about and laughed over among the unregenerate for the slaps of wit and stings of sarcasm, all, unhappily, too well deserved. It was exactly as if a great genius

should drop down here in our midst, take a hand in all our quarrels, ridicule our weaknesses, avenge himself upon us for our slights, and draw with merciless fidelity the characters we meet day by day upon the street. The most conspicuous example of all this is probably Holy Willie's Prayer,—by common consent the most terrible satire in the English language. It was only a piece that Burns set going the rounds in Mauchline to gratify his grudge against a hypocrite, who no doubt had rejoiced to see Burns sitting on the penitent's stool in the kirk, and who had had Burns's friend, Gavin Hamilton, hauled up in the same place for getting in his potatoes on the Sabbath. It was written solely for the men and women who knew and despised William Fisher; but the whole world has read it. It was nothing but a neighborhood skit; and yet Calvinism itself has met with no such arraignment as in the literal statement of its doctrine in that blood-curdling first stanza:

> O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
> Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
> Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
> A' for Thy glory,
> And no for ony guid or ill
> They've done afore Thee!

After Burns came back from Edinburgh, a London paper offered him fifty pounds a year if he would send it a poem now and then. He refused. Yet he needed the money, and his family needed it. He had a foolish scruple against writing for pay; but he would fill the countryside with songs and satires and epitaphs and witty epistles—just for fun. The fact is, that everything he wrote that was really original,

really excellent, and that shines by its own light today, was not only the fruit of something that deeply touched his own life, but was written to be read by the men and women he knew. And so far from being strange, that was the very pivot of his power, the very secret of his success. If he had written for the world, not even Mauchline would have read him; but when he wrote so that Mauchline had to read him, he enchained the attention of the world. The whole thing lies there in a nut-shell: he knew his subject, and he knew his hearers. He had perfect mastery of his theme and perfect sympathy with his audience. Now stop and tell me if those are not the conditions of achievement in every branch of art. Is not the great painter the man who knows what he is painting and whom he is painting for, and makes his picture an appeal to these people? Is not the great orator the man who knows his subject to the core, and knows his audience to the core? And the poet whose wit and wisdom become part of the world's precious store, whose phrases become household words, whose songs thrill in the hearts of soldiers and live on the lips of lovers—he is not the poet who shuns his fellowmen and polishes his lines for posterity, but the man who laughs and cries with them, and lives and works and suffers at their side. Poetry is an intense expression of the individual life. Nearness is power. You cannot get too close to your subject, nor too close to the hearts that you would touch and the lives that you would move.

Burns knew well enough how to write the smooth, elegant English verses that had been fashionable before him. He did write them at times, in some fit

of weakness, or when he hadn't anything in particular to say. I presume you can find forty such among his poems. But there isn't one of them that would have kept his name alive ten years. He was writing of something he knew nothing about, and writing for people he cared nothing about; and the result is that nobody cares about what he wrote. Now if Burns had received that fine university education which so many people think it was his great misfortune to have lacked, the chances are that all of his poetry would have been of this elegant, good-for-nothing order. It is not when he tries to be fine that he is eloquent; it is when he lets himself go, in the dialect. The English of the schools was like a foreign tongue to him. He had to learn it; but the dialect he never had to learn. He spoke it before he knew what learning meant—he drew it in with his breath. Macaulay said truly that no man ever wrote an immortal work in any language except the one he heard about his cradle. These are the words in which thought kindles into flame. It is in moments of tremendous excitement that the finest poetic expressions have birth, and in those moments the soul always speaks in the tongue of its childhood—all other language is forgotten. You may give a Scotchman all the culture of the schools, until his ordinary conversation shall not betray his race; but the first excitement will betray him. Let him get angry, and if he swears he'll swear in Scotch. When he falls in love, he'll woo in Scotch. When he tells a thrilling story, he'll tell it in Scotch; and if he gets "fou and unco happy," he'll sing in Scotch. Read Tam O'Shanter. Burns composed it all in one win-

ter's day. His wife saw him walking back and forth by the river side, swinging his arms, slapping his thighs, and laughing as if he would burst. Then he came in and wrote it down. Part of it is easy enough for English readers, but when he warms to his story we need a glossary at every line. Recall his description of the witches' dance as Tam saw it through the ruined windows of the old haunted kirk:

As Tammie glower'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they crossed, they cleekit
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

How was it when he spoke with the deepest pathos and his heart became a fountain of tears?

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne.

His merriment, too, went the same gait:

Oh, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to pree;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley-bree.

Hear him in his tenderest mood:

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Or in his frankest confession.

I lo'e her mysel', but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Or when he stood upon the field of Bannockburn and felt the blood of his race leaping in every pulse:

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

But I must have quoted enough, and more than enough, to remind you that his raciest narrative, his keenest wit, his bitterest satire, his brightest fun, his tenderest passion, his deepest pathos, and his noblest eloquence, all found expression in that vernacular, that speech of the people, which was the birthright of every Scotchman, however lowly born.

Now Burns could have received no education that would have given him a mightier command of this tongue—to him at once a harp and a sword. Perfect knowledge of his subject, perfect sympathy with his audience, perfect mastery of his instrument —and for not one of these gifts or acquirements was

he indebted to any school or university. But let us not make the common and silly mistake of calling him uneducated. He was well educated, thoroughly educated, for the great place he was to fill. No other training would have answered. The mills have been running in Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge for centuries. Why haven't they turned out a few Burnses? They have given us many a man of learning, they have polished and adorned many a man of genius, but they have never given us a single poet of the people. There is only one school that can produce him, and that is the school of hardship, privation and daily toil that Burns attended.

He had one gift generally considered to be rare among poets, but of priceless value anywhere. I mean great, rugged, common sense. With all his fooling, bantering and dreaming, he never overstepped this bound. You can point out many things that are coarse, that ought never to have been written; but you cannot lay your finger on a single line and say, it is silly. There is that substratum of good sense under everything he wrote. This cannot be said of all poets, nor, indeed, of all great poets. Wordsworth wrote much that is good, and a little that can never die. Many who judge wisely in such matters rank him third among English poets—Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth—but Wordsworth cannot bear this test. When he was proposed for Poet Laureate, a member of parliament recited some of the weakest of his writings, and then asked, amid the jeers and sneers of the House, whether a man who could be guilty of such stuff as that was fit to be the Laureate of England! He could never have

done that with Burns. We may laugh *with* Burns, we never laugh *at* him. You might strip him of all his poetic gift, and still have left a man of ability and brains.

He had likewise the gift of leadership, of magnetism, of eloquence. Women loved him at sight; children hung about his knees; and men followed him like children. When it was known that he was at the tavern, farmers forsook the fields, work in the village was laid aside, and if he would talk the crowd would hang upon his lips till morning. And it was not the peasantry alone who admired him. Men and women of the best birth and breeding in Edinburgh testified that his conversation was even more wonderful than his poetry. This awkward ploughman was transformed in the presence of beauty. He could greet a lady with the grace of a knight. "Sic an e'e in his head!" was a common exclamation among those who saw him. His countenance beamed with intelligence and his smile was as winning as a child's. Who wonders that women loved him! Over his rugged and manly strength was thrown the charm of wit, the grace of speech, and that indefinable suggestion of greatness. Here was that rare blending of sweetness and strength which captivates the heart and leads men where it will.

Sir Walter Scott, when he was a boy, met Burns one day in Edinburgh. They were showing the poet a picture. There were some lines of verse beneath it. The picture touched Burns deeply and he inquired who wrote the lines. No one present could answer, until the shy boy ventured to whisper the author's name. Scott said he could never forget the eyes

Burns turned upon him, eyes "the most glorious he ever saw," as he said, "My boy, it is no common course of reading that has taught you this." How impressive and suggestive a meeting! Neither knew the other's greatness, nor indeed his own. Neither could guess how their names would be linked together forever in the world's memory and love.

Thomas Carlyle, himself one of Scotland's greatest, who studied Burns well and wrote the noblest prose tribute that has ever been laid upon his grave, declared that if Burns's fortune had led him into parliament he would have proved a greater Mirabeau. There is no doubt that he was an uncrowned king, a born leader of men.

But over and above all this he bore the rare, mysterious, magnificent endowment of poetic genius. This was his crown. Here the aspiring nature burst into flame. The rarest and most splendid gift God ever bestows upon the world is a great poet. When Burns was born that winter day in the old clay bigging that his father built, his coming was unheralded by sign or prophecy—no angels are singing in the fields, no "star-led wizards haste with odors sweet," —yet if the world had ever had the wit to welcome its richest blessings, it might have knelt there in reverence and awe. Scotland would never be the same again. The earth itself would never seem the same, but love would be more sweet, and home more precious, and toil less hard, manhood would be more free and sacred, and life itself a richer, happier thing, because of the wee bit bairn that saw the light that day.

We see now that it was Nature's purpose to

make a poet, and that she took the surest means. She took the best blood of Scotland, peasant blood pure and undefiled, that had flowed for hundreds of years close to the kindly earth,—gave him a father of mature and hardened manhood, a young mother with a glad, warm heart—a father of rigid virtue, ardent piety, but independent spirit and almost ungovernable temper,—a mother of poetic soul, responsive to every appeal of beauty, and so smitten with the love of song that she went about her work crooning the old Scotch airs, day after day, while bearing her baby in the womb. "When a man is born," said Emerson, "the gate of gifts is shut behind him." Why, Nature had made sure that Burns should be a poet before ever he was born.

Yes, and having made sure of that, she knew better than to let him be born in any place less poetic than a bigging—and a clay one at that. She even saw to it that the gable should fall down, and let a "blast o' Janwar' win' blow hansel in on Robin." It was the only way. How should a man be the poet of the poor and not be poor himself? Tradition says that Burns's father, riding in haste that morning for the doctor, met at the river side an old woman who went back with him to the cottage and acted as midwife. This was the fortune-teller who figures in the song sung today at the unveiling of the statue:

> The gossip keekit in his loof,
> Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
> This waly boy will be nae coof,
> I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a'
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Was not this the same old woman who taught him afterwards the folk-lore of the countryside, filling his young imagination with elves and ghaists and witches and warlocks, and all the rest of the unearthly crew? At this distance she seems not unlike the Scottish Muse herself; and had Burns been born in legendary times, who doubts that the gossip his father met so opportunely on the river bank would have turned out to be the goddess, indeed, traveling in disguise to minister at the birth of her favorite son?

Fate not only saw to it that he should be born poor; she kept him poor. What a pathetic life it was! Over him through boyhood and youth hung the heavy cloud of his genius—the brooding and melancholy mind—not quick, gay, light-hearted like his brother Gilbert—rather slow, rather dull, wearing on his face a look of sadness or of pain. Out of that same cloud the lightnings of fancy and humor were to flash and play, and the thunder-voice of heroic language was to roll. Meanwhile he was staggering under the weight of self-knowledge. He sat alone, he walked apart, he murmured to himself, and felt the dawnings of that mighty wit that is "to madness near allied." The world that others saw was not his world. He lived in that ideal realm which his reading, his reflection, the songs and tales that fell from the lips of his mother or the granny, had conjured up around him. He was a poet.

His father was determined that his boys should be well taught. And when a Scotchman is determined it is time for fate to yield. To this end he sacrificed everything. He would not send them out to work, however much he needed "the sair-won penny-fee." He kept them at home and taught them all he knew—taught them out of his scanty book-lore, out of the richer wisdom of life's experience, and the priceless store of moral and spiritual truth. Then he paid, out of his hard toil, the best teacher he could find, that they might have the learning he had never known. In all biography there is no more touching example of parental care and sacrifice than that of William Burns. He died before his son arrived at fame, but he lives forever in The Cotter's Saturday Night:

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
* * * * * *
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.
* * * * * *
The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
* * * * * *
Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
* * * * * *
From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad,
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

In rugged grandeur of character, self-denial, obedience to duty, brave, patient, suffering, majestic

manhood, William Burns towers above his wayward and gifted son as much as that son himself towers in greatness of intellect above the common people around him. Oh, Robert! Robert! if you had only had your father's character—his unbending will, his flawless rectitude—set as the eternal hills for what he saw was right—we should not shed today the bitter tear of shame and disappointment over you, even in the hour of gratitude and glory. For there is something sweeter than song, more enchanting than the poetic vision, more admirable than the richest gifts of thought and speech that can be lavished on the child of man. It is character—it is self-denial—it is self restraint—not passion but patience—love that will not seek its own, but can suffer and be strong—justice that will not waver though the heavens should fall!

Burns did inherit much from his father. From him he took his proud and independent spirit, his temper, hard to curb, his stern integrity, his vigorous understanding, his penetrating judgment of men, and we know not how much of those volcanic physical passions that made the upheaval and wreck of his life. From his mother he took his milder and gentler gifts,—the dreamy mood—every sense an avenue for the approach of beauty—a heart for laughter and for tears. It was a wonderful comingling. Yes, it was that rare, miraculous, perilous mixture, a man of genius. And this marvellously, delicately endowed mortal, what does fate do with him? Why, she makes him a ploughboy, of course. If there had been any occupation more common, more humble, more of the earth earthy, doubtless she would have made him

that. For this man was born to be the interpreter of beauty to the humblest; and the mingling of qualities that went to make his soul was not more remarkable than the circumstances that were to mold his life, that were to waken and disappoint his powers, to warm and chill his heart, to make him feel the whole pathos of human fate, to suffer and sing and triumph and fall and perish—and then to live in the splendor of immortal youth. No poet was ever made without suffering. The birth of song, like the birth of man himself, is a birth of agony. Every gift enters by the gate of pain. How well Burns knew!

The real trouble for Burns began when he was old enough to fall in love. Some men never reach this age. Some reach it very early and never get by it: and that was the case with Burns. It seems they had a custom of giving to each lad in harvest work a lassie for a partner. A thrifty Scotch notion, that! They knew well enough how the lad's pride would make him work. Will anything make a boy or man work like the admiration of a woman—especially if it be *the* woman? Well, that is the way it began with Robert. He had "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie" for a partner, and of course he made her a sang. He could do it while he worked. That is where he did most of his singing. One day he was stooking grain in friendly rivalry with a neighbor lad. "I'm even with you today, Rob," said his comrade at night. "Na, na," he answered, "For I made a sang while I stookit." He was overworked in youth, and carried to his grave in face and figure the traces of that toil. When the writing-master came to the village, Robert went one week and Gilbert next—

for they could not afford to pay two fees, nor could the farm spare both the boys at once.

He was always in love. I never counted up the number of those to whom his love poems are addressed. Some, no doubt, were verses of compliment, but not many. It is easy to tell which.

> Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
> Ae farewell, alas, forever!
> * * * * * * * *
> Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met—or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Men do not write such verses as those for the sake of politeness. They come out of the depths. Of the divine passion of love it was wisely written, "All other pleasures are not worth its pains." Burns put the poignant truth into one peerless stanza:

> Although thou maun never be mine,
> Although even hope is denied,
> 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
> Than aught in the world beside.

I shall not repeat the sad story of his failings. You know it all; how he sat on the penitent's stool for "sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess"—how bonnie Jean was brought to sorrow for his sake —how he would have given her all that he could then give, his name, but her father spurned the offer and dealt his pride the deepest wound he ever felt—how, afterwards, when prosperity and fame had come, and Jean came to his home, he failed to keep the happy resolve of his song:

> I ha'e a wife of my ane,
> I'll care for naebody.

No flowers of verse, not even those that *he* could scatter, could make his wayward and disloyal course beautiful. But in the heaven of his dark and cloudy life one love shines like a star—his Highland Mary. He found her at a time when every tie that had bound him to others seemed to have been broken, without his fault or against his will. Jean herself appeared to have forsaken him. He had won a little fame and gold by the publication of his poems, and was almost ready to cross the sea in search of a happier future. It was then they met and loved, when both were young and free and full of hope, and life seemed all before them. He loved her with an intensity of pure devotion before which all the other passions of his life turn pale; and she gave him back the unspeakable wealth of her maiden heart, sweet as a flower and pure as the dew of the morning. Following the beautiful superstition of the country folk, they stood, one on each side of a little mountain brook, holding the Bible between them, to add a sanctity to their vows, and pledged themselves eternally to one another. It is the purest, sweetest, saddest passage in the poet's history. Death claimed his Mary—he never saw her again—but he never forgot that hour!

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

The return of that day was always sacred:

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

Ah, this was the real Burns, for this was Burns at his best—and this is the Burns that will live in the world's regard—not the libertine, but the lover of Highland Mary.

Who knows what his life might have been under happier stars? He died at thirty-seven. Perhaps if he had lived the manly strength of his nature would have seized the reins at last. Perhaps he might have fulfilled his own witty prophecy in his Address to the Deil:

And now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',
A certain bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him, linkin',
To your black pit;
But, faith, he'll turn a corner, jinkin',
And cheat you yet.

It is hard to think of one as lost whose heart acknowledges a touch of pity for the devil himself:

But fare you weel, Auld Nickie-ben!
Oh, wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—

Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den
Ev'n for your sake!

No doubt drink played a large part in his undoing. A better inscription for a punch-bowl than any Burns ever wrote are those lines of the Japanese adage:

First the man takes a drink—
Then the drink takes a drink—
Then the drink takes the man.

And yet with all his sprees he cannot have been the sot he is sometimes pictured. The work he left behind him vindicates him from that charge. All his life he worked hard with his hands—hard as the toiling men about him, and yet he left a mass of writings that were enough to have filled his days had he done nothing else. Surely we have no right to forget that he lived in a time when drinking was a universal custom, and when drunkenness itself was not frowned upon as it is today. Law had thrown no guards around the weak—temptation was on every side, and public sentiment had not learned to look upon the habit as the destroyer of men's peace. But neither must we forget that one of the gravest counts in that terrible indictment against drink that the sure and solemn years are framing, is the early and tragic death of Robert Burns.

That he was really made of manly stuff is plain from the way in which he bore his popularity. When the publication of his poems brought him fame and took him to Edinburgh, his head was not turned. He met it gladly, but gravely, unafraid and unfooled. He foresaw that the tide of interest in him would turn

and ebb, and that he would go back to the plough. He never ducked or bowed low, never in any presence concealed his opinions, but spoke out at the great man's table as he did at the Mauchline tavern. And when he returned to the farm, it was not in the spirit of wounded, disappointed vanity, but with a hearty preference for the country life. He had one burning ambition, and that was, to be a bard worthy of Scotland. He died and never knew how splendidly he had succeeded. Oh, if he could only have known! It is the old lamentation. If Shakespeare could only have known! If Columbus could only have known! "One soweth and another reapeth."

His last years looked terribly like failure. The Government made him an exciseman,—a small salary and very hard work. His fame brought him visitors, who ate up his substance and wasted his time. He would not turn his poetic faculty into gold, and so he grew discouraged and drank hard, until he was shunned by the friends of other days, and finally, when a gay party was going on in Dumfries, an acquaintance met him in the shadow, on the deserted side of the street, and Burns quoted to him the words of the old ballad:

> His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
> His old ane looked better than mony ane's new;
> But now he lets wear ony way it will hing;
> And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing.

What did this unhappy man leave us? To speak only of supreme excellence, he left us the best satire in the language—Holy Willie's Prayer; the best tale in verse—Tam O'Shanter; the best description of Scottish life and character—The Cotter's Sat-

urday Night; the best drinking song—Auld Lang Syne; the best battle ode—Bannockburn; and the best love songs, perhaps, in any language. This was the man who toiled like a day-laborer all his life, owed nothing to the schools, and died at thirty-seven. Thank God, it is not for us to judge; it is for us only to be grateful.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

What is our debt to Burns? Not merely the verse he left us, although that debt is great indeed. He redeemed common life from its vulgarity. He dignified labor; he made home sweeter, and love more precious, and threw over this workaday world an immortal charm. Burns stands for that spirit of manly independence which was the very breath of life in the nostrils of the New World. He was the great democrat of Europe. He walked the strait paths of that feudal land in the spirit of the new age—absolutely free—and hailed afar the coming of a brighter day. He felt the terrible inequalities of the human lot:

Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers,
But why should one man better fare
And all men brithers?

This is the question that staggers us today, and will continue to trouble every noble and tender heart, until the great levelling processes of liberty shall have

done their perfect work. He taught us the true value of manhood:

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

He has imparted to us his own serene faith in the coming of the better time:

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

If, somewhere in the other world, that unseen land which may be nearer than we think, this great soul is looking down upon our doings here today, believe me, nothing in it all has touched him more than that his form was wrapped about in the stars and stripes, the glorious ensign of the young republic he welcomed and saluted from across the sea!

You, men of his own race, who cherish his fame, and out of the love and sacrifice of loyal hearts have reared this monument to his memory—you shall be better Americans for being true Scotchmen. You have cast in your lot with us, in a land dedicated to the very principle for which Burns sang his earnest song. We have a great task before us still, and you must

help us. We must see that the sublime ideal of our fathers is realized better, year by year, in a wide and wider spread of those blessings of liberty which they intended to secure for themselves and their posterity. The stream of national life must be the richer for your coming. Bring us of your thrift, your energy, your loyalty; we need them all. But bring us your finer gift, bring us your poet, too. He is too great for Scotland—he belongs to the world at large. We will teach our children to stand before his statue and say with yours: This is Robert Burns, the great peasant ploughman—the most rarely gifted son of the Scottish race—the sweetest singer of the common joys and sorrows of mankind the world has ever heard.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN HISTORY.

An Address delivered at Isle La Motte, July 9, 1909; at the Tercentenary Celebration of the Discovery of Lake Champlain.

Your Excellencies, Fellow Citizens and Friends:

When I was in Buffalo last winter Senator Hill took me to see the home of the Historical Society. It stands at the old crossing of the Indian trails. Over one of its arches runs a legend in the dialect of the Senecas: *Neh-Ko, Ga-Gis-Dah-Yen-Duk*—Other council-fires were here before ours. I was thinking of that legend as I sat here today and thinking how few were the places over all the earth where some such words might not with truth be written, if we could only know all that has gone before; for

> "All that tread
> The globe are but a handful to the tribes
> That slumber in its bosom."

But such thoughts are overpowering. They make the life of man seem insignificant. Let us turn at once to more congenial themes.

Sixteen Hundred and Nine is a year well worth remembering even without the reason that has brought us here. That was the year when Kepler gave the world The New Astronomy with the first and second of his three great laws. Galileo was constructing his telescope, with which, a few months later, he discovered the satellites of Jupiter. Hendrick Hudson

was sailing up the noble river that was ever afterward to bear his name. Two years before, the London Co. had planted Jamestown. It was only six years from the death of Queen Elizabeth. It was only a year to the death of Henry of Navarre. The world was ringing with great names and great achievements. The soul of man was putting out its wings.

When Champlain passed the place where we now stand, he was 42 years old,—at the prime of life, in the full flower of his strength. For a dozen years he had followed the sea, as his father had done before him. He had been born in one of its ports on the shore of France. He had seen Spain and Mexico, Panama and the West Indies. He had crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic. He had cruised and mapped the New England coast, sailed up the broad St. Lawrence, and only the year before had laid the foundations of Quebec. Much lay behind him but at least as much before. He was yet to make many voyages, to explore the Ottawa, to discover two of the Great Lakes—Ontario and Huron—and to stand in the place of his King as Governor of Canada. He belonged to that great breed of men the age brought forth abundantly,—a scholar and a soldier. He knew how to act as well as think; he could fight as well as pray. He had courage to push out into the wilderness, and science to make clear his course, and language to record for after times what he had seen and done,—a hand firm on the tiller of state, a heart devoted to the cross. It would be hard to find a better type of the France of his day,—able, ambitious, devout,—grasping for King and church at the best the new world had to offer.

He had a Frenchman's love of beauty and these lovely islands took his eye. We will not doubt today that he stopped here. How could he have passed by this emerald gem set in the sapphire sea? Low islands he says he saw, beautiful with meadows and the noblest trees, ranged over by the fawn and stag and fallow-deer. His words are no riddles to us. These are the very islands that he saw, and they charm our eyes today as they did his 300 years ago. The guides told him they had once been inhabited by Indians but the merciless wars that raged between the northern and the southern tribes had driven them away. They lay upon the war path, right in the track of carnage. *Caniaderigarunte* the natives called it—the gateway. It was indeed the very gate through which the tides of ancient Indian battle ebbed and flowed,—the fairest spot on earth, almost, and yet the most exposed and perilous. The coming of the white man was not the coming of peace but rather the coming of more deadly war. Here, where the red man's council fires had burned, the white man's fort was built,—the first within the boundaries that embrace Vermont, and, in the shelter of the fort, the earliest Christian chapel. In 1665 or '66 the fort was built by Captain De La Motte and the first mass was said. That is the simple story, but think how much it means. The pale-face did bring war, war that was to sweep native races to their doom, war, even with his own kind, ruthless and insatiable. But he brought with him also the holy, blessed truths that will yet overcome all hearts and make all war impossible. Fort St. Anne was burned by the French themselves but five years later. It was only a halting hesitating step, a foot thrust out into

the wild and then withdrawn; yet it marked the beginning of a movement in this valley that was to be continued for a century,—a determined but unsuccessful effort to plant the banner of the fleur-de-lis in the very heart of New England. Here the two proudest nations of the old world were to have their final grapple for the fairest portion of the new. As it had been before the white man came so was it still to be,—the valley of beauty was the highway of war. The basin of the St. Lawrence was peopled by the French. The coast of the Atlantic from Cape Breton to the south was peopled by their hated rivals. That was enough. Here ran the unpeopled passage-way between the two, and for a hundred years none but a fool would have built a home beyond the shelter of a fort in all these fertile acres. Swanton had a half-breed settlement, perhaps, from 1700 to 1760. Over there on Windmill Point in Alburg, in 1730, the French tried hard to keep a foothold, but it was soon abandoned. The same year or the next they began their southern Gibraltar at Crown Point in Fort St. Frederick; and there and at Chimney Point on the eastern shore, a musket-shot away, a little French village sprang up and flourished for 25 or 30 years. But that is all the tale. The rest is the story of fortifications built, abandoned or destroyed, rebuilt, retaken or given to the flames,—like old Fort Carillon that afterwards became Ticonderoga.

In 1757 the greatest man in England took the reins and in two years the French dream of North American dominion had dissolved. William Pitt was master. Quebec was taken. Crown Point and Ticonderoga were in English hands, and the red horrors

of 150 years were to be thenceforward but a thrilling fireside tale.

The legends of that ghastly time lie all around us; and memories of the later wars that swept the lake are thick as leaves of summer and colored like the leaves of autumn with glory and romance. We have only to reach out our hands to take them. For seven days now the conjurer's wand has been waved over this lovely valley calling the dead to life. We have gone through the wicket gate of old Fort Ti step for step with Allen. We have seen Arnold, still wearing the rose of his loyalty uncankered by the worm of treason. We have fought with him his desperate fight at Valcour and leaped with him from his flaming bowsprit at Panton. We have watched the British fleet weigh anchor off this shore and move southward to its doom at the hands of the invincible Macdonough. Memorial and procession, speech and song and pageant have taken up the threads of ancient, half-forgotten life, and made the glowing pattern live anew. Again we see the plumed and painted savage on the trail, the settler working with his flint-lock in the hollow of his arm, the highlander in his plaid, the hireling Hessian in his scarlet coat, the colonist in his deer skin or his buff and blue, the French and British regulars who wear upon their breasts the trophies of world-famous battles over-sea. And as we look we seem to see the gathering of the nations, not now for war but for the beginning of a new era under happier skies.

Three hundred years. It sounds like eternity in the ears of a child. And yet four mortal lives, and those not very long, might compass it. There must be

many living in the world today whose great-grandfathers could have remembered 1609. In the long march of the world's progress it is less than a watch in the night. There have been periods of three hundred years that signified nothing in the life of man. They came and went like waves upon the beach, leaving no mark behind them. But the three hundred years that lies behind us in our thought today has filled the earth with marvels. Even the physical aspect of the earth has been transformed. In 1609 the Western Hemisphere was scarcely pricked by the explorer, and see it now! Africa was a desert and a jungle. It is swarming now with eager nations. Asia was a mystery and a dream, a fabulous, enchanted palace whose gold and ivory portals western feet were not to pass. Its doors are open now and east and west are mingling. Three centuries ago the Pacific was a sail-less sea. Now on its opposing shores the eastern and western worlds stand face to face and the struggles and rivalries of the coming age will be upon its bosom. Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, the Central and South American Republics—what were these? They were not even names three centuries ago. Even Europe, that has sent her millions to all quarters of the globe, has, herself, increased enormously in numbers. In the 19th century alone her population more than doubled.

We seem standing in the presence of a miracle. And yet all these changes are as nothing to the changes that have come to pass in the life of man through the discoveries of science. Modern science—practical modern science—began with Francis Bacon, and he did not publish his Novum Organum until

1620—less than three centuries ago. He taught men to invent by teaching them how to study nature, and died in consequence of an experiment. Following the path he pointed out and turning their backs on the barren speculation of the ancients, men have made existence on this planet a comfort and a joy to millions where it was once a gift hardly to be accepted. For it is not merely that we make a thousand miles today as quickly and more easily than our ancestors could make ten or twenty. It is not that we speak with each other across continents, and flash our thought and feeling under the deep sea, or make the waves of air bear messages from one world to the other. It is not that the wealth of the east is brought to the door of the west and the product of the west is poured out upon the threshold of the east. This is not the true and solid ground for our rejoicing; but that by all these means and many others the life of common men upon the globe has been made something better. The fat years now are able to help out the lean. India in her famine may now be fed by Kansas in her plenty. Earthshaken Sicily may perhaps find hope and succor in a battleship that flies the stars and stripes. Multitudes, not here and there a solitary man, may feel the broadening influence of travel. All may know what all the rest are doing. And that means confidence. It means the end of ignorant mistrust and fear and so it means the end of half the cause of war. Once all peoples were strangers to each other, and stranger was another name for enemy. And so it is that all the rest science has done for men is almost nothing to the blessing it has brought about in this, that we

are nearer to a world-wide union, to that happy time the noble hearted Burns foretold "when man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a' that."

Then see how the forms of government have changed since Champlain visited this island. Feudalism was indeed already doomed. It was singing its swan song by the lips of Shakespeare. A new spirit had passed over Europe. It was to take generations to throw off the yoke. It is not yet thrown off entirely. But there was not a single free government in the world three hundred years ago. There was not a single nation that recognized the obvious fact that I have no more right to govern you than you have to govern me,—that every one who is expected to obey the law has a right to be heard in saying what that law shall be. I say there was not a single state in the world 300 years ago that had the sense or justice to admit that simple truth—not even with respect to its men, to say nothing of its women. Now we have advanced so far that many governments do admit in theory or in practice that their just powers are derived entirely from the governed. What a gain is that! A year before the date we are observing John Milton was born in London. His life spans the English Revolution, the highest achievement, the crowning glory of the English race. A century later came our own brave struggle for independence. And that was not at bottom a struggle between Great Britain and the colonies, but a grapple between Whig and Tory, a conflict that was going on on both sides of the Atlantic. Then came the French Revolution freeing France, and Europe, too, from the intolerable tyranny of the past, and destined to open the prison

door for every people. And the French Revolution was in large part a consequence of our own. Look about the world today. See how the principles of free government, encouraged by their success upon this continent, are shaking every throne upon the globe. Look at Russia travailing in the throes of her new birth of freedom. See Young Turkey on the shores of the Bosporus making good its claim to constitutional government. See Persia awaking from her revery and old China turning from the slumber of four thousand years. We marvel at the changes that have come to pass in the appearance of the earth since 1609. We marvel still more at the changes in the life of man through the wizardry of science. But here is a marvel that cheapens both of these,—the coming of the common man into his own. The reign of the common people has begun. The fact of deepest import in this wonderful era is not Discovery nor Development, no, not even Science. It is Democracy,—man shaking off the fetters that have bound him in all ages and standing erect and free as God would have him stand. Really that is all there is. The mere increase of numbers, the mere spreading of mankind through distant lands, that is, in itself, no rational ground for our rejoicing. Even the revelations of science would not justify our joy if they meant nothing more than a new might in the hands of the old masters. What we exult in is the tremendous fact that now for the first time in the history of the world the whole race moves together. Intelligence is so diffused and freedom is so general that every addition to knowledge or to power is an addition to a common store and all men

are made richer. That was not so in other times. There was great learning then, but it was kept in some close cult, like that of the priests in Egypt. There was transcendent art but it was for the few, not for the many. Nero held the supreme artist of his age a prisoner for life to decorate his private palace, the famous House of Gold. Science was carried far in individual cases. The chemist and artisan of the ancient day wrought miracles whose secret modern times have not discovered. But their skill and cunning perished with them for it was not, as ours is, the possession of the race. The art and learning of the antique world, except, perhaps, the learning and the art of Greece, carried the seeds of decay in its own bosom in this very fact, that it did not trust the people—it did not give itself unto the world. Our art and science does, and so it lives and grows and ever will. For the way to call the heaven-born genius forth is to give the opportunity of culture and enlightenment to all. Educate the millions, and while you are making of the millions better men and safer citizens, you are making sure of that half dozen really master minds among them whose contributions to the common stock of the world's power and knowledge will recompense a hundred fold the outlay you have lavished upon all. Edison was a poor, uncultivated boy; yet he found his opportunity because he lived in a time and land where opportunity is universal. What is the chance that he would have come to light in the middle ages? Look at Orville and Wilbur Wright leading the world to the dominion of the air. Quiet, obscure men—they would have gone unnoticed to their graves

if it had not been for freedom and the common school. These are the returning harvest of the seed our fathers sowed. Trust the people, make education common as the street, and you shall reap your reward in the steamboat and the telegraph, in Emersons and Lincolns, in Marconi and St. Gaudens.

We cannot claim that in the realm of art, letters and philosophy we have outstript the past. Lest we should wax too proud it may be well to acknowledge here and now that the masterpieces of poetry, painting and sculpture, the deepest broodings of the human spirit over the riddles of destiny, are still to be looked for back of 1609. But there never was before so wide a knowledge of the truth, such capacity for the appreciation of the beautiful in the world at large, so vast and fit an audience for the poet and the seer. And if the product of the last three centuries has not put the past to shame it has been noble and inspiring, and filled to overflowing with a love of man that is worth all the selfish splendors of the past. No great writer any longer sneers, as even Shakespeare sometimes did, at the man below him. There is no longer any poetry in that. The world-poem bears the title of the Son of Man.

And so we have come back in the end to the point that we set out from, to the chapel and the mass. For it is not clearer to our eyes that summer follows spring than that the beneficent changes we have traced today with gratitude and joy have followed from the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It was He who taught us the divinity of man—all the rest flows from that—the unsuspected majesty of human nature. That is why man may not be enslaved. That is

why he shall not be left forever in ignorance or poverty or shame. We come back at last, through the things that are ever changing, to the things that never change. It is as though we had been sitting here in the shadow of the old fort and listening to the chanting of the priests in that first Christian service—and then there had broken in upon the music the rattle of muskets, the yell of the savage, the scream of the victim, the shouting of seamen, the thunder of cannon, the noise of the tempest, the pipes of the clansmen, the song of the pioneer, the long, reverberating whistle of the steamer, the rumble and roar of the approaching train, the hum of industry through all the valley, the Babel of multitudes that come and go—and then again silence had fallen, and we heard the sweet and solemn chant still going on, and caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles.*" Ah yes! He *has* put down the mighty from their seat and has exalted them of low degree. After all, that is the only reality—the rest is all a dream.

THOMAS BARTLETT: AN OLD-TIME ADVOCATE.

An article published in the Green Bag, February 1896.

The fame of a unique advocate lingers among the fading traditions of the Vermont Bar. Through all this country-side, where he was known, Thomas Bartlett is still "a name to conjure with."

He was born June 18, 1808, studied law with Isaac Fletcher in Lyndon, Vermont, practised in this section for forty years or so, was sent to Congress in 1851, and died September 12, 1876. Meagre as this statement is, it will be enough for our purpose. Even these dates will have no interest for most of those who read these pages. If anything about him can hold their attention it will be a delineation of the orator himself. And a remarkable orator he certainly was. Deficient in early education, with many and gross faults of style when judged by the purest standards, there is yet no doubt that, as a jury advocate, he spoke at all times effectively, and often with genuine eloquence and power. He had precisely the make-up of an orator. Large-hearted, generous, sensitive, sympathetic, impulsive, woman-like in tenderness, leonine in anger—laughter and tears alike at his command, and as for language—well, he had kissed the blarney stone. With happier fortune, with severer training, with firmer self-control, he might have been, unless all reports about him are false,

among the greatest orators that ever spoke. In the first place he had those physical advantages which Wendell Phillips used to say, in speaking of O'Connell, are "half the battle." Of royal height, (six feet four, I think), nobly proportioned, with grave and striking features, with a halting step and a palsied arm, infirmities which, as he managed them, really increased the impressiveness of his bearing,—he had only to "address himself to motion like as he would speak" to find his audience half won already in interest and sympathy. And then, when he did speak, a voice of unsurpassed strength, depth and richness did the rest. Fluent to a fault, almost, yet carefully discriminating in the choice of words, he poured before his hearers, often unlettered though they were, his wealth of diction, imagery, allusion, heedless of any fear that it might prove beyond their comprehension. This does not mean that he did not gauge his argument to his hearers. He did. Before a back district jury, in some justice's court, he could be a match in coarseness for Swift or Smollett, or Rabelais himself. Nothing was too malodorous for his use, if it was really of use. But he never forgot that men often admire what they possess the least of, —that in a speech fine language and lofty sentiment may appeal strikingly to those who have formed but a slender acquaintance with either in every-day life, and he rarely failed to flatter his listeners with a liberal supply of both.

How many make the opposite mistake! When a New Hampshire politician rose to address the little town of Carroll in that state, and being the worse for liquor, began, "Fellow citizens, I have rosen"—

then stopped, dimly conscious that something was wrong, his colleague on the platform whispered impatiently, "Damn it, Jake, go on. Rosen's good enough for Carroll;" and he went on. That was not Bartlett's idea. He would rather have endorsed Rufus Choate's reply to the critic who asked him how he could expect a commonplace jury to appreciate his rhetoric. "They appreciate which side it's on," said Choate, " and that's enough." As with Choate, too, the study of language was his delight. He would turn the pages of a dictionary by the hour.

He came to Isaac Fletcher's office at Lyndon Corner one morning to study law,—the greenest, gawkiest lad in all these parts. With a few years of district schooling behind him, and a term or two in the Academy, he was to be from henceforth, in education, a law unto himself. What wonder that he never endured the rigorous discipline that makes a reasoner, never became a thorough lawyer. He had that lazy, moody strength which, after each great effort, lapses into long periods of indolent repose wherein the brooding genius nourishes itself for another flight. On idle summer days he would sit from morning till night before his office door, steeped in the mellow sunshine, oblivious to all that passed around him. And yet he loved his books,—knew his Blackstone well and could plant his feet, at need, on the solid foundations of the law. It seems to have been a favorite device with him to give an unimportant case interest and dignity by clearly identifying it with some "fundamental principle," which, as he would proclaim in sounding phrase, "underlies the whole fabric of jurisprudence,—the vindication of

which has twice deluged England with blood and more recently our own fair land in fraternal gore.'' We shall be apt to smile at the Buzfuzzian period. Perhaps his rival smiled, too, but he did so at his peril. It did its work. It impressed the imagination of his jury and tempted them to turn from the confusion of claims and counter claims they hardly understood back to a broad and simple truth where the mind felt that it could rest in safety. His style must often have been pompous, grandiloquent. Yet no one could more deftly prick an overblown bubble for an opponent. I think it was Stoddard B. Colby, an accomplished advocate of that day, who once sat down after an impressive appeal which left the jury on the verge of tears. Bartlett rose and began in funereal tones, with impeturbable gravity: ''Dearly beloved brethren, let us continue these solemn services by reading a brief portion of the original writ.'' The strain was too intense, the spell was snapped and tears gave way to laughter. This faculty of reducing his antagonist's position to absurdity, by saying ''such a simple thing in such a solemn way,'' was characteristic, and often did him yeoman service. Ossian Ray, then a young lawyer, was summing up a case of assult and battery against Bartlett's client. In an unhappy moment he declared, ''We do not demand an exorbitant sum. We do not ask for a million dollars.'' The defendant sat within the bar, shabbily dressed, unkempt, a picture of poverty. Bartlett rose slowly to reply. ''I knew my Brother Ray as a boy. He was a generous, noble-spirited lad. He has grown to be a generous, magnanimous man. He says he does not demand a million dollars of my client. I am

glad and grateful that he does not. For if he should demand it, and you, gentlemen of the jury, should render a verdict for that amount, and my client should be compelled to pay it, he would be reduced to comparative proverty; it would seriously impair his annual rents and profits.'' All this spoken with a dignified courtesy, no curl of the lips, no twinkle in the eye, not a suggestion in voice or countenance that he was conscious of any incongruity whatever between his ragged client and this stately acknowledgment. The effect may be imagined; it can hardly be described.

If he was not a power in Congress his case was not the first proof that eminence at the bar is no guaranty of success in a deliberative body. Perhaps he was not specially fitted to succeed there. But the reason why he failed, to start with, lies in this story. The 4th of July, 1851, was a gala day in Saint Johnsbury. There was a big tent and Bartlett was to be one of the speakers. ''Was to be,'' for nobody was. A crowd of Dartmouth College students came up from Hanover, and, stationed with tin horns at the opposite end of the pavilion, drowned with their noisy rivalry every voice that tried to make itself heard, even the lion roar of Bartlett. The chagrined orator published an angry letter reproving the scamps, and the scamps replied in a superior effort, holding up to ridicule the lawyer's well-known weaknesses and pompous mannerisms. When Bartlett took his seat in Congress he found himself already introduced to his fellow members by the irresponsible hoodlums, who had seen to it that a copy of their reply should be lying on every desk. His vulnerable point was

exposed, and when, later in the session, he rose to speak, he laid himself open to a sharp thrust from Polk of Tennessee. Warming as he went on, he began to soar, and finally declared in majestic tones, "Sir, were it not for the rules of the House, I would pour upon the opponents of this measure the phials of my wrath." Polk leaped to his feet, and intimating that fun was coming, moved "that the rules be suspended, and the gentleman permitted to *pour*." To pour under such circumstances was impossible even for Bartlett, and he sat down discomfited.

His chief failing was intemperance; and this reminds me of his best witticism, which had this failing for its subject. Like many other Democrats he became a Republican in the sixties. Being called out at a political meeting to make his first speech from his changed standpoint, he was too tipsy to stand without help, but steadying himself, he thus placated his audience: "Fellow citizens, I was born in Democracy, I was nursed in Democracy, reared in Democracy; I have lived in Democracy all my days, and some of its pernicious and damnable habits and practices still cling to me—as you can see." Thereupon he launched into one of his finest efforts.

Nobody could tell a story better. He had a Lincoln-like aptness in illustration. Once he tried a damage case against a circus, which travelled under the name of Sears and Company, for so negligently putting up its seats that the plaintiff fell and was injured. The defendants claimed that the circus belonged to Mr. Faxon of Liverpool, and that he alone was responsible. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the advocate, "I have a dog, and a mean cur he is, too.

He kills your sheep. You call on me for damages. I say, 'Oh, no. The cur wears my name on his collar. He comes when I whistle; he goes when I say "ste-boy." But the dog belongs to Mr. Faxon of Liverpool.' "

No wonder he held the common people in his hand. He was one of them. When the news got out that Uncle Tom was to "plead a case," the court-house was soon filled. He was sometimes accused of turning his back on the jury-box to tickle the outer benches. The criticism was a shallow one. He never forgot the panel. But he knew better than to ignore the larger jury that sat by. He understood how contagious sympathy is, and running his eye along the rows of responsive faces outside the bar, he read the feelings of the more guarded jurymen before him. There were years when to retain Bartlett in a jury case was considered tantamount to victory —that is, if he should prove to be himself when the day of the trial came, which was not always the fact, for reasons before explained. I suspect the court-house is still a more dramatic place in the country than in the city. Every case is more or less of a play anywhere, but here the *dramatis personae* are better known. It was even more truly so in his day. There was many a "celebrated cause." Neighbors gathered to watch its course and nudge each other at every home thrust of witness or counsel. Everybody knew everybody. For a quarter of a century Tom Bartlett was the star actor in these familiar and exciting dramas. In one of them the defendant was a poor widow, and the plaintiff a rich man with a reputation for hard-fistedness. The plaintiff seemed

to have the law on his side, but it looked like persecution. Bartlett assisted for the defense. When he reached the climax of his appeal to the jury he turned suddenly upon his colleague. "I am here at the solicitation of my young brother, serving without scrip and without price. I told him I would make no charge. I reconsider. I will charge, and he must now promise to repay. When my shattered form shall be lying in the grave, and my wife shall be set upon by legal robbers, and he is standing by with warm heart and large experience, let him come to *her* defence as I have struggled to defend his client here today. Dale, will you do it?" "I will," the young man answered, as he grasped the outstretched hand amid the breathless silence of the astonished court room. It was the finishing touch. The jury melted, and so did the plaintiff's case.

How unlike our own must have been the atmosphere of courts where such a scene was possible. If the advocate should return could he repeat his former triumphs? Hardly. At least not with the same training and equipment. I suppose it is not to be regretted that the day of such successes has gone by, that business now is done like business, that law and fact are coming to weigh more and more and rhetoric and pathos less and less. And yet it will be long before those who loved to witness such thrilling episodes under the old regime will cease to sigh over the prosy trials of today. For still the old men who gather in the court rooms of these counties measure each new advocate against the shadow of this man's passing fame, and when, as still may sometimes happen, a little breeze of eloquence

blows through the drowsy precincts of the court, they turn to one another and remark, "That's not so bad, neighbor, after all," and, "No. That sounds a little mite like Thomas Bartlett."

WHO DID SIN—THIS MAN OR HIS PARENTS?

An Address at the Annual Meeting of the Incorporators of the Washington Home for Foundlings, December, 1912.

"And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." And He gave him sight. The disciples' question was speculative: the Master's reply was practical. The question implied that other men might stand apart and let the afflicted bear the consequences of sin. The answer implied that afflictions are opportunities for good men to do the works of God. Men are not to seek in the causes of other men's afflictions an excuse for their own hard-heartedness. But if we relieve sin from the rigor of its consequences shall we not encourage sin? So thought the heirs of Joshua Pierce when they attempted to defeat their ancestor's generous gift. "A hospital for foundlings," so they argued, "tends to evil and ought not to be supported." What answer did the Supreme Court make to that contention? Here is what they said:

> "Hospitals for foundlings existed in the Roman Empire. They increased when

> Christianity triumphed. They exist in all countries of Europe, and they exist in this country. There are no beneficiaries more needing protection, care, and kindness, none more blameless, and there are none who have stronger claims, than these waifs, helpless and abandoned upon the sea of life."

In these words we seem to hear an echo of the Voice that said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day. The night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world I am the Light of the World." And He spat upon the ground and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay.

I have not inquired what form of religion Joshua Pierce professed. The institution he founded does not bear the name of any sect. Even if he had never gone to church I think we should have preferred his society to that of his heirs, no matter how orthodox they may have been; for this work of his shows clearly that he had come close to the heart of Him who took the little children in his arms and blessed them.

It was in 1869 that Joshua Pierce died, leaving a will which gave fourteen lots on Fifteenth street to trustees, to be turned over by them to a corporation, when the same should be legally established, and to be used as a site for a hospital for foundlings. The devise was attacked by the heirs, with General Benjamin F. Butler as their counsel. It was defended by Walter S. Cox, Esq., afterwards a distinguished judge of the Supreme Court of our District. The case was won for the charity in the District Court and the judgment was affirmed in the Supreme Court of the United States without a dissenting voice. But

the lawsuit had dragged on for several years. It was 1877 before the will was finally established. Then the noble men and women of that day who saw the opportunity for good that was presented set to work to raise money for a building. They secured forty thousand dollars and built the Home. But this had taken ten years more, and it was not until 1887 that its doors were opened. During the twenty-five years that have succeeded there have come in over its threshold hundreds of these little cast-aways, to find shelter, warmth and comfort, skillful care and tender nursing, and to go out again, not to the cold doorstep or the vacant lot, but to homes that made them welcome and to which they brought a compensating joy. Cautiously and prudently their homes have been selected, where they have been received, not as apprenticed servants, not as step-children, but as adopted sons and daughters, under the sanction of the court, and taking with their adoption the inheritable blood.

This work has owed much of its success to those generous and gracious women, the Board of Lady Vistors and the Pierce Guild, who have found ways and means to supplement the insufficient revenues of the Home and furnish comforts and conveniences which the directors have been unable to supply. Year by year the Government, too, has lent its aid, first by a lump sum appropriated annually, and, since the creation of the Board of Charities, by a certain sum that is paid for each child that is entered through the approval of that Board. About one-third of the cost of maintenance is thus provided by payments from the Government, and a considerably larger number of

children could be received and cared for with great advantage to the income of the Home if only more frequent assignments to the Home could be secured. Some revenue is received also from poor parents, unwilling to part with their children, who are permitted to enter them in the Home for temporary care. But the increased cost of living has borne hard upon the Home, and it is sadly in need of funds. Its affairs are directed by a Board of Incorporators. An incorporator is anybody who is willing to give five dollars a year. You are all eligible. Our doctrine of election is that which was vouched for by Henry Ward Beecher: "The elect are those that will, the non-elect are these that won't." We urge you tonight to make your calling and election sure. We need you. The Home needs you The little ones are reaching out their hands. If you have never visited the Home, please do. On Fifteenth street, between R and S. You will see the name over the door, The Washington Home for Foundlings. Go in and see what kind hearts and skillful hands have been able to do, even with the insufficient means at their command, to turn misery into happiness and to make that happiness, in turn, minister to the happiness of others by bringing the light of children's faces into childless homes. Go and see the little ones for yourselves. See what is being done for them. Think of what their lives may be both to themselves and to others, and then think of what their lives must have been if, in the shape of this blessed institution, the Son of Man had not passed by. They come, feeble and sick ofttimes. Here, tended with expert skill and tireless devotion, by nurses and a medical staff generous and humane,

the death rate among them has been reduced year by year until its smallness is a matter of surprise to all. Education, strictly, does not come within the scope of such a home, yet for those who remain to such an age as needs it a kindergarten is provided. But before that age is reached the effort of their benefactors is to find for them a home—a real, true home. We are now approaching the Christmas season, when of all seasons in the year the home seems dearest to us—to us who have a home. For us the hearth-fire burns. Shall it not burn for these little ones as well?

In one of those charming epistles of hospitality which the poet Horace sent his friends from the Sabine farm this phrase occurs: *Tibi splendet focus.*

For thee the hearth-fire shineth! So he sang
Who halved with Virgil the Augustan crown.
And if the million splendors that upsprang
From sacked and flaming cities have died down,
Smile, gentle Sabine, for your little ray
Of Roman firelight reaches us today.

The hearth-fires are the beacons of the race;
From age to age their happy light is passed.
By such as kindly burned the King shall trace
The course of His own coming at the last.
And this shall be the sign that He is come,
That even His poorest child has found a home.

WHITTIER: A QUAKER WHO BECAME A MARTIAL POET

A Centennial Address, at the Friends' Meeting House in Washington, D. C., December 17, 1907.

"Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

Oh, for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

Oh, that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride, and not her scorn:
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast, A man is born!"

One hundred years ago today a pale young mother might have made that boast with perfect truth if God had lifted for her eyes the curtain of the century.

Nature seems to delight in antithesis. She must have been in her most ironical mood when she prepared to bring forth from that quiet Quaker household the greatest war-bard of the age. For Whittier was the laureate of the greatest moral conflict, culminating in the greatest martial conflict, the world has ever seen. He was the answer to his own fiery question:

"Where's the man for Massachusetts?
Where's the voice to speak her free?
Where's the hand to light up bon-fires from her
mountains to the sea?"

Frail as a girl, he carried a heart that throbbed as if it had been the battle-drum of his generation. Shy in bearing and hestitating in speech, he was the most eloquent voice of his day. "Gentlest of the Sons of Thunder"—so Gail Hamilton addressed him; and there was never a truer title; for gentle though he was, he *was* a Son of Thunder. Even in appearance there was a hint of something martial—tall, erect, with straight black brows and, underneath, those eyes, dark and "glowing like anthracite coal," eyes almost as glorious as his kinsman's, Daniel Webster. The Quaker coat was buttoned around a breast as brave as Bayard's. His face, grave and serious as a psalm, would break into a smile of indescribable sweetness, where lights and shadows chased each other to and fro. Worn with suffering, weary with loss of sleep, and weighed down with the gloomy sense of his own imperfections, he nevertheless had a droll and quiet humor that always kept him sane. He devoted the best part of his life to the destruction of the peculiar institution of the South, and, unlike some other Northern poets, refused to omit from his completed works his anti-slavery poems; yet he is today the most popular of Northern poets in the South. He always preferred a worship utterly devoid of ceremonial; he launched the fiercest phillipic of his century against the Pope; and yet his verse is sprinkled with poetic appreciations of the beautiful rites of the mother church, and he himself declared that the

creeds which separated Christians were nothing more to him than spiders' webs. Always frail and often ill, facing death again and again, he yet outlived nearly all of his contemporaries and died at the great age of eighty-four, verifying the witty prescription of Dr. Holmes that to be sure of a long life one ought to be born with an incurable disease. We deprecate pain and yet nothing is more certain than that suffering made him the saint he was. "I was born," he said, "without an atom of patience in my composition. I have tried to manufacture it as it was needed." Critics have lamented that his great poetic gift should have been spent on reforms instead of being dedicated to some purely artistic work; and yet the candid student of Whittier's life closes the book with the unclouded assurance that but for the new birth that came to Whittier in the cause of anti-slavery he never would have been a poet at all. That call to the help of the slave and his own feeble health—those two things are all that saved him from passing into history as an accomplished politician.

We are not here tonight to pay our debt to Whittier but only to acknowledge it. The mighty struggle of which he was a part came to its inevitable close and passed into history. No one will ever be able to read of it without reading of him.

For nearly thirty years after the downfall of slavery he lived to write on many another theme, fulfilling the wish he had expressed even while singing that severer strain:

> "Oh, not of choice, for themes of public wrong,
> I leave the green and pleasant paths of song!
> More dear to me some song of private worth,

Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales,
Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside tales."

But, portrayer of New England life, as he was, minstrel of her weird and wondrous legendry, singer of her beauty and her strength, poet of nature and of man, of field and wood, of hill and ocean, and likewise of the human soul,—faithful painter, gentle, loving mystic, artist and saint in one,—he was something beyond all this. He was a prophet of the living God! The fire that burned in Daniel and Ezekiel burned in him. His lips were touched with a coal from off the same altar. "Woe is me," he cried, "that my mother bore me a man of strife and contention!"

No man can draw a true portrait of Whittier without painting it against the dark and awful background of human slavery. With the help of climate and economic conditions the North had sloughed off that horrible institution while it had fastened itself with close and closer hold upon the South. But Northern business was bound up with slavery and cotton was king. When men began to agitate for the abolition of slavery it was all their lives were worth. Free speech itself was at stake. Mobs ruled every Northern city. Pennsylvania Hall, in Philadelphia, the building in which Whittier, then editing the "Pennsylvania Freeman," had his office, was burned to the ground in a pro-slavery riot on the day of its dedication. In Boston Garrison was dragged through the streets with a rope around his body and lodged in jail to save his life. Whittier himself was repeatedly mobbed, pelted with rotten eggs, and once stoned

through the streets of Concord in New Hampshire. Here in Washington, Dr. Crandall lay in jail until his health was ruined, for lending to a brother physican a copy of Whittier's pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency." Court and Congress, school and college, the market, the pulpit, the press, the so-called patriotism and respectability of the day, were all against them. Anti-slavery was the sedition of the streets. It was in such a time that the gentle Quaker, child of the Muses, born to the serene life of the scholar and loving, as he feared, too well, the praise and good will of his fellow-men, took his place with the outcast and the despised. No wonder that he said, "Anti-slavery owes me nothing. It made me what I am."

> "No common wrong provoked his zeal;
> The silken gauntlet that is thrown
> In such a quarrel rings like steel."

Whittier wrote hundreds of poems before he gave himself to the cause of the slave, yet not one of them is reckoned today as of the slightest literary merit. He was himself ashamed of them. In his completed works, if they are included at all, they are relegated to the appendix, and only serve to measure the vast difference between the versifier and the poet. The fact is, that the greatness of Whittier lay in the depth and earnestness of his moral nature. He was not primarily an artist. No one knew it better than he. "That last verse is a little long," he would admit, "but it expresses exactly what I want to say." "Did you intend the alliteration in that title?" asked an admirer. "I never in my life gave a thought to such a matter," was the unaffected answer. For

years he pondered the history of the banished Acadians, thinking to make of it a poem. At last, Longfellow made it immortal in "Evangeline." "I am glad Longfellow did it," said Whittier. "I should have spoiled the artistic effect by giving vent to my indignation over the injustice." His rhymes are often imperfect, but there is a sweet accord of right and reason that reconciles the heart. There is a fervor in his verse that makes the lamest line leap like a deer.

How shall we account for Whittier? Where did he get the qualities that made him great? He had a father who never wasted breath—so his son declared—tall, strongly built, quick as a cat, prompt and decisive in word and deed, an uncompromising Quaker, lending small sympathy to his boy's love of letters. He had a mother, loveliest and saintliest of women, whose native refinement, dignified bearing and benign expression impressed and charmed all who knew her—fair in face, with dark expressive eyes—for fifty years the guide, counsellor and friend of her illustrious son. Then he had a sister, Elizabeth, whom Colonel Higginson pronounced a wonder among women—younger than Greenleaf by eight years, his pet in childhood, his closest literary friend in mature life, the sharer of every enthusiasm and every danger, —who often

> "tuned his song
> To sweeter music by her delicate ear."

"No one can truly estimate the long celibate life of the poet," said Higginson, "without bearing in mind that he had at his own fireside the concentrated wit and sympathy of all womankind in that one

sister.'' There was his brother Matthew, five years younger, yet stronger, quicker, more alert, taking the lead in work and play. Greenleaf himself was by no means precocious. He could never remember anything that happened back of the time when he was six years old. Dreamy, imaginative, apt to fall into what his Uncle Moses called a ''stood''—especially when Uncle Moses was telling his marvelous tales of the wild animals he had met. (Let us not think of him as a fakir!) There was Aunt Mercy,—

> "The sweetest woman ever Fate,
> Perverse denied a household mate,"

whose own life had not been without its touch of tragedy and romance.

These made the family circle, these with the schoolmaster, when the course of boarding round brought him to ''hold at the fire his favored place.'' There was little companionship of books in those first years. Thirty would number all. But those he knew by heart, especially the Bible and the lives of holy men. And there was the great beautiful, ever-beckoning world of nature outside with its changing seasons and all the glories of the sky. How he loved it! How affluent he was in such possessions!

> "I was rich in flowers and trees,
> Humming-birds and honey-bees;
> For my sport the squirrel played,
> Plied the snouted mole his spade;
> For my taste the blackberry cone
> Purpled over hedge and stone;
> Laughed the brook for my delight
> Through the day and through the night,
> Whispering at the garden wall,
> Talked with me from fall to fall."

You see, the powers that were bent on making him a poet were already at their work. No sect, however narrow and ascetic, could stifle in such a boy the love of beauty. Whittier, true to the faith of his fathers, always protested against modern innovations in the worship of the Society of Friends. He opposed the introduction of music, saying, "Two hundred years of silence has taken all the sing out of Quakers." But it had not taken all the sing out of *this* Quaker, as you see. Royally fed and becomingly served he was too, the young Sybarite—not at all after the Quaker fashion. Never was found anything quite up to it afterwards:

> "Oh, for festal dainties spread
> Like my bowl of milk and bread!
> Pewter spoon and bowl of wood
> On the door-stone gray and rude."

The men who settled the North Atlantic coast were a long time finding out that they could not live in the new England as they had in the old. They spent a couple of hundred years trying to toughen themselves, their children and their cattle instead of stopping up the cracks and putting on warm clothes. We shall never know how much of Whittier's ill-health was chargeable to such exposure. He thought a great deal of it was. The snow drifted across his bed in winter; he went without flannels, he rode for miles without an overcoat to meeting and there sat in a sort of cold storage with the elders. By the time he was fifteen he had reached his full height and soon after he broke down his constitution, his nephew and biographer informs us, by over-taxing his young strength at the plow and flail. Yet even

the hard, stiff lines of life taught him self-reliance, self-devotion; and every homely feature of his toilsome occupation, takes on a sort of glory in the immortal picture he has painted of the New England homestead and fireside circle when it found itself snow-bound:

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat."

One day the schoolmaster brought to the home circle a copy of Burns. He read the poems and interpreted the dialect. Greenleaf sat spell-bound in his corner and when the reading was over he was found to be in his "stood." Observing his interest the master left the book with him, and what the Scotch poet became to him thereafter, why should I try to tell when Whittier has told it in such words as these, written long years afterwards "on receiving a sprig of heather?"

"I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrels leaping;
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing!"

That poem, I think, gives us the truest insight into the poet's education we shall ever get. For, we all know, it is in such moments of over-mastering love and admiration that the mind is drawn out, or as we call it, educated. So Emerson confessed that a few stolen hours with stray books, read under the lid of his desk at the Latin School, had yielded him more treasure than all the studies in the curriculum. But it was more than education, it was almost conversion. It taught him the true meaning of life; it taught him the reverence due to woman and the sacredness of man. Thenceforth he could never look complacently upon any deed, law or institution that tended to degrade a fellow man.

He had a good start on that road already. In after years, when what called itself religion, was trying to save the Union by justifying slavery, he used to say with quiet sarcasm, "My father was an old-fashioned Democrat and really believed in the Preamble to the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence. It was never my privilege to hear a pro-slavery sermon, and I grew up in blissful ignorance of the Gospel according to Parson Adams." At school, the reading book was plentifully sprinkled with anti-slavery prose and poetry. It was the

common district school. Whittier never went to any other until he was nineteen, and only went to this a part of each year; and even then he went, as he said, to schoolmasters, who, with only two exceptions, were unfit for the position. Yet even that lowly institution he has immortalized in verse which the severest critic of his day admitted to be a perfect poem:

"Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are creeping."

He sat on the shoemaker's bench making slippers until he had money enough to take a term or two in the Academy. He taught school a single term and by that time he had learned to write so well that he was able to conduct a newspaper. But before that he fell in with Garrison.

It came about in this way. His sister, unknown to him, had sent some of his verses to Garrison who was then editing a paper at Newburyport. What children they all were! Garrison himself was only twenty-one and Whittier was but nineteen. The poem was printed in the next issue. Whittier was at work with his father beside the road, laying a stone wall, when the mail carrier, going by, tossed the paper at his feet. He opened it and in a sort of stupor saw his name and verses. Again and again he opened and stared at it until his father sharply called him to his work. Yet though he stared at it so often and so long, he has assured us that he did not really read a word. Soon after that, Garrison came out to see him, and the bare-footed youth stole in at the back

door to put on his shoes before facing his visitor. Ah! but that was a great meeting! Two boys, but one of them destined to be the moral leader of his age and the other the laureate of human freedom. If Garrison had never done anything more than to bring John Greenleaf Whittier to the side of the slave, he could have given a good account of his life. But Whittier did not really espouse abolition until 1833, and this was 1826. Still that was the beginning of a friendship, perhaps the most important in Whittier's life, which, in spite of every difference of opinion, remained unbroken to the last. Do you wish to be reminded of Whittier's regard for Garrison?

"I love thee with a brother's love,
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill."

Nearly fifty years later, when Garrison was laid in his grave, he took up the strain once more:

"The storm and peril overpast,
The hounding hatred shamed and still,
Go, soul of freedom! take at last
The place which thou alone canst fill."

So, then, the influences that molded Whittier's life and character were such as these. A pure and hardy strain; a life close to the soil; a creed that counted wealth, fame, learning itself, as of small moment to the spirit's life; a stern, high-minded father, a noble spiritual-minded mother, refined and loving sisters; tasks beyond a boy's green strength; the gift of a poet's eye, a poet's ear, a poet's heart; surroundings fitted to touch and train eye, ear and heart to poet uses; while yet a boy, falling in love with

Robert Burns, the very prince of poets; and being brought at manhood face to face with the Martin Luther of his age, to catch the glow of his great spirit and be consecrated body and soul to a righteous, unpopular cause—fired with all the enthusiasms for humanity! Yes, these are the things of which we must take note when we try to account for Whittier.

In 1832 Whittier was twenty-five years old. He thought he had turned his back on poetry; he had made up his mind to become a prominent politician. He said, "I have knocked Pegasus on the head, as a tanner does his bark-mill donkey when he is past service." He had taken a hand in editing several political journals; he had had a taste of power and it had gone to his head. If you want to see what sort of party leader he would have made, read the advice he gave for preventing an election in his Congressional district until he himself should be of age to go to Congress! It was present applause he coveted in those days, not the far-off voice of fame. "Who would ask a niche in that temple where the dead alone are crowned? I would not choose between a nettle and a rose to grow upon my grave." Those were his words then. But when he was an old man he laid his hand on a boy's head and said, "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

It was in the spring of 1833 that Whittier "came out." It was then he wrote his great pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency," and paid the best part of a year's earnings to get it printed—five hundred copies. That was when he crossed The Rubicon; that was when he burned his ships behind him.

He didn't do it in a flurry of excitement either. His biographer tells us that he counted the cost with Quaker coolness. In many sleepless nights he faced the consequences. He knew he was throwing away the last hope of political distinction and turning his back on the rewards of letters. But he did it; and he did it with a thoroughness worthy of his blood and breeding. In that pamphlet he covered the whole ground and fortified every position. It was bold to the point of rashness. It attacked the African Colonization Society. The president of that Society was Henry Clay, Whittier's political idol. The Whig leaders were its chief promoters. The church treated it as one of the Christian missions and took up collections for its support. Whittier tore the mask from the humbug and showed that it was nothing but an aid to slavery—a way of getting rid of free negroes who made the slaves uneasy and sometimes helped them to escape. Lewis Tappan paid for an extra edition of five thousand. Great journals took it up and sent it far and wide. How it was regarded in the South is shown by the fact already referred to that for lending it to a brother physician Dr. Crandall was arrested, flung into the old Washington city prison, and finally set free only to die from the effects of his imprisonment.

Now come the years of bitter want, of pinching poverty. Now the frugal habits of his early life stand him in good stead. Unable to read or write beyond a half hour at a time without severe pain, utterly unable to bear the strain of two hours continuous application, he can do a little bookkeeping; he can write an editorial now and then, and thus with the

sympathy and help of his mother and sister, he keeps the wolf from the door. But the poems which roused the sleeping conscience of the nation and finally brought him the richest crown of fame,—those brought him no bread in those days. His father died. Greenleaf was too feeble to carry on the farm, and so, in 1836, they sold the old homestead and bought a small cottage in Amesbury, a few miles away; and here for fifty-six years, the remainder of his life, he made his home.

It was in the spring of 1833 that he had sent forth his pamphlet. In December of the same year the anti-slavery convention met in Philadelphia. Whittier was too poor to go, but a friend finally supplied the means, and Whittier's name appears upon the declaration that was there adopted. "All felt," said he, "the responsibility of the occasion..... The shadow and forecast of a lifelong struggle rested upon every countenance." That was the solemn setting of the seal. Whittier always looked back upon it as his surest title to the gratitude of mankind. It was after he had risen to world-wide fame that he wrote those memorable words: "I am not insensible to literary reputation. I love, perhaps too well, the praise and good-will of my fellowmen. But I set a higher value on my name as appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book."

Now he begins to learn the difference between piety and morality. After a mob at Newburyport, when the speakers were pelted with all sorts of unsavory missiles and the meeting broken up, he turned to an Orthodox minister, one of the few of that

day who stood by them, and said, "I am surprised that we should be disturbed in a quiet Puritan city like Newburyport. I have lived near it for years and thought it was a pious city." The aged minister laying his hand on Whittier's shoulder said, "Young man, when you are as old as I am, you will understand that it is easier to be pious than it is to be good." Whittier was learning to classify men and institutions by a new principle. "Anti-slavery is going on well," said he, "in spite of mobs, Andover Seminary and rum."

As time went on the abolitionists separated into two camps—those who believed in political activity under the existing Constitution and those who did not. The latter wing was led by Garrison, who aimed at nothing less than a dissolution of the Union, spurning the old Constitution, by reason of its pro-slavery compromises, as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Whittier believed in making the best of the Constitution as it was. He was a born politician. He realized, perhaps better than Garrison, the tremendous force of Union sentiment. He said, "The moral and political power required for dissolving the Union could far more easily abolish every vestige of slavery." So, he made use of every political weapon he could lay his hands on. Gifted with a sagacity as rare as Lincoln's, he turned to account every chance he saw to elect anti-slavery candidates of either party in his district and state. He stood behind John Quincy Adams in his great contest for the right of petition. He wrung pledges from reluctant Congressmen to present anti-slavery petitions, and, when they showed signs of weakening,

faced them with the prospect of defeat in the next election. Though in a minority party, and that a small one, he swung the power he wielded from side to side with telling effect as the interests of freedom could be promoted. In 1835 he sat for Haverhill in the legislature of Massachusetts. In 1836 he was elected the second time but was too ill to take his seat. For many years he was a familiar figure about the lobby of the State House, whenever his presence would aid the cause he had at heart. Wendell Phillips said, he was "a superb hand at lobbying." He never worked for personal ends but he put to use his shrewd judgment of men, his keen insight into human motives, and attacked the consciences of public men by the line of least resistance. He never hesitated to gain a step for liberty by appealing to the selfish ambition of statesmen who could not be reached by loftier appeals.

So effectually did he handle his forces that in 1837, when Van Buren in his inaugural had announced that he would oppose every attempt to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and the Boston papers of both parties joined hands to defeat all legislative resolutions on the subject, Whittier and his little band carried House and Senate, almost without a dissenting vote, against the press and President. It was then that he told Rantoul the secret of abolition successes. "No party in the country," he said, "is so well organized as theirs. Asking nothing for themselves and contending only for principles under the impulse of duty, there is nothing but harmony and unison among them. So long as they remain thus they are invincible."

He did not believe in dividing the ranks by introducing other issues. Agreeing entirely with Garrison that women should vote and hold office, he yet counselled against forcing the issue upon anti-slavery conventions and thereby driving away those who were not ready for the enfranchisement of women. He was willing to work with any sincere friend of the slave, whatever his views might be on other questions. His own society, the Friends, did not satisfy his ideals in its attitude towards slavery and he did not hesitate to rebuke it; yet he would not turn his back on Quakerism. It has been well said that the abolition movement needed just such a balance-wheel as Whittier proved to be. For one thing, he had a broad charity for every honest difference of opinion. In every church and party he found men he loved. He hated slavery; he never hated the slave-holder. When the Civil War was in sight he urged that compensation be tendered to any slave State that would enter on the work of emancipation. He thought the North should show itself ready to make every financial sacrifice for such an end. All his life he numbered among his personal friends not only apologists for slavery, but slave-holders themselves. He was among the very first to hail the genius of the Carolinian poet, Timrod; and Paul H. Hayne was counted among his intimate friends; although both wrote fiery lyrics against the North. When the war was over and Charles Sumner proposed that the national banners should not longer be inscribed with the names of battles of the Civil War, in which they had been carried—battles that had been fought between fellow citizens of a re-united republic—and Massachusetts, in legislature, cen-

sured her great senator for his magnanimous act, Whittier came to his side with all his old time fervor, and stood there with all his old time constancy, never resting until he had secured the repeal of the obnoxious resolution. That was a single instance of the spirit he always showed.

Can we not see how this very absence of personal malignity doubled and redoubled the weight of his terrible invective? Barren of every suggestion of petty spite, his moral judgment came like a veritable Thus Saith the Lord. How plain it appears now, as we look back upon it, that everything in his life had really been preparing him to be the prophet of his people. He spoke the language of the common folk, for he was one of them. He was distinctively the poet of the people. Holmes was more witty; Bryant more massive and sonorous; Longfellow more refined and graceful; Lowell more brilliant and versatile; and Emerson, as Whittier himself declared, now and then sent a stray shaft above them all; yet none of them ever crept quite so near the popular heart. Somehow, the people felt that Whittier was all their own. Even the fact that he did not go to college was, I doubt not, a positive advantage in the work he was set apart to do. His imagery was drawn from the Bible. His illustrations were taken from the toils and amusements of the farmers, the fishermen, the tradesmen to whom his winged words were sent. What simplicity of style! What directness of statement! What energy of appeal! What homely and yet at times what sublime eloquence! Remember, these poems were written for the multitude. The canvas was painted for the public square. The man

who was swinging the sledge, the man who was hoisting the sail, the man who was making his slow way across the prairie—these were the consciences he sought to rouse. It needed words ringing and robust. He might have said to himself what he said to Ronge,

"Strike home, strong-hearted man! Down to the root
Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel!
Thy work is to hew down. In God's name, then,
Put nerve into thy task!"

And so he did.

I wish the hour permitted to quote more liberally than is possible from his "Voices of Freedom." But, as it is, one or two must speak for all. George Latimer was arrested in Boston without a warrant, as an alleged fugitive from slavery, on the mere request of a man from Norfolk, Virginia, claiming to be his master. The case caused great excitement South and North. Sixty thousand citizens of Massachusetts petitioned Congress for laws and Constitutional amendments to relieve free states from joining in slave hunts and from all complicity with the hated institution. On the other hand, citizens of Virginia met in convention and threatened to make war on Massachusetts if she failed to send back their slaves. It was at the height of this storm of popular fury that Whittier sent forth his lyric, "Massachusetts to Virginia."

Whittier was too just not to acknowledge— he did acknowledge over and over again—that the hands of the North were by no means clean in the matter of slavery. In the strongest figure ever used to describe the true meaning of the Civil War he stated the case as it was. To get the full force of the tremend-

ous metaphor we must call to mind the scene in Our Savior's life to which he alludes,—when the demon was cast out and tore his victim as he left him so that he fell down as one dead:

"What if the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going?
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his o'erthrowing."

Kansas was the storm center in 1857 and '58. Douglas' doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty had caught the popular whim, and whether Kansas should be a free state or a slave state was to be decided by the men who should settle there. Accordingly thousands upon thousands of northern men streamed across the Mississippi Valley into the new state chanting Whittier's majestic hymn:

"We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!"

Well, it was bleeding Kansas in those days. The massacre of unarmed and unoffending men at the hands of border ruffians from Missouri in the "Marsh of the Swan" called out a lyric from Whittier unequalled perhaps even among his own for its intensity of suppressed emotion. I quote only the first stanza and the last:

"A blush as of roses
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!

* * * * * * *

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day."

Millions were learning to listen for his call. Our debt to Whittier is that the gift of verse became in his hand not a lute but a trumpet—not a toy but a weapon. "I feel more like a wild Berserker," he confessed, "than like a carpet ministrel with my singing robes about me." He blew a blast longer, louder, more compelling than the one Roland blew at Roncesvalles.

Courage! What is the courage that inspires a soldier to brave death, cheered on by comrades, and beckoned by the laurelled hand of victory—what is that to the courage it takes to defy the supposed culture and character of the whole community—to take a position that makes you the laughing-stock of the street and leads your best friends to think you a fool! Quaker as he was, Whittier was a born fighter. He felt the joy of battle. When Richard Hinton was introduced to him as the man who with the aid of a good Winchester had helped to make Kansas a free state, Whittier laid his hand gently on Hinton's shoulder and asked: "So thee believes in fighting for liberty?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, then," said Whittier, his dark eyes flashing, "if thee must fight, fight well and fight to the end." In war time, when a Quaker brother took counsel with Whittier, whether he had better fulfill his contract with the government to

furnish certain oak timber, seeing he was morally certain the timber was to be used in constructing a battle-ship and his peace conscience was troubling him, Whittier, after teasing him awhile, finally said at parting, "Now friend, if thee really does furnish any of that oak timber, see to it that it is all sound."

I alluded in the beginning to his sense of humor. Those who knew Whittier through his verse only can hardly understand how very keen it was. It was a family trait. When he was a child he was encouraged to discuss the daily Scripture reading. On one occasion he expressed grave doubts whether David would have been eligible to the Society of Friends seeing he was such a man of war. Whereupon his parents concluded to confine the reading for a time, at least, to the New Testament. The Quaker apparel, he used to say, sometimes saved the wearer from vain amusements. Once in New York, as he was passing a play-house he saw a man, too drunk to stand alone, holding on by the railing of the steps. As he turned to look at him the man said, "Don't thee come in here, Quaker. This is no place for thee. I will report thee to Friend Jenkins and he will turn thee out of the Monthly Meeting." As an example of his keenness in literary criticism, take his comment on one of Browning's books, "Men and Women." "It seems to me," he said, "like a galvanic battery in full play. Its spasmodic utterances and intense passion make me feel as if I had been taking a bath among electric eels." To an old friend who was worried lest she should not have money enough to take her through her last sickness and bury her, he said, "Mary, did thee ever hear of any

one, bound on that last journey, sticking by the way for want of funds?'' When he was a Free-soil candidate for Congress Whittier said he got abused very badly by the newspapers and was even accused of ill-treating his wife!

With the insight of true statesmanship Whittier had seen from the beginning that the strength of the South lay in the fact that it was united in defense of slavery—the weakness of the North, that it was not united in defense of liberty. The problem was how to meet a united South with a united North. That required a quickening of the public conscience that could only come through a series of shocks and appeals as well as a gradual enlightenment of the understanding. The logic of events was after all the great teacher. It was Whittier's mission, taking every conspicuous event as his text, to speak the fiery word that should carry its meaning to the brain and heart and conscience of the country. It was, essentially, you see, the work of a great orator, but with this advantage which the singing word always possesses over the spoken one when it flies level to the ears of the people and is fledged with the divine fire: It was more intense, more compact, more laconic, easier to be remembered than any speech. It sung itself over and over in the heart, justifying again the old Frenchman's boast, ''Let me make a people's songs, and let who will make their laws.'' The nation's song is sure to be the nation's law in the end; and so it was with Whittier's. When slavery was at last abolished by Constitutional amendment, and the joy bells were ringing, through the land, who had a better right to exult? He heard them ringing as he sat

in the quiet Quaker meeting and his great paean came to him then and there like an inspiration from on high. It came to him as Longfellow said "The Wreck of the Hesperus" did to him, not in single words or phrases but in whole strophes and stanzas. How it still pulses and leaps with the ecstacy of its creation!

"It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!"

We cannot be too thankful that many years still remained to the great poet, years of honor and reward, years in which he gathered into his bosom a full ripe sheaf of love and veneration,—the late but happy harvest of that early painful sowing—years wherein he enriched the literature of his native land with legend and song and hymn. Yet to those young, dangerous years he always turned as to the time when he had really lived.

"Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air;
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.
Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth."

He owned that the political issues of later times seemed poor and small after the mighty ones with which he had been engaged. As he drew near the confines of the other world he looked forward to meeting

again his brave companions of that generous cause, often recalling them by name. When Garrison died we can think of him as saying with the dying Arthur:

> "The sequel of today unsolders all
> The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
> Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
> They sleep, the men I loved."

If you wonder why I turn from his great achievements in other lines to dwell so fully upon what he did as a reformer, I ask you to remember that I place the emphasis exactly where he placed it. The claim I make upon your gratitude is the only claim he ever countenanced or ever would. He was not the poet of nature—Bryant surpassed him there. He was not the poet of old-world culture and memories—there Longfellow was easily his master. He was not the poet of varied gift and manifold achievement—he was narrow beside Lowell. He was not the poet of mysticism—Emerson was there before him and will hold his throne long after he is gone. But he *was* the poet of human freedom, in a sense in which they never were, with a force and fire which none of them could ever hope to match. Here his inspiration was like a rushing, mighty wind, swaying him like a reed, possessing him, not possessed by him, leaping into forms which are not to be criticized as literature, which cannot be measured by any of the rules of art, but over-top all art and put all art to shame by their own spontaneous, elemental power, like revelations of the Deity. Whittier was a voice that cried to sluggard conscience, "Sleep no more" —a cry that split the ears of a cowardly and time-serving church—an indignation which wrapped his

frail body like a flame and gave his fragile arm the strength of His who scourged the money-changers from the temple courts.

I should not have come here to speak of Whittier as a story-teller, as a song writer, as a delineator of New England life, or even as the mystic whose prayers and psalms are revelations of spirit power. I should have left his praise to be spoken by other lips. I came because I was born and reared in a home whose atmosphere was charged with electric sympathy with the anti-slavery cause. Its traditions are my earliest recollections, its advocates were my boyhood heroes, and their faces were to my eyes as the faces of the saints and martyrs. In my ears the name of Whittier has always been sacred as the name of the great poet of freedom and humanity.

But if he had "the lion heart in battle," he had also "the woman's heart in love." In 1892, on that beautiful September day, as he lay dying, a beloved voice repeated in his ears his own sweet and solemn invocation:

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!"

Tremblingly came from his lips the half-audible words, again and again, as if he could not go without leaving us his message: "Love,—love to all the world." We shall never forget that—that Whittier died leaving to us—yes, to every one of us, his love!

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

An Address at a Meeting in Memory of Philip Gerry, at the Public Library in Washington.

It was one of the wisest sayings of Aurelius that "the value of a man is the value of the objects on which his heart is set." Who then shall estimate the value of the man whose heart is set, not on property or power or position or applause, but on those only objects of a rational devotion—the true, the beautiful and the good?

The test which the Imperial Stoic proposed is one that might have been welcomed by the man whose sudden taking-off has called this company of friends together. To those who knew him best it has seemed that any memorial to be appropriate and worthy of him must bear some reference to the pure and noble purposes for which he lived. The best memorial is the one which best fosters and forwards the aims and ideals of the lost leader; for thereby death is robbed of the fruits of his victory, and the man, in his highest personality,—in his true spiritual potency—lives on. That, as I conceive it, is the thought that has moved his admirers to propose a tablet, which they hope may present a *bas relief* of Philip Gerry, to be placed in some alcove of this People's Library, where shall be brought together the books he labored so earnestly and lovingly to interpret and make familiar—the

richest heritage of our race—the masterpieces of the English tongue.

Mr. Gerry was a man of many moods and varied gifts, whose rich and ardent nature sought expression in manifold activities. In the deep and grateful interest manifested by this meeting, nothing is more remarkable than the testimony it affords to the versatility of his gifts and the catholicity of his spirit. Singer, teacher, lecturer, critic, poet, lover of art and music, zealous advocate of every measure that could help to make the city where he dwelt the city beautiful, helper and inspirer of his fellowmen, lover of life, "joy-giver and enjoyer"—such are the words and phrases that leap to one's lips to suggest his character and work. It is only when they are brought together that we realize the full stature of the man. Truly did he sing of himself

> **"My heart is an ocean warm and deep**
> **Nor limit nor land can bound."**

If we may trust assurances that come to us from every side, here was a man who gave himself unstintedly to the plans and purposes of others—always more interested in what concerned you than in what concerned him—so that his defect, if we must name it so, was that he failed to duly reverence his own finer and more splendid gifts by cultivating them to the utmost. But what a godlike defect it was; and how few of us will ever be accused of such a failing! The river had so many wheels to turn, so many thirsty meadowlands to water, it could not stop to spread itself into a broad and placid lake, to mirror the forest and mountain

in its depths and wear the moon and stars upon its bosom.

But in his poems the man himself in his true nature, stands revealed. Here we can watch the movement of the deep currents that controlled his life. He was a lover of beauty—no lackadaisical lover, but a passionate and determined wooer:

"For I would follow beauty as the sea
Follows the clarion of the rising moon
Roused from its uncouth caves forevermore;
And where against my passion's liberty
Bleak continents lie dull with rock and dune
Plunge with incessant protest on the shore."

He was a lover of country, and of those great ideals that make one's country something more than a stretch of territory or a heap of coin in a bank-vault. He was a lover of the world about him. He had felt the profound influences of nature—the awful silences that hush the soul. He was, as all true poets are, a lover of love. He was an idealist in daily life, set on keeping dewy-fresh the passionate devotion of his youth. He was a lover of life. He thirsted for all stimulating and strengthening experiences. He seems to have had some prescience of his own tragic fate and to have sung his own requiem with its eager opening prayer and its noble and uncomplaining close:

"Oh, grant me years this great life to discover!
I cry no curses on the world as seen;
To me life looms majestic as a queen,
And I plead lowly as a patient lover!
I would not die: those myriad hopes to smother
Of sowing fields soon breaking into green,
Of golden months wherein to reap and glean;

To charge my tribute to some tired brother!
Yet let death come! Not less shall I have known
The undisturbèd rocks, the living rain,
The grace of branches where the robins swing;
Not less to me shall every day have shown
The balm of joy, the perfecting of pain,
Man's work, maid's love, and mother's minist'ring."

Shall we not take him at his word? He had his work and his dreams, his love, his fireside and his friends; and these make life. He has lived his life and he was grateful for it,—grateful most of all that it closed without rust or stain. For that we have his own sententious and prophetic words:

"Whether I may or must,
Who knows?
Whether a soul or dust,
What shows?
Myself I scan, and trust
This rose,
My life, may close
Unstained by rust."

I know how natural it is to think of all that might have been; and yet, in that world of thought and aspiration where his days were spent, who knows whether his death can be counted even as an interruption? Perhaps it is not so. When he bound up his poems for the one who loved them most, he drew upon the cover in severe and simple lines a Doric column,—not a half-built or broken pillar, but one unbroken dignity from base to capital. That, I conjecture, stood for the art he strove for and the life he would have lived. Let us think twice before we suffer grief or disappointment to substitute for that serene, aspiring emblem, a shattered column.

Rather let us lean against its foot our wreath of laurel, and, sharing his large faith in the ideal, leave the column, even as he drew it, complete.

THE PURITAN IDEAL

A Response to that Toast at the Thirtieth Annual Dinner of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, at the Academy of Music, December 21, 1909.

Mr. President, Members and Guests of the New England Society in Brooklyn—The Puritan was not perfect. We should not choose him for the ideal man. The ideal man loves beauty as well as truth. He is charmed with love in the same degree that he is loyal to the truth. Love, truth, and beauty, that is the old trinity, never to be divided when we are speaking of perfection. The Puritan was blind to beauty, or at least tried hard to be, and we never think of him as an example of charity; but he did belong to truth; to her he was constant; in her service he was fearless. It is not that the Puritan made any discovery of truth; there was nothing new in his belief. It has been pointed out before, but it deserves to be remembered always, the distinction of the Puritan is simply this: that he acted on his belief. What he believed about God and duty and destiny was all real, oh, terribly real to him! He accepted the conclusion that followed, no matter how hard it bore upon himself. If it meant that he himself might turn out to be one of the lost in spite of all his prayers and efforts, very well, he was ready to meet it in the spirit of the Yankee whom Dr. Cyrus Bartol was fond of quoting: "If God had made him to

be damned he guessed he had made him so he could stand it."

There is something impressive, not to say awesome, in this unhestitating acceptance of consequences. We are not speaking tonight of that ideal man, in whom love, truth, and beauty were all blended, whose heart took in our whole humanity, and who goes down the ages carrying in one hand the knotted scourge with which he drove the money-changers from the temple and in the other the sweet lilies of the field. We are speaking only of men, imperfect men. But we can see how men have come near perfection just in proportion as they have shown in their characters the qualities we are calling for the present, beauty, truth, and love.

The Puritan had such a splendid basis in truth and the love of truth. When to that was added, as there was in some of them, in the Pilgrims, for example, the softer grace of charity, how winsome they became! And when to the stern love of truth was added the love of beauty, it was as when a rocky fortress is over-run with some blossoming, luxuriant vine. Look at Milton—a Puritan if there ever was one—and yet not less an artist than a lover of the truth. Milton, in his early manhood, went to Italy. It was the Puritan invading the richest realm of beauty. He was thirty years of age. Already he had written Comus, The Hymn on the Nativity, Lycidas, and perhaps L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, besides a priceless handful of sonnets. In other words, he had already earned the right to be ranked with the few great poets of his race. Yet all he had done appeared to him of small significance when

set beside the mighty poem he was to sing. For with all the intensity of his Puritan nature he believed that he had a mission. It was to be a poet, a priest of song, a prophet whose words were music, the heaven-voiced oracle of his age. He was not to rely on his native gifts alone, although he was well persuaded these were strong. He was to enrich himself with all learning; he was to discipline himself with every form of training; he was to be a mighty scholar and lay the culture of all times and peoples under tribute. And when all was won he was to bring the rich spoil of his labor to make glorious the work he would leave in verse, "so written as that the world would not willingly let it die." He declared that no man should attempt to write of heroic things without being himself heroic. And so it was that the same purpose that sent Milton to Italy, sent him back again to England. Think of it! There he was, in the very home and haunt of beauty —and no man ever walked the earth more sensitive to her appeals—but when he heard from The Islands that the battle of the age was coming on he turned his face towards England, determined to have some part, however small, on the side that he believed was God's. In Italy itself, Catholic Italy, papal Italy, surrounded by friends and followers of the hostile faith, flattered and lionized by the greatest of the land, he made no effort to conceal his real opinions. Galileo was a prisoner at Florence. The inquisition was at work. Assassination lay in wait for heretics. Milton himself was warned if he breathed a syllable against the Pope his life was not worth a farthing. Even Sir Henry Wotton, who gave him

letters for his journey, enjoined him to keep his eyes open and his lips shut. Yet young Milton, taking counsel only of his own courage and conscience, laid down for his conduct this rule: Never to broach the subject of religion, but if Protestantism was assailed in his presence to defend it like a freeman. And so he did, even in the shadow of the Vatican.

To contemplate Milton at this period of his life is to turn continually from one side of his nature to the other. The man of iron will is forming and hardening under the impressionable poet. If you have forgotten the troubadour lightness and grace of his spirit, recall that only five years before, he had written his sonnet To the Nightingale.

> "O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
> Warblest at eve when all the woods are still."

There is one pole of his character. The other is found in that tremendous sonnet written a score of years later—

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!"

It is the prayer of a warrior. That is the Milton that went back to England. Italy, with all her sorceries of land and sea and sky, of history and art and letters, could not hold him. "Went back to teach school," sneers a biographer. Yes, or to do anything else that was honest and of good report, until the hour of greater things should come. Went back to his studies; went back to those long nights when he "out-watched The Bear," and to those winter mornings when, "before the sound of any bell woke men to labor or devotion," he rose and began his

arduous day with only the fire of his great purpose to warm his heart. Perhaps we shall never have a more consummate example of Puritanism in its flower. Here for once the love of truth and the love of beauty were made one.

If we do often miss in the Puritan character that charming love of man and sympathy with human failings we call charity, perhaps it is more often still that we miss in the philanthropist and the warm-hearted, impetuous reformer that rigid observance of the bounds of law and truth which was the very life of Puritanism. We need this too, if we are not to do more harm than good by our well-meaning efforts— we must learn never to trifle with the truth for any imaginable object. I am afraid we need to learn that lesson now. From the adoption of the Constitution to the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment we in this country were engaged in the effort to make a strong central government. We succeeded. Some think the next generation or two may be kept busy in saving local self-government. But even that question, it seems to me, is of less importance than the question, how the constitution and laws are to be treated, and how changes therein are to be brought about. We sometimes hear it announced that the constitution means one thing if the states do their duty and may mean something else if they fail to do it. Now it is hardly necessary to say that certain powers are possessed by the national government to the exclusion of the states, and certain other powers are possessed by the states to the exclusion of the national government, while there is a third class of powers which may be ex-

ercised by the state unless and until Congress shall see fit to act; and when Congress does act its action suspends and supersedes that of the state. Now, speaking of this third class, it may be well said that Congress will act or not according as the states take or fail to take the needed steps. But that is not the proposition we have in hand. In that case the power of Congress to act does not depend upn the failure of the state to act. Its power cannot be doubted. Whether it shall exercise it is purely a question of policy. But now and again the deliberate proposition is put forth that powers clearly and unmistakably reserved to the state shall be transferred to the national government by construction. "Constructions will be found" has become a favorite expression. Where found? Where, indeed, but in the desire of the prevailing party to have them found. Then there is no limit to governmental action except in the will and desire of the prevailing party. We are trying to impress upon the people respect for law; but if words mean nothing, if even the constitution may be construed to suit the taste, how shall people respect the law? Nothing can be respected that is not straight-forward and sincere. It is not a question whether the constitution shall be amended, but how it shall be amended and by whom it shall be amended. It is, whether we have a constitution at all, except in the national consciousness as it may chance to find expression at any given time in the triumphant party of the hour. Is not the man who debases words guiltier than the man who debases coin? Language is the currency of thought. Destroy the meaning of words and you destroy the bonds

that hold society together. Beware how you dull the edge of words or blur the lines that separate ideas. The law-giver of old proclaimed: "Cursed be he that moveth his neighbor's landmark." But what is that to moving the landmarks that divide the great conceptions of law and power and duty? From the beginning of history, you might almost say that the growth of the human mind is to be measured by its ability to discriminate. Said the Greek philosopher, "He shall be as a god to me who can distinguish and define." Is anything more important than to say what you mean and mean what you say? And yet how often men seem to forget it. We see the tendency in law, where juries sworn, in the most solemn form their consciences approve, to decide causes by the written law, feel at liberty to decide them by some unwritten law instead. We see it even in religion, where we are sometimes bidden to repeat the ancient form of words and put our own construction on them; as if anything in the creed itself could be more vital than the intellectual honesty which is lost when we play fast and loose with words. What we need now is intense convictions. When they come again they will make their own definitions, too sharp to be mistaken or confused.

But what a necromancer Time is! The Puritan himself has become romantic. The Puritan record is itself a poem. The voyage of the Mayflower is one of the epics of the race. It is one of the stories men love to hear and never can forget. It looms larger and larger as it recedes into the past and becomes a part of that high-hearted and romantic world that lays a spell at times on the imagination of us all.

The Pilgrim prow was launched upon a sea more full of peril and emprise than the Atlantic. It was launched upon the sea of song and story. It rides the ridges of that grey old deep that bore the barque of Jason,—around whose dim and undiscovered shores Odysseus made his nine-years' wanderings,—that sea of mystery and doom Columbus dared when his intrepid, unprecursored ship sailed out from the bar of Saltes. The Puritan boat has joined the company of heroic keels that plough the waves forever. Discoverer, adventurer, viking, victor—these are her mates and convoy,—all the bold and hardy ones who have gone out upon that watery plain whose barren furrows, the old singer said, no man may sow or reap, and brought therefrom the golden harvest of unfading praise. The tale is in our blood. It has gone into the warp and woof of all our thinking. It has been woven in and out of the nation's web of thought and deed and dream until, today, if you could sever and draw out the threads it has contributed, the tapestry would be left a marred and sorry pattern. We call ourselves a practical people, and other nations call us traders and mechanics; but the truth is we live in the ideal, and not for all the kings of money-making can bestow, would we give up one of our great traditions. And one—one of the greatest and proudest of all these— is that which makes us feasters at this board tonight.

The sublimity of that tradition does not depend on heroic hardihood alone. It is almost a wrong to rank the Mayflower with those ships that sailed for fame or gold or empire or the sheer love of daring. It is not even that these men were laying the four

walls of a redoubted state. It is because they were impelled by principle. They went out into the wilderness to be alone with God. They cast upon the wind the things that made up life for other men,—a seat beside the fire, the light of morning on the English hills, a resting place at last in sweet and hallowed ground under the ivied walls,—and chose instead the bare economy of a cold, unneighbored coast. They made proof by their deed how dearly they desired the things they prayed for. They had the faith that acts out what it holds. They really did believe. Indifference, which loves to masquerade as tolerance, had not benumbed their spirits. And when the principle they had espoused led them to inconvenience, hardship, exile, death itself, they ploughed on to the end. They did not run to cover. They did not seek the shelter of some cozy qualification. They never said, as we too often say,—as Rip Van Winkle says when, cup in hand he is about to break his pledge, —"We won't count this!" They were not opportunists. They saw no opportunity except the open port of God's approval. For that port they steered and spread out all their sail.

Such men there are in almost every time. We have them still. We owe them more than we can ever pay. We cannot even reckon up our debt,—it is too great. They do not always make the pleasantest companions. They have not always the mellow charm that makes some characters attractive. Softness may be excellent in an apple. It would be vicious in a sword. These men were swords, and it was necessary that they should be hard. I do not say that all men should be like them. I do not say that we should

imitate the best of them in every point. But this we have to learn from them, first to believe, and then to live as we believe. To plant yourself on some eternal truth and take the consequences—that is what it is to be a Puritan—to scorn the refuge of those large and comfortable exceptions that emasculate our principles, and not to be afraid of being called a doctrinaire. If we really do believe in democratic government—if it really is our faith that the people should conduct their own affairs—we shall not be dismayed by partial and temporary failures. We shall not be frightened off by specters of ignorance and vice snatching the reins of power. Rather we shall lean hard upon the truth that we profess and make the necessary sacrifice to do away with ignorance and vice. If the grogshop, the brothel, and the demagogue strike hands to rule our splendid cities we shall see that the remedy lies, not in a return to any form of despotism,—the surrender back of power into the hands of one or of the few—but exactly the reverse, in a quickening of the public conscience and the return of the many to the exercise of their abandoned power.

Every people has in the last analysis exactly the government it deserves. Especially in a land like this, where everywhere, except in the city that is the seat of national government itself, the form of self-government prevails, and the people of the community have only to put forth the power that they possess. That marks the progress we have made thus far. We have at least secured a form of government that enables the people, when their blood is up, to work out righteousness. Then let us hold fast to our institu-

tions; and let us have the burning zeal for what is right that held the Mayflower to her stormy course.

But most of all let us have faith as they did. The Puritan had one unfailing light to steer by,—the Sovereignty of God. To him life was the same impenetrable mystery it is to us. He could not see the beginning nor the end. He did not know what port his soul had left. He did not know what harbor the frail ship would make. The waters that he sailed were strange as sleep. The winds were fitful but the stars were true.

ON THE ARMENIAN MASSACRE

Speech for a Mass Meeting in Music Hall, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, Sunday Evening, March 8, 1896.

Why are we here tonight? What is Armenia? What has happened there? Why did it happen? And what is it to us? If the Sultan *has* cut some forty thousand Christian throats, what are *we* going to do about it? And if we can't do anything, what is the use of talking? These are the natural Yankee questions on such an occasion as this.

Armenia lies in the northeast corner of Asia Minor. It is about as large as New England,—ridged with mountains which are roamed over by the Kurds;—at the foothills stretch the fertile valleys where the Armenians themselves have made their homes. That part of the region which has sprung into horrible prominence during the last few months consists of six provinces. Here dwell more than five millions. Of these more than three and one-half millions are Mohammedans. Then there are towards a million Christians, known as Gregorians. These belong to the ancient church of Armenia, said to be the oldest national church on the globe. Then there are some sixty thousand Protestants, converts and adherents of British and American missionaries. There are about the same number of Roman Catholics. But these have not suffered. France protects them. And there are some two hundred thousand

Greeks, Chaldeans, and Syrians; but the Greeks are not touched—Russia takes care of them. It is upon the eight hundred and fifty thousand Gregorians and the sixty thousand Protestants that the wrath of Islam has fallen. That is to say, upon those who are supposed to be safeguarded by Great Britain,—upon those who were to have been benefited by the promised reforms.

What reforms, and what need of reform? Need enough, heaven knows. Taxation! We growl about taxes when they reach two per cent. Look at Armenia. No doubt all Turkey is tax-ridden, but it is the Christian who has to pay for the luxury of his religion. For relief from military service he has to pay, for every member of his family—wife, daughter, grandmother, cripple, babe, no matter what—one dollar and fifty cents per year—a good start for a poor man. Then on his land, according to its value, one dollar to six dollars per acre, and one-eighth of his harvest—one bushel in every eight. If he has an orchard he pays twenty-two dollars, and one traveller—his name is given in The Review of Reviews—saw a poor man chopping down the solitary date tree before his door because he could not pay the taxes upon the tree. Then every eighth load of hay he draws into his barn pays two dollars. The barn pays one dollar to three dollars according to its cost. The cottage he lives in pays its tax. When he gets married he pays a tax for that, and then for the privilege of earning his living, and earning the money to pay his taxes, he must be taxed again, and so he pays a tax upon his occupation. But that is not all. There is the entertainment tax. Every Christian

must entertain for three days any Mohammedan who may come to his door and demand it. What a Paradise for tramps! And what does the Christian get for his taxes? What do we get for ours? Protection, the right to share in the administration of government—all but the women and a few convicts. But the Christian subject of the Turk can take no share in government, can hold no office, cannot be a policeman—not even if he were an Irishman—and protection is an unknown word. From the dictionary to be sold in Turkey the censor obliterates every such word as liberty, progress. There is no such thing in Turkey, and there must be nothing to remind men of it. Mussulmen hold the offices. Mussulmen administer the laws. Mussulmen soldiers are quartered on Christian families, and the virtue of the daughter and wife are at their tender mercies. Such is the population of the valleys. But above them hangs the dark cloud of Kurdish mountaineers,—wild, cruel, reckless, fanatical, ready to swoop down at any moment and bear off whatever spoil the regular authorities have left.

Such was the condition of Christians in Armenia. What were the reforms proposed? First, the Sultan was to protect his subjects from the rapacities of the Kurds. Second, he was to protect them from the extortions of the taxgatherer. Third, Christians were to hold offices in certain districts in proportion to the Christian population. Fourth, Christian and Mussulman were to be equal before the law. These were the reforms proposed, and the six provinces now desolate were the ones where these reforms were to be put in force. The Sultan had bound himself to

put those reforms in force in those six provinces last fall. He had bound himself by the treaty of Berlin, and now the powers were insisting upon performance. These reforms have not come, and it looks as if there might be no Christian population to be benefited by them; and that is the intention of the Sublime Porte. For months before the time came the Sultan had been arming the Kurds,—making the fierce, ungovernable, hordes a part of his army. The governors got their orders from Constantinople. Then when the hour struck the carnage began,—cold-blooded, deliberate, systematic. At noon the Moslem goes to pray. At the end of the noon-day hour the bugle sounds and the work begins. Too horrible to talk about; too sickening in ghastly details to be described! For four hours or six hours, the exact time set, the butchery and robbery go on unchecked; then it ceases, and if a Turk kill a Christian after time is called the blood is on his own head; he is shot himself. Meantime the houses and stores have been pillaged, the men have been killed, the girls and women have been violated or hurried off to satisfy the lust of the harem, and every Armenian Christian capable of becoming a sharer in the government under the proposed reforms has been converted to Mohammedanism or put to death. And this is not what happened in one place only, but in towns and villages all over those devoted provinces—five hundred square miles devastated—from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand slaughtered. Yet any one might save himself by recanting—only blaspheme Christ—only pronounce the Moslem formula. Many did: many who would gladly have died the death of

torture live the life of hyprocrisy and shame for the sake of wife and children, whom they saved from a fate worse than death. Many have preferred to kill wives and daughters, and then die themselves.

Meantime in his palace on the Bosporus sits the absolute monarch of this realm who gives the signal for the slaughter to begin and cease, writing to Lord Salisbury that he will see to it personally that the reforms in Armenia are carried out. The Sultan, the shadow of God on earth, Abdul Hamid the Second, or as he is better called by William Watson, Abdul The Damned. Such is Armenia, such was the need of reform, such was the promise of reform, and such has been the performance.

Now, whose business is it—anybody's? What place does Turkey hold among the powers? At the close of the Crimean war, in 1865, she was under the practical dominion of Russia. For a hundred years her great northern neighbor had exercised a protectorate over the Christians in her borders. But in 1865 a change was made. Instead of Russia alone the six great powers of Europe assumed that position. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and the Turk has come off better since then, playing one of the powers against another with all his native cunning.

The present Sultan, thrust upon the throne a score of years ago against his will, seems to have done his best according to his light, to hold his heathen realm together in security. He had a hard task on his hands. He found his treasury empty, his people poor, nobody about him he could trust, and the Russian army almost at his door. The early dissolu-

tion of his empire was confidently predicted. He has held his own through all these years, and kept his foot upon the western shore of the Bosporus, by just such reliance upon the jealousies and selfishness of his European masters as today is saving him from ruin.

What a commentary on the Christianity of the age! Here we are in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Here are thousands of Christians being put to the edge of the sword, day by day, with medieval barbarity, and no power in Christendom will lift its finger to stop the outrage. Have men really progressed as far as we thought? Have we any real right to look back with supercilious satisfaction upon the middle ages? There was a time when a barefooted monk tramped over Europe and called every soldier in Christendom to arms. Tide after tide from as far west as the British Isles swept eastward to rescue the very grave where Jesus had once lain from the Saracen's dominion. Today there is no Peter the Hermit to speak—or is there no chivalrous Europe to hear and respond? Here lies Turkey, still on Christian borders. Here is the coveted city, mistress of two seas, the proudest-placed capital on the face of the earth—fit to be the capital of the globe—and over it shines the Crescent, not the Cross. And here within the limits of that heathen realm the followers of Christ are preyed upon like sheep. There to the north lies Russia, able to put three million fighting men into the field—and Russia pretends to worship Christ. There is Germany, the land of Luther and the Reformation, of education, and the art of printing, with the most massive and mobile land force in the world. There is France, war-like

France, fretting for the strife, bearing ever in her breast the dream of conquest, and the mighty memory of Napoleon—the France of the Revolution, the emancipator of man from the feudal yoke. Here is Italy with her great past and her glorious future; and Austria, strong in the present. Christian nations, every one, in name and creed! And over there against the northern sea lies England, Cromwell's and Milton's England, richest of nations, mistress of the seas, holding her fleets in check like a leash of lions, ready and able to enforce her will. Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, England—the half-dozen powers that give law to the eastern world! And to these six great Christian nations the weak and trembling Ottoman had pledged his word. The word is broken, but not a government stirs. What then? It is nothing new that governments should be cowardly and selfish. But where are the people they pretend to represent? Where are the masses who have still a heart to sympathize with their kind? Salisbury and the rest are but the figureheads of Christendom. Where is Christendom itself?

And what is Christendom? What is Christianity? Not Romanism, nor yet Protestantism—not any philosophy or creed or church, short of that universal church the Master himself foresaw exultingly when He rose to that breadth of prophetic vision where even now the eyes of His disciples blink as they try to follow His gaze—nothing short of that universal stream of spiritual life which, whatever may have been its obscure and secret source, has gathered strength along all the centuries and bears today upon its bright and growing tide the treasures of all the

past and the hopes of all the future,—all that makes the life of man worth living here today. That is Christianity; and they are Christians who have inherited its inspiring history and cling to its transcendent promises. Whenever in thought, in word, in act, in aspiration, the character of Christ shows itself,— there again as upon a rock the Christ founds his church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Speaking on this burning question here tonight I cannot accept from anyone a narrower definition of Christianity than that. I claim the right to speak for many in this hall, for thousands upon thousands in this land, whose names perhaps may not be found on any church roll, whose minds have struggled in vain with doubts, but whom the sad experience of life has led to the same conviction that love is omnipotent, and to the same blessed hope of immortality, which is rooted and grounded in love. Who will try to part Christ's seamless robe? Who tonight will divide with names that universal church? Love is the life of the soul; and Christendom lies wherever the law of love struggles to find expression. This is Christendom, above it stands the Cross, and over against it stands this heathendom—Mohammedanism —woman in the harem, the child a slave, liberty an untolerated word, progress undreamed of, hearts steeled by fatalism, prayers for vengeance, conversion by the torch and sword; and over it all hangs the Crescent. Between these the quarrel lies.

When governments prove false what should the people do? The people should speak as with one voice. From Italy to England, from the Atlantic

to the Pacific, should go up one cry of warning and condemnation. No government in the nineteenth century can resist that. That is why we are here tonight. It is little we can do alone, but we should do what everybody ought to do; and if every community in Christendom would do what we are doing here tonight the Armenian Christians would be saved. The Turk would have to quit his throne. Salisbury pretends to speak for England, the self-constituted guardian of the unhappy victims, when he says that intervention might bring on a holy war, might bring all Asia to the Straits of the Dardanelles. But that is not England's real voice. She has spoken. Hear her word:

"How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
Some consummating crown, that we hold back
The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them room?
How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!"

If war should come, would not war be better than the cowardly peace of the past four months? But war would not come. If the people would but utter that universal cry the hour demands, it would be enough.

What is our duty in America? Here stands our country, the Titan of the new age, almost unarmed, defenceless—her sword unfleshed in old-world quarrels. It is not *her* treaty that is broken. But Americans have sent ten million dollars to Turkey, have two and one-half millions invested there in missionary property. Our fellow citizens are there as teachers and pastors. We can insist that our gov-

ernment shall take every means to save these, and support the Executive in all he does to protect their rights; and we can give substantial aid to those who suffer there.

Above all, let us not sleep in this great hour. Oh, for eyes to see things as they really are!—for hearts to appreciate the crises of life before they pass! We are touched by the stories of old martyrdoms. Let us not be blind to the fact that we are witnessing today one of the greatest persecutions the Church has undergone. Let us not be so worldly and sodden that we cannot see the real heroism of those who died by thousands rather than deny that name which stands for all they held dear and all that we hold dear. We do not know why such things are. We do not know why Christ himself must hang upon the cross. We do not know why sin and evil are. But we do know that sin and evil have no remedy but in that same divine, unselfish, love which is the very heart of our religion. We do not know why for the first three centuries Christianity marked its way by the rack, the cross, and the stake; but we do know that out of that agony and sacrifice have come the liberty and peace which we enjoy; and we cannot but believe that the awful suffering, the triumphant faith of poor, martyred, Armenia may yield to future times a like glorious harvest. But let us watch with her, and to some purpose. Let us give her all we can of sympathy and aid. And let us not by selfish lives deny the name of Christ, for if we do—if the people of Europe be not better than their rulers—if we shrink from any needed sacrifice for them—Armenia may turn to us and say, as the

Lord said when he walked between the ranks of wailing women to be crucified: "Weep not for me; weep rather for yourselves, and for your children."

A PHILANTHROPIST

A Response to the Toast, "Our Country," Made at a Dinner Given to the Honorable Simon Wolf, on the Seventieth Anniversary of His Birth, October 28, 1906.

Our Country—what does that really mean? Civil and religious liberty—these are the twin glories of the land we love.

Liberty is the sweetest word the lips of men have ever learned to frame. The race has funded all its labors, all its triumphs, all its sacrifices, in that single word. It holds all memories: there is not a tear that has been shed by agonized martyrs, there is not a drop of blood that has flowed from the side of dying heroes, that is not treasured in it. It holds all hopes: there is not a dream of happiness that hovers on the horizon of the human mind today but was born of its inspiration and will be realized only through its workings. It means so much that we forget its meaning: we take, like careless and ungrateful children, blessings that were born of speechless anguish and have been cradled on the knees of pain.

The history of the world is nothing but the story of man's struggle for a chance to be himself. That is the end of all his learning. "You shall know the truth," said Jesus, "and the truth shall make you free." Free—yes, even from the trammels and superstitions which misguided followers of the Master have

piled upon his pure and simple teaching. The laureate of freedom sang, across the sea:

"A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night,
But this thing is God—
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy manhood and
live out thy life as the light."

When God made man in his own likeness he made it impossible that he should remain a slave. If anything has been learned from six thousand years of social order, it is this: that there is no dungeon deep enough, there is no flame fierce enough, there is no rack cruel enough, to over-awe the spirit of a man determined to be free. You may bury him under mountains of oppression; you may wind him in the meshes of form and ceremony as closely as the worm weaves itself in the cocoon; but his faith in himself can move the mountain into the sea, and the awaking chrysalis will find its wings.

The liberty of the one—that is monarchy; the liberty of the few—that is aristocracy; the lawless liberty of each—that is anarchy, and ends in the despotism of the strongest hand; but the liberty we love is the liberty of each, bounded always, and bounded only, by the liberty of all. It is liberty under law. It is the freedom of the race. Its goal is in that glorified humanity which is yet to be upon this earth, which wears upon its brow the simplest, saddest, tenderest of Hebrew names—the Son of Man. It is man himself come into his own, man in his true dignity and glory, sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of every revolu-

tion. That is the vision that gilds the blackness of darkness in the storm that is gathering over Russia. That is the leaven that is leavening the whole lump of Orientalism until China herself is almost ready to take her place beside the Western powers. There is only one thing worth living for, and that is to have a part, however small, in bringing that better time upon its way. When man shall come at last into his kingdom and look back upon the progress he has made, he will not ask who was rich or who was poor, who was mighty or who was humble, who was wise or who was foolish according to the stupid standards of our day; he will ask one thing, and one thing only,—"Who fed and clothed and visited the hungry and naked and sick among my brothers?—who recognized that man was of royal lineage, however mean the raiment he put on, and reverenced the King in his disguise?"

The man in whose honor we are met tonight may safely present his life as an answer to that question. That is the reason I am here to pay my tribute with the others: that is why I call him fortunate and blest.

And now I hope Mr. Wolf will accept these few lines in honor of his birthday:

"Call no man blest till his last day is done,"
The Theban counselled with uncovered head.
And if life's blessing be a cloudless sun
Which yet may be o'ercast, 'twas wisely said.
But if our blessings of ourselves are born,
And they that bless the world are ever blest,
The day may keep the splendor of the morn
Whatever storms may gather in the west.
For thee, dear friend, who all thy life hast striven

To blow aflame the love-enkindling spark,
If all the lamps be blotted out of heaven,
Their going will not leave thee in the dark:
Thou shalt be lighted by the light thou givest,
And so we call thee blest while thanking God thou livest.

THE OLD COMMONER: THADDEUS STEVENS

An Address at the Annual Meeting of the Vermont Historical Society, Held at Montpelier, on the Ninth Day of November, 1906, in the Hall of the House of Representatives.

When I was a boy there was a picture tacked up on the dingy wall of my father's factory office, which I used to gaze upon with wonder and awe. It was the picture of an old man seated in a chair. I remember he had a club foot and seemed to be distorted with age and pain; yet the face was one of commanding power. There was scorn in the firm-shut lips; there was a defiant glance in the eagle eyes; and yet it was a face that even as a child I felt that I could trust. "Who is that old man, father?" I asked. And, as nearly as I can remember, he replied: "That is Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania. He was born over here in Danville or Peacham. He was leader of the House of Representatives at Washington during the war and afterwards until he died. They called him the great commoner, because he believed in the common people and fought like a tiger for the rights of all men rich and poor, black and white. He hated slavery with a hatred that knew no bounds, and he poured out on rebels and traitors all the vials of his wrath. When you are older you can read and judge for yourself; but I tell you, he

was a great man,—that old Thad Stevens!'' And so when I found I was to make this address my mind went back to that early impression, and I said to myself: ''I will try to draw the portrait of that strong old man,—that true son of Vermont, who fought as bravely and as mightily for the Union in the halls of Congress as any of her sons fought upon the field, and who finally breathed her own implacable hatred of oppression into the three great amendments to the constitution.'' That is how it happens that I am speaking to you tonight of Thaddeus Stevens, War leader of the House of Representatives and Father of the Constitutional Amendments.

Thaddeus Stevens was the spirit of Vermont incarnate. Even in his faults and his failings he was ours. He came as honestly by his defects as he did by his virtues. Imperious, irascible, he carried in his breast a heart as tender as a child's. When he was a child himself his mother had gone about among the neighbors nursing the sick through a terrible epidemic. Thad saw her sacrifice, and never forgot the lesson. Human suffering never failed to touch him to tears. His own infirmity made him especially solicitous for the halt and lame. He gave to his physician this order: ''Doctor, whenever you come across a poor boy who has any trouble with his legs, do the best you can for him, and send the bill to me.'' Even to the careless and improvident he was kind and generous—that is, if he had anything himself. Sometimes his own pockets were empty. If that was the case he would never disclose the fact but would put his refusal to give on the ground that they were unworthy to receive, and give them a sharp lecture

on their shiftless ways. There was never a particle of sham piety about him. He hated cant with all the intensity of his nature. He had a near relative who was very punctilious to ask a blessing at every meal. Thad said to him: "Morrill, why don't you take some rainy day in the fall and bless all your garden-sauce at once, and save this everlasting repetition?" Yet no one loved genuine righteousness in man or nation more than he, and no one gave himself more resolutely to secure it.

Nobody seems to remember much about his father. Some say he was a worthless sort of fellow and ran away. Some say he was killed in the war of 1812. We know he was a shoemaker and taught Thad to cobble. And tradition says he was a great wrestler and could throw any man in the county. But there is no need to inquire about his father. His greatness is all accounted for by his mother; and that is where greatness usually begins. She had four sons. The others were well and able-bodied—Thad was sickly and lame. You can guess which was the favorite. A poet once wrote:

> **These mothers are like God—they love**
> **Ugly and fair alike.**

He made a great mistake: they love the ugly and misshapen far the best; on them they lavish their tenderest care; for them they are ready to labor and go without. "It is plain Thad can never make his way by physical labor. He must go to the academy and college, and if I have to work my fingers off he shall." And he did. Do you wonder that Stevens's heart always melted at mention of his mother? The

greatest pleasure his prosperity brought him was the ability to give her the fine farm she wanted and the bright gold-pieces she loved to drop in the contribution box. "Everything I have done, everything I am, I owe to my mother." So he said. And when he died his will provided that her grave in Peacham should be carefully tended and its corners planted with roses, "or other cheerful flowers" to the end of time. Oh, harsh and forbidding old man, we have found your secret out! Your sternness was only a mask to hide the over-tender nature. How many of the softest hearts that beat put on this appearance of hardness for their own protection! When Jesus was on earth He saw through such disguises, just as He saw through the mask of hypocrisy and pretense the pharisee put on. He drew about him such men as this—men on whom the religious world of his day looked askance but whom the Son of Man saw to be kind and true of heart. Thad Stevens never belonged to any church, but when the "ordained hypocrites" of his time turned their backs upon the slave, "the least of these my brethren," Stevens went to him and gave him all he had. Whether he was a Christian or not, judge ye! Once, late in life, he was betrayed into a theological discussion. He showed such a profound familiarity with the subject that the listeners asked him if he had not at some period of his life studied for the ministry. Stevens parried the query with his customary snort: "Humph! I have read their books."

No doubt he had read them and read them well. That was a habit he had. He bent himself to his task with an iron will, and studied relentlessly.

He never meant that anything he set out for should get away from him—least of all an idea. He went through the academy at Peacham; he spent a term or two in the university at Burlington; but he finally graduated from Dartmouth. That was in 1814. Then he went to Pennsylvania to teach school and study law. When he was ready to take his bar examination he found that the lawyers had passed a rule to keep him out. The rule required that the applicant should not have been engaged in any occupation except the study of law during the years of his preparation. Stevens had been teaching school daytime and studying law nights. So he crossed over into Maryland and took the examination there. Then he came back and settled down in Gettysburg where the great battle was afterwards fought. He had a right to practice in Pennsylvania then, being a member of the bar in Maryland. But it is one thing to have the right and it is another thing to get the chance. It was a long time before Stevens got a chance, and in the meantime he nearly starved. Again and again he was almost ready to give up. One day he said to an acquaintance: "I can't stand it any longer. I have got to go away." The next day opportunity knocked at his door. It was a murder case. The old story. He was offered the chance to defend because the case was too poor for anybody else to touch. Stevens seized the chance. He could not win his case but he tried it with such astonishing ability that his reputation in that community was made, and from that hour he never lacked for business. The plea was insanity. In those days it was a new-fashioned plea and very un-

popular; but Stevens believed thoroughly in the truth of the defence. Long afterwards he said he had defended fifty murder cases, and succeeded in every one but this; and yet that this was the only man in the whole lot that ought to have been acquitted.

But Stevens found better business than defending murderers. They were close by Maryland. Fugitive slave cases were common and these enlisted every faculty of body, mind and heart that he possessed. If he couldn't save the poor wretch in court he would buy him rather than let him be taken back. He saw the wicked, cruel system close at hand. He knew it in its most hideous aspect. His soul flamed wherever slavery showed itself. He brought to the borders of the slave states the spirit of the free hills and mountains of the north, and he never lost it as so many others did.

I must tell you a story to illustrate his method in court. A Quaker miller in that part of Pennsylvania had been very active in assisting runaway slaves to make their escape. He was put on trial for doing so in one instance, and the charge was that he had levied war against the United States. The case was tried before Justice Grier afterwards of the Federal Supreme Court. When the evidence was all in, the district attorney made an extended argument upon the question of law, reading from volume after volume to show what conduct might constitute the crime in question. Stevens listened in immovable contempt, silent to the end. When the attorney had taken his seat he rose, hobbled over to the clerk's desk, leaned upon it, and looked Grier in the eye. "I have listened to this long and labored

argument with the gravest anxiety—not for my client, but for you. Because it is now for you to tell this jury whether a Quaker miller, white with the dust of his occupation, and riding on a bob-tailed sorrel nag, can be found to have been *levying war,* under any construction to be given to the constitution.'' And he sat down. He always knew when to sit down. I sometimes think that is the hardest lesson a lawyer ever has to learn.

The constitution declared that persons held to service in one state, if they escaped into another, should not be discharged therefrom, but should be surrendered on claim of the owner. ''Very well,'' said Stevens, ''then we will do it. But it doesn't say the rest of us shall turn out and join the hunt. It doesn't say that a man shall not have a trial by jury to *decide* whether he is a freeman or a slave. We will stand by the constitution, but we won't stretch it a hair's breadth in the interest of slavery.'' Case after case he defended for nothing; but he was no Hessian. He never let out his sword to the oppressor. Those were the days that molded the great advocate of freedom. These were the experiences that burned into his soul the lesson the whole country was finally to learn.

Stevens didn't make the mistake so many young lawyers make—of going at once into politics. I thing it would trouble you to name a really great lawyer who did not give the first years of his professional life entirely to the law. Those are the days that determine what he is to be. With the sure instinct of genius, Stevens devoted himself for fifteen years to the mastery of his calling. In those

years he laid broad and deep the foundations of his massive learning and acquired the accomplishment of his consummate skill. When he died Jeremiah Black declared that he had not left his equal at the American bar: and Jeremiah Black was a rival, a political opponent—himself accounted by many the greatest lawyer of his time.

Stevens alway went to the heart of his subject. He always laid his finger on the sore spot of his adversary's case. He never wasted words. He had pondered well the Greek saying, "The half may be more than the whole." He never took a note during a trial. He trusted his memory and his memory never betrayed the trust. He flew at the decisive point with all the ferocity of his nature and fastened upon it with a grip that nothing could relax. Airs and graces he despised, but his words quivered with the intensity of his conviction, and his wit illumined the obscurity of his subject as the lightning lays the landscape bare beneath a midnight sky. His sarcasm stung like hornets and his drollery was indescribable and unique. Senator Morrill said he wasted wit enough every day to make the reputation of an ordinary humorist. The most mirth-provoking things he ever said were spoken with a face of unmoved, funereal solemnity. When he was leader of the House at Washington he could at any time put the chamber in a roar without an effort. If you read the record you will find, "laughter," "great merriment," following remarks of his, which having lost the manner in which he made them have lost their whole significance and charm. After all, the great secret is personality, and no analysis can penetrate to that.

Stevens was forty-one when he first went to the legislature. Instantly he took his place in the front rank. The next year he was returned and took a hand in the great fight for free schools. I must linger a moment upon that. Pennsylvania furnished education for the rich at established rates and if a father was too poor to pay, he was obliged to make application for assistance on the ground of poverty. Class distinctions sprang up and sensitive parents kept their children at home rather than send them to be looked upon as paupers. This year the legislature passed an act providing for public education for rich and poor alike at the public charge. But this meant more taxes for the comfortable people who had no children of their own. A mighty reaction set in. The Pennsylvania pocket book was as sensitive as any other pocket book and a legislature was elected pledged to repeal the law. The senate did its part at once. Then the repeal bill came before the house. A test vote was taken on a preliminary question and showed a majority of thirty in favor of repeal. Then Stevens appeared upon the scene. He had been absent until now. The friends of free education gathered round him and told him it was useless to oppose the tide. The mercenary wave had swept every thing before it. Now one man stood up against it. Stevens immediately moved to strike out the whole bill after the enacting clause and to substitute for it a bill of his own, strengthening the free school law. Upon this motion he made a speech which for immediate practical effect upon its hearers has never been equaled in a legislative assembly in this country. The house was packed. The senate

which had just passed the bill crowded in to hear this audacious argument against their action.

His biographer says. "Stevens then in the prime of life was erect and majestic. His form had outgrown the slenderness of youth. It was not yet bent with the heavy weight of years." A witness declares, "he looked like a descended god." He was inspired by his great subject. He spoke with the fire of a Hebrew prophet. The house was electrified. It voted as soon as Stevens took his seat and carried his motion almost two to one—and the senate hurried back to its chamber, revoked its former action and concurred. To understand the magnitude of his triumph we must remember that the men whom Stevens convinced and persuaded were not merely opposed to his motion when he began: they had been elected on that very issue. They had been commanded by their constituents to vote for the repeal. Yet such was the force of reason.—such was the power of righteousness in Stevens's speech, that every thing was forgotten save the mighty, elemental truths he brought to bear; and before many days Pennsylvania herself, clothed and in her right mind, was ready to praise and bless him for the service. So it is always. No matter what the hue and cry of the moment may be—no matter how the multitude may be hurried away to do evil, the leader who dares to utter the deepest, noblest, truest word, he it is who is certain to be acknowledged in the end as the true voice and tribune of the people. Is it strange that Stevens always looked back upon this victory as the crowning achievement of his life? Often he said that he would be paid and over-paid for

all his labors, if a single child of destitution who had found the blessing of education through his help should come to drop a tear of gratitude upon his grave.

The speech made his name a household word throughout the state and Pennsylvania was proud to call him her son. But after all he was only an adopted son. He really belonged to us. I suppose you have all heard the witticism that was sprung on a banquet of Pennsylvanians. They had been praising their state *ad nauseam* as is apt to be the case at all state meetings. Finally a guest arose and said: "I give you a toast—the three greatest Pennsylvanians, Benjamin Franklin—of Massachusetts, Albert Gallatin—of Switzerland, and Thaddeus Stevens—of Vermont."

A year or two after the free school victory a convention was called to amend the state constitution. Stevens was a member. It was a stormy time and Stevens was in his element. Every attempt to carry class or race distinctions into the organic law found in him a constant and determined foe. You can see how early and consistent a friend he was of equal suffrage. The constitution as the convention left it limited the right to *white* citizens. Stevens having fought in vain against the odious discrimination, utterly refused to affix his name to the document that contained it. And that was away back in 1837.

About the same time he attended another convention. It had been called by the supporters of slavery. They thought the only way to save the Union was to put a stop to the anti-slavery agita-

tion. How Stevens ever managed to get a seat in such a body no one seems to understand, but he did it, and he succeeded in making it so ridiculous that there was nothing left for it to do but to adjourn. Of course he was a champion of the very views the convention was called to denounce. Yet he made himself the central figure of the scene and by his mastery of parliamentary tactics, by resolutions, points of order, by wit, eloquence, sarcasm, he turned the whole movement into a rout. His own self-command was complete, his countenance imperturbable. His sallies kept the convention in alternate bursts of laughter and applause. Nothing was too personal or *ad captandum* for his use. A minister rose and bitterly denounced him for bringing a firebrand into the convention. Stevens solemnly rebuked the reverend gentleman for indulging in personalities, gravely pretending to believe that by "firebrand" he was referring to a member with flaming red hair who had come in with Stevens and sat at his side. Whereupon the convention nearly exploded. I cannot recall another instance where a single unsupported member, hostile to the sentiment of the assembly and gaining admittance for the sole purpose of defeating its object, has been able, by sheer force of personal address and management, to turn a serious gathering into a farce and utterly frustrate its whole design. Surely it was only the rarest combination of humor, eloquence and forensic skill that could make such a performance possible.

After this he devoted himself a great deal to politics, and of course he was an intense partisan.

In the last years of his life, when he was leader of the house, he came in one day just in time to vote on a contested election case, and asked a member of his own party how the matter stood. "Not much choice," he replied. "They are both damned rascals." "Very well," said Stevens, "Which is *our* damned rascal?" Yet this was only dealing with things as he found them. Partisan as he was, he was wise and just enough to see the folly of determining such questions by a party vote and advocated another method. He proposed that they should be referred to a committee who should hear and decide the question judicially as is done in England.

Well, he devoted so much time to politics that when he was fifty years old he woke up one morning and found himself poorer than he was when he landed in Pennsylvania. He had been engaged in a large iron business and his partner had run him in debt $200,000. Stevens went to work and paid it up to the last cent. In the course of his life he made and lost three fortunes and yet left a comfortable estate at the last. He went to Lancaster and fought his way to the front in a new field. He drew young men about him as a magnet draws the steel filings. He had nine students in his office at one time. In politics the machine was against him but the people were for him and by a great majority they elected him to Congress. That was in 1849 and Stevens was fifty-eight years old.

He had now reached that chamber where with the possible exception of John Quincy Adams he was one day to become the greatest figure that ever dominated its debates. But that supreme period

of his life was even then some fifteen years away.

On his first appearance the little company of Freesoilers and Conscience Whigs rallied around him and adopted him as their leader. He was their candidate for speaker. It was 1850—the year of the second great compromise on the subject of slavery. The war with Mexico was ended. A vast region had been gained. New territories were to be organized, new states were to come in. California stood knocking for admission—"California," as Seward described her, "the youthful queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold." Congress, controlled by the slaveholders, hesitated to admit her. The Mexican war had been kindled and carried on to make more slave states and behold the first state in the new territory ready for admission had spurned slavery from her threshold and adopted a free constitution. New Mexico and Utah were to be given territorial governments. How about slavery in these? Should it be provided for or prohibited? These and other great issues arose and at the bottom of each was the burning question of slavery. Thirty years before, Missouri had asked for admission as a slave state. She was finally admitted but upon the express condition that thro' the rest of that vast region purchased from France and known as Louisiana, a line should be drawn at 36° 30′—and north of that line slavery should be forever prohibited. That was the famous Missouri compromise of 1820. Now a new compromise was proposed by Henry Clay and in the end it was adopted. Among other things it provided for a stronger fugitive slave law. It took away trial by jury and

required the citizens of free states to actively assist in the capture and return of slaves. On this proposition Stevens made his first speech in Congress. It was a topic where he was at home and which roused him as no other subject could. For almost the first time Congress heard the voice of the unterrified North speaking the bitter, blasting truth on the subject of slavery where it had so long listened to the soft phrases of conciliation and persuasion. It was a new experience and I am still Yankee enough to think that it was wholesome. "Keep slavery where it is," he declared, " and it will die of its own poison. Let it spread and the whole body will become diseased. Surround it with a cordon of freemen and in twenty years not a single slave state but will have on its statute books a law for the gradual extinction of the system." With merciless sarcasm he handled the pretension that the negro was better off as a slave; that when he had tried freedom he had been known to return and voluntarily receive the yoke. That delusion held its ground even after the beginning of the war. One day a Union officer happened to meet a slave running away towards the north. He had known him in the days of his servitude. "Why Sambo," he said, "why should you run away? You had a good home—plenty to eat and drink and the most considerate of masters!" "Well sah," Sambo replied, continuing his flight, "yo' can put in yo' application—de situation am vacant."

But Stevens was speaking in 1850, and he was a decade ahead of his time. The fugitive slave law was enacted. The compromise was adopted, and once more the slave question was put to sleep.

Stevens was not a man to compromise on a question of principle. He lost his interest in the politics of such a period and went back to the law. When he appeared in that chamber again it was on the eve of civil war. The years that had come and gone had been big with events. The nation had moved steadily towards freedom. If the south had kept the compromise of 1850 it might have held the scepter for another generation. But it was not in the slave party to rest on any ground it had gained. It struck out at every point. It repealed the Missouri Compromise, held sacred by the north for thirty-four years. It disputed the power of Congress to keep slavery out of the territories. It flaunted the Dred Scott decision from the highest seat of judgment. It strove with bullet and bowie knife to force slavery upon Kansas and with culminating impudence it proposed a revival of the slave trade. Meanwhile a great political party had been born pledged to resist the further extension of slavery. The election of 1860 was almost at the door, when for the first time in the history of the republic "the slave was to choose a president of the United States."

It was December, 1859, and Stevens was on the verge of three score years and ten. He had not expected to come to Washington again. When he had retired a few years before he had delivered his valedictory; and now as he reappeared he sadly confessed the consciousness of failing powers. "More graceful would it be to retire—for us who find by repeated trials that we can no longer bend the bow of Ulysses. Fitting would it be to lay down the discus we have not the strength to hurl." It was the

new hope for liberty that nerved him to put on the armor— that marvellous political awakening— that "marshaling of the conscience of a nation to mold its laws." It was his opportunity—at last his hour had come. It had come to him in his age. If he had died before, he would have been forgotten. "I have no history!" was his melancholy exclamation a few months before. "It is my life-long regret that I have lived so long and so uselessly." It is as a gaunt, infirm and aging man but with the undying fire of liberty and genius in his spirit that he will be painted for the times to come. He did not stand now as he stood in the days of his youthful vigor, fighting his way to the head of a hostile bar. He looked no longer as he looked on the day in the statehouse at Harrisburg when he swept house and senate by his impassioned speech and compelled them to do right by the children of the poor in Pennsylvania. He was nearing the end of a long and lonely life that had been childless and wifeless. Age had bent his frame. Infirmity had crippled his gait. Suffering had blanched his cheek. Thought and care had ploughed deep into his forehead. Strife and passion had left the mark of bitterness and scorn upon his sunk and withered lip. But with the clear vision of a prophet he saw that one of the crises of the world's history was at hand, and denying to himself the comfort and quiet of age, he gathered up all the remains of his ancient strength to strike his last and mightiest blow for freedom.

The house was eight weeks in choosing a speaker. The question was whether the new Republican party could muster strength enough to organize and

control the body. One day a Democratic member got up and invited all who were opposed to the Republican program to meet in one caucus and act together. That only meant that the rest should give up and vote for the Democratic candidate. Stevens punctured the proposal with one of his favorite weapons—ridicule. He said it made him think of the happy family described in "The Prairie" where the owl, the prairie dog and the rattle-snake all lived in one hole. Stevens helped to keep the contest lively. Now and then he relieved the strain by his humor. For instance he rose, with a serious countenance to a question of privilege—saying that one of his votes had been criticized in the public press and he desired to make an explanation. He sent the newspaper to the clerk's desk and asked that it be read. The clerk looked at it blankly and replied that the paper was printed in German and he could not read it. "Very well then," said Stevens with unaffected gravity, "I will postpone my explanation till the clerk can read it." Finally the various forces hostile to slavery came together and the Republican candidate was seated in the chair.

Let us come at once to December, 1860. Lincoln has been elected, but the party that elected him is terrified by the consequences of its victory. Secession conventions have been called, and Congress goes down on its knees begging the South to come back and take everything it ever claimed. Both houses pass a constitutional amendment to make slavery perpetual in this government. Yes, two-thirds of house and senate voted for this horrible measure. I rejoice tonight that Stevens opposed every syllable of

the weak-kneed, cowardly proposition "The time for compromises has gone by," he cried. "What we need now is courage, calm, unwavering courage that no danger can appall. We will faithfully execute the present compact, but if it be torn in pieces by rebels our next United States will have no foot of ground a slave can tread—no breath of air a slave can ever breathe."

Senator Dawes, then a member of the House from Massachusetts, has left us a striking picture of the scene. "No one who saw it," he declares, "can ever forget it. All I can say of it or of him is tame without the inspiration of the time and of his presence. It was the last of Buchanan's administration. Lincoln had been elected. The house resembled a powder magazine more than a deliberative assembly. His denunciation of traitors to their face was terrible, his exposure of the barbarism of their pretended civilization was awful. Nearly fifty southern members rose to their feet and rushed towards him with curses and threats of violence. As many of his friends gathered round him and moving him in a hollow square to the space in front of the speaker's desk opened before his assailants and stood guard over him while he arraigned the slavocracy in an indictment that surpassed even the great arraignment of Sumner. He was nearly seventy. On his form and voice time had made sad inroads, but he stood at that moment erect as at thirty-five. Calm and self-possessed as a judge, he lashed them into fury, and then bade them compose themselves at their leisure. The excitement beggars all description and can live only in the memory of those

who witnessed it." The long subserviency of the North was near its end. In that uncompromising tribune of the people the old domineering South had at last found its master.

But the time had not yet come for the great radical to lead. A little longer the counsels of fear were destined to prevail. Bear in mind, state after state had already seceded. The president of the confederate Congress had declared the separation perfect and perpetual. A president of the new republic had been elected and his cabinet appointed, yet even then Congress hugged the old delusion to its heart that by surrendering all it might bring the rebels back—and it voted to surrender all. It was only when that full offer was spurned that the North sadly and reluctantly took up the gage of battle, which was not to be laid down until the principles for which the old commoner contended had been emblazoned in the constitution of the Union and the constitution of every single state that had rebelled.

You remember how cautiously Lincoln began; how tenderly he pleaded with the South in his inaugural; how slowly he moved until Sumter was fired upon and he knew he had a solid North behind him. On the 4th of July Congress met in answer to his call. Union men were in the saddle now. In the House of Representatives there was no looking about for a leader. All eyes were turned on Stevens. James G. Blaine, by no means a partial admirer, declares: "He was the natural leader and took his place by common consent." It was Blaine, also, who said: "He had the courage to meet any opponent, and was never over-matched in intellectual conflict." He

stood at the head of the committee charged with the duty of raising money to support the government and carry on the war as well as the duty of advising how it should be spent. It was exactly the duty Milton described in his noble sonnet to Sir Henry Vane—

> **Then to advise how war may, best upheld,**
> **Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,**
> **In all her equipage.**

In three days he brought in a bill to raise $250,000,000. He followed it with another appropriating $160,000,000 for the army, and for the navy $30,000,000 more. They passed at once. Then he bent himself to the task of raising a revenue to answer these enormous calls. With courage, with tact, with patience, he brought Congress and the country to his plans. Yet, burdened as hardly ever man was burdened, his eye swept the horizon, and his capacious mind was already busy with the outcome of it all. He seemed to see the end from the beginning.

You remember the Crittenden resolution? It declared that the war was not waged for conquest nor to interfere with slavery, but only to restore the old order of things, and that when that end was accomplished the war should cease. Senate and House hurried to adopt it. Stevens stood out almost alone against it. He did not believe in apologizing for the war or going about to explain it. "Ask those who made the war what is its object. The laws of war must govern our conduct now." He saw that the struggle was to be long and bloody. He had a vision of the tremendous price that must be paid—the awful sacrifice that was to be exacted. He did not believe

in the nation tying its hands by resolutions. If it should become necessary to free the slave or arm him against his master, if new conditions must be imposed to secure the peace hereafter, he would not pass a resolution now to stare us in the face. The resolution did pass, but a few months saw it broken. When the next session had to deal with the same matter Stevens moved to lay it on the table and his motion was sustained.

Southern citizens were devoting their property to the rebellion. Stevens said "Confiscate it." Masters were setting their slaves to build forts and dig trenches. "Set them free," said Stevens, "every man that is employed against us. If the war goes on the time will come when we shall arm every rebel's slave to fight upon our side." The bill failed, but the day came when the House was glad to pass it.

At the outset the South had one enormous advantage. Her vast crops could be raised by slaves exactly as in time of peace. She could keep her fighting strength untouched and send the products of her plantations to buy the supplies of war in European markets. Stevens would have snatched this advantage from her. Even before Lincoln was inaugurated he brought in a bill to do it. A year later he brought it up again. "Repeal," said he, "the laws creating southern ports of entry. Then foreign nations cannot enter them. It would be an act of war against this country. A nation has a right to close its own ports. It can do so by a law. That law is better than a fleet. But blockade them and you must keep everybody out by force. They have a right to enter if they can. More than all, if

you blockade them you acknowledge them as belligerents, and foreign nations will do the same.'' What would have happened if his advice had been heeded we shall never know. We proclaimed the blockade and Europe acknowledged the belligerency of the South.

From the very beginning Stevens's mind was occupied with the great question of reconstruction. Never doubting the ultimate triumph of our arms he was sounding the depths of the profound problem which, a few years later, was to engross the attention of the people and their leaders. He came to his conclusion early, announced it boldly, advocated it without ceasing and adhered to it until he died. Distrusted, doubted, opposed in the beginning, the logic of events confirmed it and it had to be accepted and adopted in the end. No dreamer, no speculator, no spinner of fine theories, but a practical man of affairs and the hardest-headed lawyer of his day, he wasted no time seeking to discover in the constitution itself provision for the steps that must be taken toward the seceding states. The constitution did not contemplate an effort on the part of its members to dissolve the union. The power to preserve its own existence against a parcel of rebellious states was not to be looked for in its phrases but in the powers of war which pertain to every nation fighting for its life. The southern states had repudiated, spurned and spit upon the constitution; could they at the same time claim the protection of its terms? Stevens said, ''You cannot, indeed, destroy the constitution, but you can place yourself outside of its protection while you are waging public war against it.''

Already he was grappling with the question that would face us when the war was closed. When the rebel states should be subdued would they have a right to be treated as back again in the old Union, under the old terms, bringing the same old sources of controversy with them, or would Congress have a right to prescribe the terms on which they should be received? Should they come back slavery and all? Should they continue to hold seats in Congress for themselves and for the black race too? Should they have power to repudiate the debt that had been made in putting their rebellion down? Should the loyal men of the South be liable to pay the debts of disloyalty and treason? With a mind that pierced like a sword even to the dividing of the joints and marrow, he drove the question home. He saw that the whole case turned upon one point. If the trouble was only a domestic insurrection it was to be suppressed by criminal prosecutions in the courts, and the insurgents were entitled to the protection of the constitution and the ordinary laws. But if it was a public war, then they were subject to the laws of war alone. He proved by all the oracles of the law of nations that when a republic is broken into two armed camps it is civil war, and while the war continues the two factions stand towards each other as separate and independent powers. *Was* this a public war? Europe had acknowledged the belligerency of the South. We had acknowledged it ourselves. We had blockaded their ports, exchanged prisoners of war and sent flags of truce. It was not a mob, nor a riot, nor an insurrection, but war, public war, and the greatest civil war in history. While it lasted no

paper obligations could be relied upon by the South against the North, and when the rebellious faction should be vanquished it would be for the victor to lay down the terms of peace. So was he preparing the minds of men for the time when, conquered in the field, the rebel states should demand to be restored as of right to every privilege under the old constitution which they had renounced and defied.

The shilly-shallying military movements that marked the early stages of the war—you can guess what sort of a critic Stevens was of these. Here is the way he described McClellan's march to Antietam: "The President ordered him to pursue the enemy. He started after them with an army of 120,000 men before him and marched that army at the rapid rate of six miles a day until they stopped and he caught up with them!"

Throughout the whole struggle Stevens was bending his best energies to remove the cause. No man knew better where it lay. "Now is the time to get rid of slavery. There can be no solid peace, no permanent union so long as it remains. Let our generals befriend the slaves that flee to them and arm them against the enemy. We shall never conquer until we adopt a new method. Southern soldiers are as brave as ours, their leaders as intelligent. The swamps and mountains will be their allies. The climate will kill our armies off. We keep a vast army at home to till the field and run the factory; but every white man in the South can fight and not a single hand be missed from the plantation. The slave does not carry a gun but he is the mainstay of the war. Call him to your side and let him fight for his freedom. He will not

prove inhuman. I do not look to see the day when in a Christian land merit shall counterbalance the crime of color; but give him an equal chance to meet death in battle. Let him find equality in the grave—the only place where all the children of God are equal.'' For more than a week, against every form of obstruction and opposition, Stevens stood on the floor of the House and battled for negro enlistment. Finally the measure passed; and the humane valor of hundreds of thousands of black soldiers vindicated its justice and its wisdom.

Slowly but steadily Congress and the country moved towards the great goal, emancipation. First the House and Senate resolved that Federal aid be extended to any state that would voluntarily adopt a measure for gradual emancipation. Stevens said it was ''the most diluted milk and water gruel proposition ever offered to the American people!'' but he voted for it Then he moved to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; and it was done. Then he supported Lovejoy's bill prohibiting slavery in the territories, and it passed. Then Lincoln warned the rebel states that unless they laid down their arms by January first he would set their slaves free. January first came and he kept his word. From that hour the God of battles smiled upon our cause. The crest of the rebellion broke on the field of Gettysburg and the long refluent wave of confederate disaster and defeat began its ebbing course. The next day Vicksburg fell and the morning of deliverance began to break. But Lincoln's proclamation did not affect the slave states that were not in rebellion. There slavery still remained. His right to issue the proclamation at all

was certain to be questioned in days to come. There was only one way to set the matter at rest and that was by constitutional amendment. The North was ready for emancipation now. It was reached at last. The thirteenth amendment which makes slavery forever impossible under the stars and stripes stands today almost in the very words in which Stevens cast his motion.

Reconstruction! Never since the constitution was adopted had the statesmen of this country been called upon to face so grave a question. It had shown itself in Congress as early as the second year of the war. We gained a foothold in Louisiana and the attempt was made to erect a loyal government there. Congress and the President were not agreed. The war was yet to be fought out and so the question was put aside for the time being. When it came up again Lincoln was in his grave and a president of another sort was in his seat. Congress and Lincoln might have come together: Congress and Johnson never could. He began by threatening to hang all the rebels. Ben Wade, you remember, advised him to content himself with a baker's dozen and kindly offered to name the right ones. In six weeks Johnson had turned completely round and from that time on was the champion of the South. He tried to go on without Congress. He said "The war is over. The Southern states stand just where they did to start with. They have all and the same rights with the rest. There is nothing to do but repair their state machines a little and set them going." He called on the South to do it. The same men who had headed the rebellion were the ones that were to do the work. It was soon

done. New governments were quickly running in all the late rebellious states and senators and representatives were chosen. Now up to this time there was little sentiment in the North in favor of negro suffrage. But emancipation was another matter. The North could not forget that slavery had been the root and cause of the rebellion and it did watch with anxiety to see whether emancipation was to be a theory only or a fact. It did not have long to wait. As soon as Johnson's legislatures could put pen to paper they had the negro back in his chains. Under the thin disguise of vagrant and apprentice laws they resumed over the black race a dominion as absolute and in some respects more cruel than the old. They did not even pretend to treat the races as equal before the law. They made one law for the white man and another for the black. Let me remind you of a single instance. If a white man broke his contract with a negro it was only ground for a civil suit. If a negro broke his contract with a white man he could be whipped with thirty-nine lashes or put to labor for a year. Such was the first fruit of the presidential plan. It did not taste well on the lips of those who had given their own blood, or blood that was dearer than their own, to make every foot of the republic free.

Congress came together. It was December, 1865. Would the new members be seated? Would Johnson's new governments be recognized? Stevens sat with a great majority behind him,—the undisputed leader of the House. He wished to gain time. He wanted the President's policy to have a chance to bring its bitter fruit to ripeness before the contest

with the White House should be on. Before the President's message could be received he put through his resolution for a joint committee. It was to look into the condition of the Southern states and report whether they were entitled to representation in either House. Till then no member from an ex-Confederate state should be received. He was at the head of the committee on the part of the House. Before the session was two days old he had brought forward a series of amendments to the constitution. They would have changed the basis of representation in Congress so that the South would have no seats there on the basis of her black population unless she gave them the ballot. They forbade the payment of the rebel debt. They declared all citizens of whatever race or color equal before the law. These he said were the conditions on which the rebel states should be received. Even then you must notice, he did not propose to compel the South to adopt negro suffrage. He would leave it for *her* to say whether she would enfranchise the negro and have eighty-three seats or refuse to do it and content herself with forty-six. If his form of amendment had been adhered to this would have been the result. Unfortunately it was changed and under its provisions time has defeated the old commoner's purpose. Today nobody in the South pretends the negro is allowed to vote and yet the South holds nearly half her seats in Congress and wields half her political power by virtue of the very race that she excludes.

On the 30th of April 1866, Stevens reported to the House the famous fourteenth amendment substantially as we have it now,—that sublime guaran-

tee of freedom and equality worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold and sure to be revered by after ages with the Petition of Right and Magna Charta. How was it treated by these states that were demanding recognition? Every one rejected it. In some of the legislatures there was not a solitary vote in its support. If such was the temper of the white people of the South, what hope was left that free governments could be established there at all? Think for a moment what it meant, consider the attitude taken by the Southern states. What they said, in effect, was this: We will not consent that the war debt of the Union shall be paid. We reserve the right to make the country pay our own debt when we get the power. We will not give a single black man the ballot; yet we claim the right to send representatives to Congress for the black man as well as for the white. We have passed these laws annulling emancipation and we propose to enforce them. What are you going to do about it?

Stevens said, "There is only one thing *to* do. Give every black man the ballot. No otherwise can we protect him in the freedom we have given him. Without him the Union has not friends enough in the South to organize loyal government. With his aid free constitutions may be adopted." It is easy now to say that suffrage ought not to have been conferred upon the black race all at once. But what could *we* have done? That was the condition that confronted *them,* statesmen as wise and brave as ever sat in council. It was not a question between allowing free government to be set up and carried on by the white race on the one hand or the

black race on the other; it was a question whether there should be free government at all. It was a question whether the war had been won or lost. It was a question whether we were still in the clutch of the merciless power that had held free institutions by the throat for seventy years,—whether the dead had really died in vain, and whether government of the people, by the people, and for the people had not perished from the earth. Then it was that Stevens made his great plea for universal suffrage—the same ground he had taken in the constitutional convention for Pennsylvania thirty years before. It was the speech that to all appearances would be his last. He was white and haggard, worn and broken by his vast labors in the cause of freedom. There was little hope that another session would find him in his place. The house was hushed to hear his farewell message and his words came with unparalleled solemnity and power. "I desire to make one more, perhaps an expiring, effort to do something useful for my fellowmen. It is easy to protect the rich and the powerful; it is labor to guard the down-trodden and the poor,—the eternal labor of Sisyphus, forever to be renewed. I believe we must all account hereafter for the deeds done in the body. I desire to take to the bar of final settlement the record I shall make here today on this great question of human rights. It cannot atone for half my errors, but some palliation it may be. Who is there that will venture to take this list with his negative seal upon it and unroll it before that stern Judge, who is the father of the immortal beings they have trampled under foot,—whose souls they have been crushing out?"

Congress was not ready for the measure then and it went over to the next session. Meantime a political campaign almost without a parallel in the history of the country had brought the North to the position occupied by Stevens. Johnson himself had opposed the fourteenth amendment. Three of his cabinet had broken with him on the question and resigned. He had made his appeal to the country against what he called the tyranny of Congress. The chief humorist of the day said the question was whether political power should be concentrated in the Senate and House of Representatives or whether it should be diffused through the person of the President. The country thought such concentration safer than such diffusion—especially as Congress was for saving the fruits of the war and the President was for throwing them away. Stevens himself had been too feeble to take any part in the campaign. As it proved, he had little more than a year to live. But he husbanded his failing strength and took his seat once more. He looked more like a spirit than a man, but he was the spirit of the united North now—a North that had come at last to the espousal of the very principles for which during more than forty years he had been as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. His theory of reconstruction was adopted. The Southern states were recognized as conquered provinces. They were divided into military districts under generals of the army charged with the maintenance of law and order. They were not to be recognized as states until they should ratify the fourteenth amendment and adopt constitutions in harmony with it In framing their new constitutions the blacks

must be allowed to vote as well as the whites, and their constitutions, when adopted, must wipe out all distinctions of race and color and guarantee equal rights to all. This was that momentous reconstruction bill, which, passing House and Senate over Johnson's veto, became the law of the land,— the full, ripe harvest of the seed that had been sown in the proud ordinances of secession.

The old commoner's work was done. And yet we are to have a final glimpse of him in another role, perhaps the most dramatic and impressive of all,— as he stood at the bar of the Senate to impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office. It was February, 1868, and Stevens died in August. Already the hand of death was on him. Day after day during the trial that succeeded he was carried to and from the Senate in a chair. Such was the tenacity of life in his wasted frame that he turned to the stalwart negroes who bore him and asked, "Who will carry me, boys, when you are dead and gone?" The representatives of the people had been roused to fury by Johnson's long, bitter, obstinate resistance to the people's will. Finally they had voted to impeach him. It was Stevens who had checkmated him at every play. For three years, almost, at the head of a loyal and determined House he had thwarted him in every attempt to nullify the results of war. Again and again he had met and over-ridden his veto with the constitutional two-thirds majority. It was fitting that it should be reserved for him to rise from his death-bed to bring to the bar of the Senate that unique and tremendous accusation. He did it like

the great lawyer that he was. "Who can forget," said Charles Sumner, "his steady, solemn utterance of that great arraignment? I doubt if words were ever delivered with more effect. They were few but they will resound through the ages."

When Congress took its recess near the end of July, Stevens was too weak to be taken to Pennsylvania. The others scattered to their homes. He stayed behind in Washington, and there in a few days he died. Undaunted to the last he said: "I am going to die in harness. I mean to die hurrahing!" A few of his kin were by him. Two sisters of charity watched at his side. Two colored clergymen came and asked leave to say a prayer for him, and he gave them his hand. One of the sisters took a glass of water and tenderly baptized him, and like a little child falling asleep in his mother's arms that indomitable spirit passed away.

It was a sweet and fitting act to touch his rugged brow with the sign of our redemption; but I cannot think they would have missed it in the world to which he went. For the motive that inspired Thaddeus Stevens's life was, in the profoundest sense, a religious one. He was not impressed by the signs and symbols of religion; he was not convinced by the creeds in which the subtlest intellects of two thousand years have expressed their belief in a spiritual world; he was not a mystic, lost in solitary contemplation of the divine presence; he was not a poet captivated by the beautiful mythology that gathers about any faith that finds a home in the heart of man. But religion speaks with a thousand voices: it has its own appropriate appeal for every human

soul. To Thaddeus Stevens the Son of Man came in the likeness of the poor and enslaved of his own generation. In their unhappy faces, with their beseeching black and bruised hands, He made to Thaddeus Stevens His appeal, and He did not appeal in vain. The consecration of a divine, unselfish purpose kindled his brain, and touched his lips with the fire of prophecy. It is a false and shallow view that looks upon this man merely as a fierce and bitter partisan, or as a keen, determined lawyer, or even as a sound, far-seeing statesman. He was something more than these: he was a witness to the truth. He was caught up by a breath of that great spirit that is forever moving over the face of the human deep lifting now one and now another to be a leader and a light to the wandering and shipwrecked race. He felt himself upborne on the wings of eternal truth. The words he spoke were not his own but the words of justice, that cannot fail. Heaven and earth might pass away, but its words would not pass away. Apostle or martyr was never more persuaded of the necessity or the sanctity of his witness. That is what electrified his hearers. That is what gave him, on his great day at Harrisburg, the appearance of a descended god. That is what forced Senator Dawes to say of him: "There were moments when he did not look like any other man I ever saw, and scarcely like a man at all." God gave him to see with unobstructed vision the absolute equality in which all men stand before their Maker and in which they shall stand, one day, before the law. For that ideal he battled. And when he was near his end he pledged his friends to bury him,

not with the prosperous and powerful, not in any burial place that would exclude the race for which he labored, but in a certain small and obscure graveyard where the dead of every class and color were received. And so they did. His very grave stands as a witness to the principles he fought for in his life.

To that humble, far-off resting-place our thoughts go out from this assembly with peculiar tenderness and pride. We think of his boyhood of poverty and promise, of genius and deformity. We think of the mother whose unquestioning sacrifice made all his triumphs possible. We see him far from home, struggling for a foothold among strangers, forging his way over every opposition to the first place at the bar. We see him defending the forlorn and helpless fugitive in the court of justice, freely devoting to the defence of liberty the skill and learning and eloquence which all the money of oppression could not buy; and when the law claims its victim we see him paying the ransom out of his own slender store. We see him standing up alone against an unjust movement of the people and by the single might of moral earnestness defeating it and putting it to shame. We see him refusing to set his name to a state constitution that presumes to draw a line between the sons of men according to the color of their skin. We see him at last in the halls of Congress facing the fiery and despotic South with a spirit as intense and uncompromising as its own. We see him returning to those halls again after years of silence, the infirmity of age upon his body but the fire of an exalted purpose in his soul, determined to die in harness now that the battle is really on. We think of the marvellous

foresight that took in every element of the problem and had it solved before his fellow statesmen even understood its terms. We hear him day by day and month after month expounding his principles, preparing the way for the measures that he knew must come, waiting with patience till the country was ready to adopt his view, and then pouring the hot lava of freedom into the mold of unassailable and enduring law. We think of his wit, his eloquence, his logic, his skill, the courage that never wavered, the resources that never failed, all dedicated to a lofty and unselfish plan—the iron will that nothing could bend or shatter, and underneath that stern forbidding countenance the heart as tender as a child's! Then, indeed, we are eager to stretch out our hands and claim him. Sleep sweetly in your unfrequented grave among the poorest of God's creatures! If no sculptor has given your rugged figure to the eyes of men, if no poet has sung your praises, if the dark despairing multitudes for whom you strove never knew of their benefactor, you would not care for that. Your work still stands in the very frame-work of free government where you imbedded it. Your spirit still lives in millions who accept without a question the principles you vindicated against the greatest odds. And here among the hills where you were born, where in your youth you girded up your loins and went forth to battle, men still love liberty and hate oppression,—still cherish that grand ideal, absolute justice and equal rights for all, that made your life heroic. You were worthy of Vermont, and Vermont is proud of her son.

A CAPITAL OF CAPITALS: THE FUTURE OF WASHINGTON

Introductory Address, Washington, D. C., February 27, 1913.

Fellow Members and Guests of the Committee of One Hundred:

I am not here to introduce the distinguished speaker, but to perform as best I may the task, at once tempting and difficult, of saying a few words by way of preface to the real address of the evening, which we have all come to hear.

After nine years in Washington, I find that the love and admiration for this inspiring city, which I brought with me when I came, have grown deeper and more rich, and that my hopes and wishes for its future have taken larger and more definite outline as I have come to see more clearly what the national capital may one day be. This ideal which has slowly fashioned itself in my own mind I offer you,—not because it is mine, but because I venture to think it may be much the same as that of multitudes of others, and for that reason entitled to attention and respect.

The capital of a nation, though it may lie, as ours does, at the level of the sea, must be in a very true sense, a city that is set on a hill and which cannot be hid. In the nature of things, it draws to itself not only the eyes of its own people, but, if it be the capital of a great nation, as ours is, the eyes of the whole

world. If the national domain be vast in extent, belting a continent, embracing different zones, revealing almost every variety of climate and production, with corresponding differences in ways of life and material interests, while at the same time it is one by virtue of a common national spirit and ideal, these facts will only make more impressive, as they certainly will make more necessary, that sentiment of awe and majesty that should surround and invest the seat of governmental power. And if this magnificent domain be the home of nearly half a hundred separate republics, each having its own history and traditions, its own pride of place, subordinate only to those of the nation,—not a few of them great enough in individual wealth and power to constitute nations by themselves, and having each its own capital, often beautiful and beloved,—then it is all the more essential that this capital of capitals should be no mean city, but worthy in every respect to dominate them all.

The natural sentiment of men in these conditions will tend to make reverend and august the capital of such a country, wherever it may be placed and whatever its separate history may have been. But if in fact it be almost coeval with the republic itself, if it have been founded by the idolized Father of his Country and bear his name, if it have been for upwards of a century the scene of historic events that have determined the fate of the nation, if it swarm with memories of statesmen and heroes and martyrs, if no one can look upon it without recalling a titanic struggle for its possession which marshaled men by the million, sprinkled the whole land with

blood, and finally gave that land, as Lincoln declared, "a new birth of Freedom," then I say it may well be, and surely must become, a Mecca for the feet of patriots as long as the nation shall endure.

Whether we will it so or not, it will become a symbol,—a symbol of the great republic whose visible throne is here. For imagination is not dead and cannot die; and the way of men in all ages is to make symbols, and to cling to them when they are made. It is wisdom, then, to see that the symbol shall be worthy of the love and veneration it expresses, that it may in turn strengthen love and deepen veneration for the reality which it shadows forth. Who shall say that the multitudes who come and go shall not bear away in their bosoms a loftier conception of their country, a juster pride in its history, a firmer faith in its principles, a brighter hope for its future, and a more steadfast purpose to make that future what it ought to be, if they behold here a city which is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual life of a free and advancing people? Not a dollar is wasted that is carefully devoted to that use. When you throw a noble bridge across this river it will be an arm to draw the South and North together. It will not only symbolize re-union, it will serve to make re-union surer and more lasting. For the masses of mankind learn by what they look upon even more than by what they hear or what they read. When they look upon that structure they will feel the impulse of the fraternal love that put it there. Their hearts will tell them what it means. It will need no inscription. They will see North and South clasping hands, in the shadow of Washington's monument and

under the fatherly eyes of Lincoln, who loved and would have saved them both.

To serve its highest purpose in this kind the city, then, must be a work of art,—not a loose gathering of various works of art, but one work. How can this be, without observance of the first principle of art,—unity? Unity of ideal and unity of design—these we must have, unless we are to be satisfied with a mere collection of separate and inharmonious attempts. That is the idea, that is the truth, that has united us and called this Committee into being. Upon the success of our endeavors, or the endeavors of others inspired by the same principle, the success of the enterprise depends. To have some part however small in securing the realization of this ideal is a privilege and will be a joy and pride to us and to those who shall come after.

And now, without longer standing between you and the pleasure you anticipate, I yield the floor to our most welcome guest, whose wide experience in other lands, whose knowledge of this country and appreciation of its institutions, together with his deep and generous interest in Washington itself, so eminently fit him to be our guide in such a field,—Mr. Bryce.

FOUR BROTHERS: A GRAVE IN ARLINGTON

An Address Delivered at the National Cemetery, Arlington, Va., May 30, 1911.

"Not a day passes over the earth"—so the great novelist begins his masterpiece—"but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows." This little monument is erected to four brothers who sleep under this sod—four private soldiers in the Civil War. All were wounded in battle. All died, sooner or later, of their wounds. One lived till 1869 and the last survived the conflict by more than forty years; but after he was dead the surgeon's knife revealed the truth. Not many years ago, on a ploughed field in Virginia, that had been fought over in the dreadful struggle, a buried shell was turned up to the light of day—and it exploded, carrying destruction with it. For forty years the unspent force of war had slumbered in its womb, sullenly waiting for its bloody birth. So here, sooner or later, the fatal seeds of war bore fruit and now at last the harvest is complete.

Fifty years have passed away since their young blood was stirred by "the silver voices of heroic bugles," and their ingenuous hearts answered to the all-compelling voice of duty. Fifty years! If we would understand what the war meant to those who suffered by it, we should not deal with numbers and

statistics, we should hear the story of some single family like this. In 1861 it was a happy, devout and loving household in the blue hills of Pennsylvania—father and mother, six sons and three daughters. Their first home was a log cabin. But they have outgrown that, and from the clay of their own farm the bricks are molded and burned for the new, large house that shall shelter them, as they imagine, for many years to come. Jacob Logan is the oldest son, bearing his mother's maiden name. He is twenty-three. John Lyle is the second, named after his father. He is twenty. Then there is Nelson at seventeen and Joseph at sixteen, and there are two still younger. Jacob, the eldest, enlists in August, 1861. All the family go to the county-seat to watch his regiment march away. It is the 100th Pennsylvania Volunteers. But that is not the name it goes by. Lieutenant General Scott had named it before it was recruited. They were to be, and were, "The Roundheads." They were mustered from those counties south of Pittsburg, settled in large numbers by Cromwellians and Covenanters. Just a year later, John enlists and joins his brother. Nelson and Joseph beg for leave to go. Father and mother will not consent. But in February and March, 1864, when the same regiment is being refilled to make good the gaps of war, Nelson and Joseph join, and the four brothers are marching under the same regimental colors. Of the two brothers younger still, one attempts to enlist and is rejected; the other is too young even to be offered.

It was in truth the Roundhead regiment. Through four years of hard campaigning, from Port Royal to Petersburg, it proved itself worthy of its

name. It was a fighting, Bible-reading regiment. On the evening before the battle of Cold Harbor, Jacob and Nelson read their Testaments together. The next day Jacob was killed and Nelson received the dreadful wound he carried to the grave. That was the summer of 1864—the fearful slaughter-time when Grant was grinding his bloody, obstinate way through the Wilderness. Nelson was carried to a farmhouse, where surgeons did their best but gave no promise of recovery. After a week the order came that the wounded should be moved to Washington. The ambulances were reserved for those who might recover. Nelson was considered beyond hope. He was placed in an empty supply wagon, and started on his ride over a road of corduroy. He begged to be taken out and left behind to die in a corner of the fence; but finally, his body resting on a sack of oats, his shoulders against the stay-chain, and his arms around it, he contrived to ease the jar of his twenty miles' torturing journey till he reached the steamer. At Washington he lay in the Lincoln Hospital, where Lincoln Park is now. His mother somehow got the news. She took the train (she had never seen a train before) and came to Washington to find her boy. She finds the hospital, but the soldiers standing guard will not admit her. She sinks down upon the curbstone weeping. A stranger sees her distress and finds a way for her to gain admittance. She sits beside her wounded son till night comes on, when in spite of all entreaties she is sent away, and goes sadly back to her home among the hills. At that very time Joseph, the youngest of her four soldier boys, is lying in a hospital in the same city, the Mt. Pleasant, dying

of homesickness as much as from his wound; (if he could only have seen his mother for an hour!) but this she never knows till long years after. Joseph died in a few days and was buried somewhere here at Arlington in July, 1864. Jacob was buried at Cold Harbor, where he fell. What became of John, the second son? He was shot through the lungs when the mine exploded before Petersburg—was taken home and lived till 1869, and was the only one of the four to be buried in the old home churchyard there. Here at last, gathered from their various resting places, they are all sleeping side by side.

That is the sad proud story of the McCulloughs. It claims our admiration and our tears, not because it was peculiar, but because it was not. In how many, many homes the story was repeated—mothers weeping for their first-born and would not be comforted Family after family lost all. It is only when we take the individual instance to our hearts, and then multiply its agony into thousands and tens of thousands, that we can even begin to understand. This very regiment that numbered, from first to last, two thousand and fourteen, lost eight hundred and eighty-seven in dead and wounded. Two hundred and twenty-four of its brave boys were killed outright or died the lingering, torturing death of Rebel prisons. To read the roll of its battles is to summon up all the mingled shadows and splendors of those awful years. It sounds like a summary of the war itself: Manassas, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Blue Springs, Knoxville, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and many more. Lying in trenches, storming the batteries,

walkng with bare and bleeding feet on frozen ground, burning with fever, fainting with hunger, marching and remarching, from Charleston Harbor to the environs of Vicksburg—they knew all the hardships, all the vicissitudes, all the defeats and triumphs of that unexampled war. What were they fighting for and what sustained them? That is the secret and and the lesson we would learn. These boys comprehended the moral issues that lay beneath the war. They knew that they were fighting for the truth. They understood. They knew it was not merely a quarrel between two sections. It was not really the North against the South. It was freedom against slavery. It was the schoolhouse against the auction-block. It was a nation that had finally pledged itself to liberty for all, against a confederacy that had solemnly declared that slavery should be perpetual. They knew that the South had written it into her constitution that no state should ever have *the power* to abolish slavery. They knew that between such a government and a union of free states, side by side upon this continent, there never could be peace. They knew that Lincoln was right when he said it must be one thing or the other—the country would be all slave or all free. There was only one way, and that was to fight it out. If they shirked the task they knew another generation would have the work to do. They adopted Washington's old motto —"Thorough." They determined to fight it to the finish; and they did. They did not underestimate the foe. They knew there was plenty of courage on the other side—plenty of endurance, plenty of sincerity. But they knew by their faith in truth and justice

and by the pure prayers they learned at their mother's knee, that their enemies were wrong and they were right. They never doubted that the God of their fathers, who had given them the victory at Marston Moor and Naseby, was on their side.

They had seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred
circling camps;
They had builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
They had read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps—His truth was marching on!

And now these four are sleeping here where so many thousands of their comrades are resting on their arms never to be startled by the bugle-call. They sleep in the soil of Virginia, the chief state of the old Confederacy, but, thank God! they sleep in Union soil,—in sight of the Capital they helped to save, by the side of the war-storied river that now in all its windings sees no South, no North, but one country, under one flag, consecrated to the truths they fought for, dedicated forever to Liberty and Law.

THE NEGRO AND THE NATION

Chairman's Address at the National Conference to Consider the Status of the Negro, at the Public Meeting in Cooper Union, New York City, May 31, 1909.

I believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Not the brotherhood of white men, but the brotherhood of all men. I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence, and I stand by the Constitution of the United States, including the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. That is my creed and my platform.

Some questions are difficult because they are so complicated. Others are difficult because they are so simple. Duty is apt to be difficult, and the simplest duty may yet be the hardest. I assume that human nature is substantially the same in every climate and under every skin. I assume that the white people of the South are in themselves no better and no worse than the white people of the North. I assume that their opinions and conduct are what ours might have been if we had come under the same influences and conditions. But such considerations do not settle the question, What is right?

The broad subject of our conference is the negro and the Nation, not the negro and the North, not the negro and the South, not the negro and the white man, but the negro and the nation. The questions

it brings up are national. They cannot be settled by any one race and still less by any one section. They concern the whole country and they must be answered by the country as a whole. If the Constitution is not binding in South Carolina it is not binding in New York. If it cannot protect the black man it cannot long protect the white. If fifteen states can set aside the Constitution at their pleasure there is no Constitution worth the name. If a state can nullify one clause it can nullify the whole. If a state can, in a single congressional district, deliberately exclude three-fourths of its eligible voters from the polls on the real ground of color, and yet insist upon having them all counted for the purpose of holding a seat in the national assembly, it can perpetrate a fraud on every legally constituted congressional district in the United States, and there is no security for representative government in any corner of the land. If any class or race can be permanently set apart from and pushed down below the rest in political and civil rights, so may any other class or race when it shall incur the displeasure of its more powerful associates, and we may say farewell at once to the principles on which we have counted for our safety.

We are confronted not by a theory but by a fact. That fact is the deliberate and avowed exclusion of a whole race of our fellow citizens from their constitutional rights, accompanied by the announcement that that exclusion must and shall be permanent. It is not that the negro is ignorant, nor that he is poor, nor that he is vicious, but that he is a negro. Even when he is good and learned and rich, he must

still be excluded because he is still a negro. That is the proposition, and that it is which makes it the duty of all who dissent from such a doctrine to make their dissent known and to make it uncompromising and clear.

If the Southern states were only taking the ground that all voters white and black alike must possess certain high qualifications in property and education, the situation would not be what it is. Such restrictions might result in the exclusion of the great mass of colored men as it would result in the exclusion of large numbers of the white. Yet we might well wait for the effects of time. If any indication were to be found that the South is looking forward to a day when the colored man shall exercise his political rights, and that it is providing some process, no matter how slow and gradual, by which that result may be attained, it might be our patriotic duty to hold our peace. But when no such indication is to be found, when no encouragement is held out that the negro shall ever have any, even the slightest, part in the government under which he lives, patriotic duty forbids that we should be silent. When will there be any change—why should there be any change—as long as the whole country, North as well as South, acquiesces in the present order?

But there is a still deeper consequence involved. If laws can be made and enforced which every child knows were intended to deprive and do in fact deprive millions of American citizens of the rights guaranteed them by the Constitution of their country, it is vain to call on men to reverence the law, and

when we swear to the Constitution we swear to a rotten reed. "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" That was the old prophetic question. Not faith in the mystic spiritual sense, but fides, good faith, common honesty. When multitudes of men take an oath which on their own confession they have no thought of keeping, the public conscience is debased and the bond that holds society together is well nigh dissolved. The grossest barbarian that ever shed human blood to solemnize his oath has had some form of words that would bind his darkened conscience, and to break which he counted as damnation. It was left for the nineteenth Christian century to exhibit the spectacle of thousands of civilized men taking upon their lips an oath, in the most solemn form of their religion, which they themselves publicly and shamelessly admit they never intended to observe. From such a position it is but a short step to verdicts on the unwritten law and trial and execution by the mob. When the Constitution is defied it can make no essential difference whether that defiance is expressed in Tillman's coarse and brutal words, "To hell with the Constitution," or is couched in some honeyed, euphemistic phrase that appeals to Anglo-Saxon prejudice and pride. In either case the thing is done.

It is a fitting day for such a subject. It has become the fashion of recent years to treat the Civil War as nothing but a political contest, ignoring the tremendous moral issues that alone justified its sacrifices. But read Lincoln's second inaugural, where he spoke as the prophet of his people and uttered the deep secret of the conflict. It will not do to shut

our eyes to the real causes and results of the war—especially now when Northern indifference and Southern injustice strike hands to keep the black race in a new bondage as helpless and hopeless as the old. As a member of the white race and turning for the moment to white men, I say that our race will deserve any calamity the presence of the black race may bring. We brought it here by theft and force. We owed it liberty and we gave it a chain. We owe it light and we give it darkness. We owe it opportunity and we hedge it round with restraints. We owe it the court house and we give it the lynching tree. We owe it an example of order and self-control; we give it an example of lawlessness and hate. We are sowing the wind and if we reap the whirlwind we shall have ourselves to blame.

The strong imagine they have a mortgage upon the weak but in the world of morals it is the other way. We complain that virtue and intelligence cannot be safe in the neighborhood of ignorance and vice. God means that it should be so. So does he take bonds from the mighty to do justice by the weak. Shame on the race that holds in its hands the wealth of the continent and carries in its brain the accumulated culture of the centuries and yet, refusing to lift ignorance and vice to the level of enlightenment and virtue makes that ignorance and vice an excuse for the denial of human rights. Never until the white man has spent his last surplus dollar and exhausted the last faculty of his brain in the effort to lift up his weaker brother—never until then can he stand in the presence of infinite justice and complain of the ignorance or the criminality of the black.

It is really a contest between caste and equality, —a contest as old as the world and possibly as permanent. The spirit of caste is nothing else than that self-worship that is fostered and gratified when it can look down upon another. The secret of caste is inordinate self-love and pride. It can find no welcome in the heart where the Son of Man is made at home. Underneath every political or social phase of the subject lies the profounder phase which makes it a question of duty and of true religion. If we can do nothing else, we can at least, on this day of sacred memories, purify our ideals, and test our conduct by them. We do not make our ideals, our ideals make us. America did not choose the great doctrine of equal rights—that immortal truth chose America. It has molded her from the beginning; it will mold her until the end; or if it cannot it will cast her off with the wreckage of the past and take up some other nation that shall be found worthy.

There is a power that has been working here from the beginning. It will be working here when you and I are gone. It is the power whose purpose is that all men shall be free. Various races have at various times flattered themselves that they were a chosen people. But if history shows anything it shows that a nation is nothing but a tool in the hand of The Almighty. If if serves His purpose it is used. If it breaks in His hand it is thrown away, and another is chosen in its stead. If this nation has any mission it is to make the Declaration of Independence good—that and the three great amendments to the Constitution which were the necessary outcome of the sublime pledge of 1776. It is true

those amendments were adopted in a glow of idealism. But so was the Declaration itself. It is true they have not been lived up to any more than the Declaration was lived up to in the first seventy years of the Republic. But now as then and at all other times the test of our institutions, both of their power to last and of their worthiness to last, is simply and solely this: Do they serve to keep the rights of men sacred and secure?

RUSSIA AND THE JEWS

A Speech at the Mass Meeting in Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C., January 21, 1906.

Mr. Chairman:—The events which have called us together stand by themselves. There is nothing to equal them in the records of the race. To find anything worthy of comparison you must pass by St. Bartholomew and the Inquisition, and go back to the Dispersion, the Captivity or the bondage in Egypt. They constitute one of the highest mountain-peaks of human wickedness. When you and I have lain in our forgotten graves a thousand years, it will still loom dark against the horizon. The eye that gazes across the centuries will be arrested by it as one of the colossal crimes in human history. We are standing in its shadow, and we are awed by its very magnitude, as if we stood in the presence of a malignity that knows no bounds.

The world is used to slaughter; it has grown callous to carnage; it can even exult in battle where man meets man and fights to a finish; but it has never grown used to murder. Hardened as it is, the blood of a hundred thousand murders turns it pale. Cities have been sacked before; childhood has been trodden under heel, womanhood has been violated and homes have been laid desolate before. These terrors follow in the train of "glorious war," and nations have learned to expect them as a part of the great price to be paid

for victory and peace. But Russia's six hundred desolated villages and towns were not in the track of war; they were at peace; they were under the protection of the civil power. There is nothing new in riots and in mobs. But eyewitnesses declare—the world is compelled to believe—that these mobs did their work under the eye of Cossack and police, while the guns of the state were trained not on the rioters, but on their victims. Russia is in revolution. An empire struggling to keep its seat cannot be expected to maintain the order of tranquil times. But, for the most part, these towns and cities were never in revolt. The murdered thousands were unoffending and defenseless. Neither slayer nor slain had lifted hand against the men in power. The great body of Russian Hebrews did, indeed, long in their hearts to be free; they had made known their desire for a free constitution. That was their only crime—that and the fact that they were Jews. Race hatred is as old as the race; but why this sudden and unexampled fury—why this uprising, as if at a signal, in a hundred communities at once? There is only one possible answer. The spite and vengeance of a discredited autocracy is being visited upon *them* because they alone, among the lovers of freedom, are unable to resist. Upon them it is easy to turn the tide of old prejudice and superstitious hate. Let the rapacity of the people be glutted out of their substance—then perhaps it may forget to turn against the powers that be. "Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies," and Russian tyranny, driven to the wall, is striving to drown the revolution in a deluge of Hebrew blood. In Odessa, where eight thous-

and Jews were murdered, Baron Kaulbars was in command of sixty thousand troops, and refused to interfere. A thousand students armed themselves for the defense of the Jews. Then the garrison did interfere, yes, surrounded the students and held them prisoners until the massacre was over.

Race hatred! A Russian to hate a Jew! Think of it. On the walls of his vast cathedrals he carves the figures of his twelve holy apostles—and every one of them a Jew. He enters and prostrates himself before the picture of a Hebrew child in the arms of a Hebrew mother; he mutters a creed that declares a Jew to be the Son of God, the Saviour of the world—then he goes out and kills the first Jew he meets, because he is a Jew!

The Hebrew race is entitled to the admiration of the world for great and peculiar virtues; but if it were black as prejudice can paint it, its sorrows would deserve our sympathy today. In Southern Russia, and just across her borders, six million Jews have made their home—one-half of all that dwell upon the globe. Were those who have died already offenders above the rest, or is the massacre to go on until all shall perish or be scattered to the winds?

The rulers of Russia— are they responsible for these outrages? Shall we shut our eyes to what the past quarter of a century has brought to light? The charge is not made against the shepherds of a free people. It is made against a despotism that still dreams it can impose upon the twentieth century the forms and fetters of the twelfth. It is brought against a caste that will give up nothing of its feudal claims except in obedience to the dagger or the bomb.

What can you expect of a land that puts its ruffians in office and its heroes in prison? What can you expect of a land that year after year sends the flower of its young manhood to grow gray in Siberian dungeons— and for what? For cherishing the very opinions which every man in this audience would die to maintain. What can you expect of a government that flogs women naked in the public square if they betray sympathy with their martyred brothers by a whispered word?

Those are the governors to whom Israel must look for protection. That is the upper millstone. Underneath lies the dull and heavy mass of Russian peasantry, blind, brutish, supertitious—debased and degraded by a thousand years of oppression—the ninety millions whose awakened fury may yet sweep Czar and Cossack from the earth. That is the nether millstone. And between the two Russian liberty, the intelligence and aspiration of the new Russia, may be ground to powder. That is the plan.

There are calamities so great that they melt all races into one family. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." So does an assault like this upon the rights of man. It melts down every barrier that divides us. We are no longer Russian or American, Jew or Christian, we are only men. In such a time as this we must either deny our manhood or we must speak. Governments may still be bound by other ties; but the people in a moment like this are bound by no ties except the ties of kindness and justice, which God Himself ordained when He made of one blood all nations of the earth to serve Him.

What good will our denunciation do? What

does Russia care for the opinion of mankind? Friends, the time has gone by when any man or monarch could defy the united indignation of the world. The cords of mutual dependence are too many and too strong. Let every community in Christendom do what we propose to do tonight and Russia, yes, even Russia, would be able to read the writing on the wall. Let us assume that the rest of the world will do their duty; but if all the rest should hold their peace, let us do ours.

Sir, as I said in the beginning, this is a crime that future ages will take note of. The men of aftertime will have their own opinion of it. They will not judge it by what we say of it, but they will judge us very largely by the way we treat it. Never fear, the glorious liberty-loving future will know how to damn such a deed as this without our prompting. But when the student of history shall turn the pages of the past to find what part our country took, will he not ask such questions as these? "England, Germany, Italy, France, these sent from their capitals a cry of protest. Had the great free nation of the West no word for an hour like this? Then as now," he will say, "from the bank of the Potomac soared the sublime monument to the Father of his Country; then as now, the sacred sepulchre at Mount Vernon was visited by pilgrims without number; on every side lay the old battlefields of freedom; and there at the capital were gathered from more than forty states the representatives of a free and mighty people. Was there no voice from the grave of Washington? Was America heartless or afraid to speak?" Sir, it is not the Jews of Moscow and Odessa, it is we and

our children who have most at stake in the answer to that question. This is the place and this is the hour to answer it.

THE MAKING OF VERMONT

Delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Montpelier, October 24, 1900, on the Invitation of The Society of Colonial Dames.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Society of Colonial Dames, and Invited Friends: We may well count ourselves happy in the time and place of our meeting. We are here in the very heart of the Green Mountain land—*Verd Mont,* the Frenchman called it, a phrase that was to become on English-speaking lips the most beautiful name for the most beautiful state in the whole new hemisphere, Vermont. Just over there rises our stateliest landmark, Camel's Hump, earlier and fitlier called the Crouching Lion, —the summit whose majestic contour arrested the gaze of Samuel Champlain as he sailed up the blue midland water almost three centuries ago. Below us winds the Winooski, that main highway of war over which by summer and winter, in birch canoe or on moccasin and racket, the Canadian savages red and white sped on their bloody errands, to cross the mountain-divide and fall with tomahawk and torch upon the pioneers along the Connecticut. Almost at our feet is the spot where, a hundred and twenty years ago this very month, one such fiendish band overtook two hunters from Newbury, believed their story that the great-valley settlements were up-in-arms to meet them, and, turning aside from their premeditated course, swooped with fire and knife

down White River upon Royalton; and here a few days later they repassed through the rustling fallen leaves of October, leading their sixteen pale-face captives to be sold in the Montreal market "for a half-joe apiece." We are met in the capital of the state. Here, after its long wandering and fifteen temporary resting places, the ark of government found a temple at last; and here for well nigh a hundred years the lawgivers of the commonwealth have wrought the sentiments, purposes and ideals of the people into plain and wholesome rules of civic conduct. Just outside, in the portico, stand the brass cannon wrenched from Hessian and British hands on the great day at Bennington; and within the halls hang the stained and tattered flags of a later and vaster conflict, to which the loyal little state sent one-tenth of her entire population,—more than one-half of all her able-bodied men. Surely it is a fitting time and place, and this dignified and beautiful presence is an inspiration to one who tries to tell once more the story of the heroism of the New Hampshire Grants —The Making of Vermont.

I cannot expect to tell you anything you have not heard before. If it were new it would be false; and the story I am set to tell is true. But old stories are not always dull, as we, who were once boys and girls, can testify, and I count tonight upon your partial fondness for the theme, just as your mother did when she repeated some familiar tale which for the hundredth time could charm the ears of childhood.

Vermont was made and fashioned in the conflict of tremendous forces. If she had not been harder than the millstones of oppression that chafed her she

would have been pulverized between them; but she was a diamond, and came out of the process every facet symmetrically polished and luminous with liberty.

If we seek for causes we must look far back. Before ever a white man's foot had touched her borders her destiny was being shaped in the struggles and rivalries of Europe. Her fate hung for a time on the division of this continent between Britain and Holland, and afterwards between Britain and France. England had laid her hand upon the Atlantic coast from Florida to Labrador, and said, "Take notice, all this is mine." But the Dutch had been first up the Hudson: they had planted a trading post at Albany, and claimed the land southward to Delaware Bay and northward to Cape Cod. The wave of Dutch settlement spreading eastward from Hudson River met the wave of English settlement spreading westward from Narragansett Bay, and there began to be trouble. It was the old question of boundary, —at all times the most fruitful source of controversy, if we except woman, since the world began. *This* controversy, however, was settled for the time being by a sort of treaty between the Dutch governor on the one hand and the New England commissioners on the other, and the line had been established ten miles east of Hudson River and running north as far as anybody cared. England would never recognize this settlement,—indeed, she could not without recognizing the Dutch claim, and she was resolved to treat the Dutch as intruders. But Holland ratified it as her permanent eastern bound. That was in 1650. Fourteen years later, in 1664, the English King, Charles II.,

made up his mind it was time to oust the Hollanders. So, in the usual generous manner of kings, he gave all the land they claimed to his brother James, Duke of York, and sent him over here with plenty of ships and men to take possession; and he did so completely that same autumn of 1664. But, strange as it may seem to us, only two years earlier this same generous king had granted the charter of Connecticut, to take in everything within its range from Narragansett Bay to the Pacific Ocean; and just north of that, thirty years before, the Crown had granted the charter of Massachusetts, likewise stretching westward across the continent. Ordinary men, if they had made deeds like these, might have looked for difficulties; but these were the deeds of kings. So we need not be surprised to find that when Charles granted the Dutch territory to his dearly-beloved brother he granted him everything in sight—from Delaware Bay to Connecticut River. Hiland Hall, in his painstaking Early History of Vermont, has pointed out the reasons for the extravagant language of this deed and has shown clearly enough that the King's intent was to embrace only the Dutch possessions, which the Dutch themselves, as we have just seen, had limited on the east to a ten-mile line from Hudson River. Within six weeks after the conquest of New Netherlands the eastern line was in fact located by the King's commissioners only twenty miles east of the river, running northerly to Lake Champlain; and that is the line for which our fathers contended. But long afterwards New York unearthed and brought to light this old charter to the Duke and sought to bound herself by the Connecticut.

So much for British and Dutch, but England and France were to have a longer and a tougher struggle. It was not until a century later, in 1760, that Canada passed from under the banner of the *fleur-de-lis* and North America was secured to the Anglo-Saxon. It was a French Catholic explorer who sailed up the Sorel River and Lake Champlain in 1609. It was French Jesuits who discovered Lake George in 1646, and gave its emerald waters the pious name St. Sacrament. It was a little colony of French Canadians, unquestioning children of the Mother Church, that settled at Chimney Point in 1730. Crown Point and Ticonderoga were the work of Frenchmen, and the land where we live was long reckoned a part of New France. Our lofty water-shed sends down its eastern slope stream after stream to Connecticut River and Long Island Sound, and down its western side to Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, and not a drop today, thank God! will touch a foot of soil that is not under Anglo-Saxon rule. Yet those northward flowing streams traverse a region almost as unlike our own in manners, customs, religious, and political ideas, as the Latin and Teutonic races are unlike. The French provinces shifted their allegiance, but not their ways and views of life. There the statesman may be in place, but the priest is in power. It was a great moment for our unborn State that saw the English flag planted upon the battlements of Quebec, guaranteeing that these hills and valleys should be peopled from New England, not from New France.

So you see, we Vermonters narrowly escaped being Dutchmen, and still more narrowly escaped

being Frenchmen; but it was by a special interposition of Providence that we escaped being New Yorkers! Now if you feel half-inclined to resent even a jest that would seem to cast a slur upon the magnificent Empire State, I am glad, for that feeling is the surest proof and truest measure of the vast change that has taken place since 1777. Looking upon our sisterhood of states today, resting on the same broad principles of free government, bound together and bulwarked by the same great constitution, we might ask, What matter whether a little tract, of ten thousand square miles, should fall within the bounds of one or another? But from 1760 to 1791 it was not so. The colonies differed widely.

New England was, indeed, pretty much all alike,—Puritan in religion, democratic in government, progressive in spirit, choosing her own officers, doing her own business in town meeting, jealous of interference from over-sea, chafing under restraint and ready to cast off the lightest weight of oppression. New York was just the opposite,—churchy in religion, aristocratic in government, Tory in politics, a stumbling-block throughout the Revolution. The people had small voice in affairs of state; local officers were appointed by the governor, and he, of course, by the Crown; a few strong families, securing enormous grants of land and pilfering from the public purse without shame, almost without concealment, ruled the colony. Of course I do not mean that the common people of New York were so different from the common people of New England. Their heart was in the Revolution—their heart was with the Vermonters when Vermont contended with their

government at home. But they were not in control. I speak of the men who held the reins of power, and of the form of institutions that enabled them to rule; for it was these that gave character to the colony. We should not readily consent even today to become a county or two of New York, swallowed up and lost in her seven million population, our individual traits and traditions surrendered, our independence a thing of the past. Yet all that might happen today with smaller loss to us and to our children than that which threatened our fathers when they declared their determination to be free.

This is the view which gives dignity and elevation to our theme. The quarrel between New York and the Hampshire Grants was not a mere question of boundary; it was not a great law-suit concerning land; it was not merely resistance to unjust and arbitrary acts that threatened ruin to a thousand homes. You cannot rightly estimate the struggle, you cannot even understand it, until you see in it a grapple between aristrocracy and democracy,—between the Crown and the Commonwealth. The principles and practices of government that marked the sway of Colden and Clinton came down through the school of kingly prerogative to Geo. III. from Charles I., while the strength of Allen and Warner, of Fay and Chittenden, was drawn from the ideas that settled Plymouth and triumphed at Naseby and held up the hands of the Long Parliament, ideas that prompted the pen of Milton, the tongue of Vane, the heart of Hampden, the sword of Cromwell, and finally brought the head of the first Stuart to the block. Vermont was peopled from Rhode Island, Massachusetts

and Connecticut. The key fact is not that they took charters through Benning Wentworth from the king, but that they claimed the rights of freemen through a long line of heroic fathers from the King of kings. But they were clearly right in their contention judged by the plainest rules of equity and law. The old controversy has been threshed over a thousand times. Let us try to state it once more in a few simple words.

When the French war came to an end, in 1760, this territory between the lake and the long river, west and east, between Canada and the Massachusetts border, north and south, was practically one unbroken wilderness. But it was not unknown, nor unfamiliar, to the New England soldiers, who had made their way through it again and again during the long war that was now over. They found here pure water, fertile soil, natural fruits, abundant fish and game, attractive scenery; and they made up their minds to take deeds and settle. Where should they go for titles? Why, they went to the only man who seemed to be in the business of granting titles at that time—and that was Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire. The King had given him a charter of the lands north of Massachusetts and extending westward "until they met his other governments." His other government on the west was of course New York; and that meant, as every one supposed, to the eastern line of New York as acknowledged by Holland when she was in possession, as located by the king's commissioners upon the conquest of New Netherlands, as laid down upon the accepted map of British possessions and as understood and practically agreed upon by the people of the neighboring jurisdictions

for a hundred years,—substantially the eastern line of New York as it is today.

Benning Wentworth, beginning with the grant of his name-sake town, Bennington, in 1749, and acting under his royal license, issued grants of one hundred and thirty townships; and into this new land, from Massachusetts and Connecticut, from the Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, thronged the hardy and adventurous settlers, founding the first rude homes that were to be the cradle of the future State.

But then New York set up her claim under the old charter to the Duke, and said, The Connecticut is my boundary; and the case came before King and Council in London. There for a long time it wavered in the balances, which on the whole inclined to the New Hampshire side, until political weights were thrown in which turned the scale. You remember it was 1764 and '5,—the era of the stamp act. The mutterings of the American Revolution were beginning to be heard, and the King dimly foresaw that he had a struggle at hand with his subjects. It was a shrewd time for New York to suggest a possible advantage to the Crown if the new territory should become a part of loyal, Tory New York, rather than Whig, rebellious New England. The suggestion did its work, and in April, 1765, news came that the boundary was to be the Connecticut.

But wherever the line was drawn the settlers should certainly have been undisturbed. New Hampshire and New York were both royal provinces, not proprietary ones. That is to say, they were under the immediate control of the King, who might draw

the line between the two to suit his will. But while the line remained uncertain, grants from either government, made in his name and settled in good faith by his subjects, ought, by the simplest and plainest rules of law and justice, to have been held good; and such was the view adopted and announced by the English government. But New York set it aside, and instead of treating the line as newly-established, treated it as having been the line from the beginning, declared all charters from the New Hampshire governor null and void, and proceeded to re-grant the lands to others.

Outrageous as her course was, the reasons and motives which prompted it made it more outrageous still. The great feudal families that had plundered and pillaged New York for a century had well-nigh exhausted that territory and were looking for new lands to divide up. Col. Nicholas Bayard, member of the council, had had a grant of fifty fertile miles along riverside, to yield and pay therefor the magnificent rental of one otter skin a year. The Rev. Godfrey Dellius, minister at Albany, with four others took a grant fifty miles in length by four in breadth along the Mohawk river, two miles on each side of it, (oh, ministers were modest in those days!) with a quit rent of one beaver skin per annum for the first seven years and five beaver skins a year forever after. And this same minister, whose Christian name by some mistake was Godfrey instead of Godly, got another tract seventy miles long by twelve miles wide on Hudson river, bounded on the south by the present town of Saratoga, and in return therefor undertook to see that the King had one raccoon skin

every year. The governors did not forget themselves. They granted vast tracts to figureheads who the next day deeded back to them. And when they made genuine grants to others they exacted enormous fees for the patent, which seldom found their way to the royal exchequer. But the greatest objection that New Englanders could have to these dishonest grants was that they placed the earth in the hands of men who were unwilling to divide and sell it, but were determined to people it with a dependent tenantry. It meant feudalism.

Such was the spirit of greed and wanton disregard of public right that had characterized the old government of that province of which the Hampshire Grants had now become a part. It was not long before the same spirit made itself manifest here. In the very next month after news came that New York had won, her governor granted to twenty-six men in common a tract of twenty-six thousand acres, twelve miles long with an average width of three miles, comprising the rich valley of the Battenkill in the present towns of Arlington, Sunderland, Manchester, and Dorset. The twenty-six men were men of straw, and a few weeks later they turned the property over to three men, the real owners,—Kempe, Duane, and Rutherford. The first was attorney general of the province, the second a conspicuous lawyer, the third a merchant, and all arrant speculators. The grant was on its face a double violation of the King's instructions, for it extended lengthwise along the banks of a river, and failed to embrace poor land along with good. In these very towns, on some of these very lands, the Hampshire settlers were making their homes.

Grant after grant followed in quick succession until November 1st, 1765, when all at once they ceased. Why? November 1st, 1765, was the day fixed by the British Parliament for the stamp act to take effect. Land patents were required to be stamped. But there were no stamps to be had—the American people had seized them.

That same month brought a new governor to New York, Sir Henry Moore, a young and ardent soldier with some reputation for fairness and chivalry. To him the Hampshire settlers went with their grievance. He gave them pleasant words but no relief. At last he made an order that they might apply to have their grants confirmed under New York. But the conditions imposed in patent fees and new surveys were too heavy. The pioneers had spent their all in their first purchase and improvements, and went back disheartened. Then they applied to the Crown. They sent Samuel Robinson with a petition to the King signed by a thousand grantees.

The King and ministry were on the side of the settlers. They encouraged their claims and threatened the rulers of the province if they held on in their unjust course. Some of the council were ready to take the bull by the horns and confirm the charters out of hand. But—how great things turn upon small! —the president of the council had the gout. He grew cross and tired of the long-winded hearing, and so the settlers were finally turned out and told to seek their remedy in the courts of law. When we remember that the court of law was at Albany, and its judges and officers the most determined enemies the settlers had, we are reminded of Thomas Erskine's sudden

and brilliant reply to Lord Kenyon, when he dismissed his case and advised him to take it into chancery—"Would your Lordship send a dog you loved there?" They did not seek the court at Albany; but they didn't have to—the court at Albany sought them. It sent out its writs of ejectment. They stood for trial at the June term, 1770. The settlers had no confidence in the court, but they appeared and defended. A test case was put on. The plaintiff showed his patent from New York. The defendant offered to show his earlier patent from New Hampshire; but the court shut it out, and ordered a verdict for the plaintiff, holding as matter of law that New York had always extended to the Connecticut. This was the end of the cases. The odds were all against the settlers. The Lieutenant Governor, several of the counsellors, many leading men in the province, the Attorney General himself, were claimants under New York. Even Judge Livingston who presided was a grantee, in common with his family and friends, of thirty-five thousand acres, and generally believed to be the real owner of the whole. Is it strange that the settlers looked upon the trial as a mockery? Their leading counsel had been a distinguished lawyer of Connecticut, Jared Ingersol; but the defence had been prepared by an unknown man, not a lawyer, who then first appeared upon the scene—Ethan Allen. He attended and watched the trial. When it was over the Attorney General said to him, "You had better go home and tell your friends to make the best terms they can with the landlords. Whatever the merits of your case, you see how things are going, and in these matters might makes right." It was then that Allen

made his immortal answer: "The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills." "What does that mean?" asked Kempe. "Come up to Bennington," said Allen, "and we'll show you."

The effect of the Albany decision was to annul every grant under New Hampshire. With the settlers their all was at stake. They had bought the land and paid for it; they had gone into the wilderness and built their homes; they had sweat to clear the ground, and all they had in the world was invested in the soil. If the judgment was to stand and be enforced they were beggars and outcasts upon the face of the earth. They resolved to appeal—to bring the case before the King himself, and in the meantime to defend their homes. It was an audacious stand; it was throwing their gage in the face of government itself; but it was that or ruin.

Then began to be shown forth those qualities,—courage, endurance, sagacity, self-control—which through seven dangerous and desperate years were to slowly mold a hundred fearful and scattered settlements into a single bold, united and independent people.

At first the problem was how to resist the courts without bringing the royal government about their ears. The ministry was favorably inclined: they could not afford to anger it. Yet that would assuredly follow an open and bloody revolt. In all the exciting and dramatic events that followed, the most remarkable fact is, that throughout the long years of obstinate resistance to the New York authority not a single life was taken or lost. What volumes that speaks for the wisdom and self-restraint of the Green

Mountain Boys. Oh, I know they threatened terribly. More than one traitor they banished under pain of death if he returned. More than one venturesome New York officer learned painfully that he had got out of his bailiwick, and went home with the enormous beech seal upon his back, bearing, it was thought, a ghastly resemblance to the seal on New Hampshire land-grant parchments, which the settlers insisted was a beech tree. These culprits were given a certificate that they had been once duly punished—a sort of parole like those since furnished by our prison commissioners—effectual during good behavior. It was poetic justice, the settlers maintained, that these offenders should be chastened, as they put it, with "the twigs of the wilderness, the growth of the land they coveted." When the council of New York set a price on the heads of our leaders, our leaders set a price on the heads of the jobbers, and neither bounty was ever claimed.

We must never lose sight of the fact that it was not a controversy between the people of the two districts. The people of New York could never be induced to back up their leaders in this quarrel. If this were an old feud between sister states we might hesitate to revive its memories. But it is not so. The stuffed catamount that crouched atop Fay's tavern sign-post in Bennington grinning towards the New York border, was not showing his teeth to the people of New York but to the heartless rulers and land-jobbers whom their own people condemned. The sheriff was never able to summon a *posse* that would stand by him. He came once with three hundred, lieutenanted by the mayor and alderman of Albany and four

lawyers. He was going to set out James Breakenridge. But they were stopped at the bridge by a half-dozen. The leaders were allowed to pass on to the house and hold parley with its score of defenders, who sent back word that they would hold it at all hazards; whereupon, spite of coaxing and threatening, the *posse comitatus* went off to their homes. They had better business than ousting honest settlers under dishonest judgments.

The Green Mountain Boys had that free and open way of dealing with their cause which goes with an undoubting faith in its merits. One day a New Yorker dismounted at the Catamount Tavern. On entering he saw a large gathering and thinking it might be something private offered to go into another room. "Oh, no!" he was answered, "stay and hear the discussion." Stephen Fay, the landlord, was reading aloud Gov. Tryon's proclamation. When he came to the statement that the Connecticut River had always been New York's eastern boundary, the reader dropped the sententious comment that "*he* knew that was a damned lie." When the reading was over the guest was asked *his* opinion; and when he said he thought the Yorkers would win, Ethan Allen gave him a sounding thwack on the shoulder and exclaimed, "A man must be a fool to talk like that. Haven't we licked 'em every time they've come up here?" They cast off all pretences and made their appeal to the facts. When one of them was asked to show his commission for his doings in a certain raid, he held up the stump of his thumb, which he had lost in an encounter with Justice Munro, and cried, "Here is my commission."

Yet dramatic as are the incidents which marked those years from 1770 to 1775, we shall miss the true meaning of the narrative if we fail to see how the bonds of a larger and firmer union were growing and knitting between town and town. Each had its committee of safety and the committees came together in convention. They resolved to put a stop to New York surveys and to permit no settlements thereunder. They organized the militia and made good their resolution. The New York hirelings seized Remember Baker, and they rescued him. Justice Munro who had planned the capture refused to return Baker's gun; and, when Seth Warner rode into his yard on horseback to demand it, tried to arrest *him*. Warner struck him over the head with his cutlass, and the town of Poultney voted him a hundred acres in grateful recognition of the act. Rumor said that Gov. Tryon was coming with regulars, and cannon were brought up from Hoosic for defence. The opposition grew so formidable that governor and council began to weaken and offer terms. Bennington met them gladly but they fell through. Every attempt of Yorkers to settle on the land was headed off. The committees were everywhere alert. Gov. Tryon begged the ministry for troops and was refused. Tryon had need of troops—no doubt whatever about that. It was a one-sided struggle indeed when a landlord sent his servile tenantry to wrest the soil from individual owners.

But in the meantime the settlers were pushing their appeal to the Crown, and sent Breakenridge and Hawley to London. They were referred to the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade reported in

their favor,—censured the conduct of Tryon in the strongest terms,—and the King approved it. But their report was like one from our Board of Railroad Commissioners—good advice, perhaps, but you can do as you think best about adopting it. New York refused to adopt it—sent back a lengthy protest, and there the matter hung. Meanwhile in Vermont the incessant warfare went on. Forts were built; riots were frequent; again and again the governor called on London for troops. But the Vermont whirlpool was now caught up and lost for a time in the swirl of a mightier current. The American Revolution was coming on apace. Every colony except New York had resolved to cut off all commerce with the mother-land until she should take back her unjust laws. Congress declared any colony refusing to join an enemy to the common cause. Vermont was *with* the Congress—exasperated that New York held back and that she must be counted a part of it. At Westminster on the 14th of March the county court was to hold its session in the name of New York and of the King. The settlers determined it should not be held. They had long hated and distrusted it. Now they met, on the 13th, with clubs of cordwood and took possession of the court house. The sheriff ordered them to disperse; then withdrew to resume negotiations in the morning. But this was only a ruse. Just before midnight he came again with an armed force and fired into their midst, killing two and wounding eight others. The patriots fought their way out with their cudgels. One of them laid about him so lustily that eight or ten of the *posse* went down with damaged heads. His name was Philip Safford.

How I wish he had spelt his name with a *t! This* was the first blood of the Revolution—spilt more than a month before the grass was reddened on the lawn at Lexington. The court did open, but no business was transacted for by noon the countryside was up and the streets of the village swarmed with angry men. Soon came the Lexington and Concord fights, and then the whole country was in arms.

Canada was Tory, the certain base from which British forces would move down upon the colonists. Lake Champlain was the door to the country and Ticonderoga was the key. Straight at the fort the Green Mountain Boys struck; and on the morning of the 10th of May the union jack came down—the first time, but not the last, it saluted the coming republic. New York's Tory governor said it was "the Bennington mob" that did it, and for once he seems to have been right. The capture gave the Green Mountain Boys immense prestige. They were outlaws no longer, and Allen and Baker could mingle and consult with the friends of freedom in New York without danger of arrest. Congress bade them raise a batallion to be under their own leaders, and after that a regiment; and they did. Seth Warner was Colonel. Ethan Allen went to stir up patriotism in Canada, raised a hundred men, fell upon Montreal, and if his colleague had not failed him would have taken it. He was himself taken instead and sent in irons to England. But the Revolution, when it did carry New York, brought no help to the Vermonters. To them the new government was as hostile as the old. So Vermont said to the Congress: *We will stand by you and fight for you, but not under New York.*

We will contribute by ourselves. And there she stood throughout the struggle.

Vermont was an apt scholar, and she soon had the Declaration of Independence by heart. Moreover, she had a practical turn of mind and proceeded to apply it to her own situation. Putting the governor of New York for Geo. III it seemed to fit her case exactly. That is the danger of great truths. Announce one, pledge yourself to a great principle, and you can never tell what selfish hold you may have to relax, what darling sin must be given up. Vermont had learned to spell *Freedom*—she was learning to spell the longer and harder word *Independence.* It did not take her long. In September after the great 4th of July she, too, passed measures towards a separate government, and in January, 1777, unanimously declared,—"The people of the New Hampshire Grants are and of right ought to be a free and independent state."

Then she asked to be taken into the Union: and of course she met her old enemy at the door. The Congress could not tell what to do. It was between two fires. If it took in Vermont it might lose New York, of all the colonies the easiest to lose and in some respects the most important to hold,—strategically their vulnerable point and the key to the country. New York *must* be held fast. On the other hand, Vermont was the road from Canada, and the frontier of three states. What she could do in a pinch had been shown at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. That justice was on her side looked plausible, and that she was not to be trifled with, her long opposition to New York bore witness. At least two of the leading

spirits in Congress—Sam Adams and Roger Sherman —were on her side. Sam Adams, the man of the town meeting, who organized the Revolution and met the will of King George with an obstinacy as inflexible as his own,—the farthest sighted statesman of his time: Roger Sherman, called by his contemporaries the man of supreme common sense,—of whom Jefferson declared that he never said a foolish thing in his life—Sherman, as our enemies themselves reported, plead our cause with a zeal he had never shown in any other. Here again we see the line of cleavage between prerogative and popular rights. Adams and Sherman were for us because they were, and always had been, tribunes of the people. So Congress did the only thing it dared to do—nothing.

But Vermont did something: made her a constitution; appointed a council of safety, and put on the forms and powers of government. It was high time. Burgoyne's magnificent army was coming up the lake. Ticonderoga was abandoned, and our forces put to flight at Hubbardton. She sent her call to New Hampshire and the Bay State, and they answered. The Tories in her midst fled to the enemy and on the instant she seized the goods they left and turned them into powder and ball. Joining her forces under Warner and Stark with the New Hampshire and Massachusetts boys at Bennington, she helped fight the two fights and win the double victory of that day, well earning for her people the proud title Burgoyne gave them when he reported his disasters—"the most active and rebellious race of the continent." In a few short weeks her council of safety, a handful of plain farmers, had developed a foresight and skill in the

conduct of large affairs that would have shed luster on the oldest state.

Then she made a mistake, almost her first mistake. Sixteen towns on the other side of Connecticut River asked leave to come in. They were said to be unanimous and New Hampshire willing. Her Assembly voted to admit them. When New Hampshire resented the act and the true state of affairs became known Vermont drew back; but it was too late. Bad blood had been brewed; and New Hampshire that before had favored her claim and virtually acknowledged her independence became her enemy.

Now the plot thickens. New Hampshire and New York strike hands, and agree to divide the bone of contention between them—the Green Mountains shall be the line of division. They work together upon Congress; and Congress undertakes at last to decide her fate. But stop! Vermont denies its right to judge. She is a sovereign independent state, as right in her revolt from New York as Congress in its revolt from Great Britain, and will not submit the question of her *existence* to any court or congress under heaven If Congress will not take her in she will appeal to the legislatures of the states one by one, and begins to send forth her messages.

But now a greater danger threatens. An English army is coming up the lake under Carleton. In New York the Mohawk valley is raided. In Vermont Royalton is visited by three hundred redskins under a British leader, and laid in ashes. Vermont is the buffer between the colonies and Canada,—open to be run over from the north, left defenceless, the continental troops withdrawn, plotted against by New

Hampshire on the east, by New York on the west, Massachusetts claiming a part of her territory on the south, Congress itself taking steps to stamp her out, the horrors of invasion and Indian massacre staring her in the face—it is 1781—it is the hour of her supreme trial—it is the world against Vermont, and Vermont against the world!

Then shines forth the clear courage, the dauntless defiance, that prove when men are fitted to be free. The voice of the state is the voice of Ethan Allen replying to Congress, "We are as resolutely determined to defend the independence of Vermont as Congress that of the United States; and rather than fail we will retire into the desolate caverns of the mountains and wage war with human nature at large."

Unless they did retire to the caverns they had only one resource left—diplomacy: the means a boy adopts to evade punishment—only in that case we call it lying. First they negotiated with the British general and brought about an exchange of prisoners. Then they led him on to believe that they might be won back to the Crown. By shrewd suggestions, by well explained delays, they kept the negotiations on foot and held off the army of invasion from their own borders and those of New York alike for the better part of a year, till the immediate danger had passed by,—one of the most successful intriguings in history. Was it right? Was it justifiable? They claimed it was only a kind of strategy justified by the perils of their position. They thought if God could forgive a mother for lying to save her child from the tomahawk of a savage, he might perhaps forgive

them their falsehood which probably saved hundreds from massacre. Honest New York, though her own homes were saved by it, thought it was very wicked! Vermont was quite willing Congress should take alarm at it; and Congress, you may well guess, was on pins and needles. The desertion of Vermont might prove fatal to the cause.

Then the plucky little state determined on a still bolder stroke. New Hampshire's settlements on the Connecticut and New York's settlements east of the Hudson wanted to be annexed. She annexed them, thereby doubling her own territory. So far it was a shrewd move. It brought Congress to its senses; and Congress said—"Give up this new territory and you may come in." But New York protested, and Vermont refused. Meantime civil war was kindling in these new wings of territory. It was at this crisis that Washington interposed, advised our fathers to recede and assured them of final success if they did; and the Vermont Assembly, all honor to it! voted without a division to take his word.

But New York had one more card to play. She had public lands which the Congress coveted. By giving up these she made herself friends in the Vermont quarrel. She stirred up discord in Windham county, sent her officers in to set up her authority, and, when Vermont threw them into jail and let them out on promise of better behavior, she brought them with their pitiful complaints before Congress, and Congress passed this imbecile order: It directed that each citizen should be permitted to recognize and obey whichever government he preferred—a capital program for anarchy—and threatened to send an

army to enforce the decree. Washington raised his hand, the army never came. The year of 1784 saw the last attempt of the old Congress to meddle with Vermont affairs. Thence until 1791, seven years, Vermont went on her unmolested way, a free and independent state. New York did not recognize her; the Congress did not take her in; but they let her alone, and that was all she asked.

The war of the Revolution was over. The treaty of peace had been signed at Paris and ratified by Congress, and it embraced Vermont. So she had nothing to fear from Great Britain. If the Union did not want her she could get along very well indeed, thank you, without the Union. She could not be asked to help pay its old debts, and that was pleasant. She had no debts of her own, for she had kept her men paid up as the war went on and saved herself a deal of expensive fighting by her wits,—by hoodwinking the enemy and holding off the invasion. When she had to have money she raised it by selling her lands, and in spite of what New York would have called the flaw in the title they brought her a very fair price. She had plenty of good land left. Here where we are met the axe was not struck in the tree until 1787. Settlers were eager to come in. Taxes were light; the soil was rich; the government was firm and mild. She was doing better than any of her neighbors. They were running down. They had the debts of the Confederation to pay, and heavy debts of their own. If you would be reminded of the wretched, almost hopeless condition that prevailed in the colonies between the treaty of peace and the birth of the Federal government, you

will find it summed up by John Fiske in his Critical Period of American History, dealing with those very years. She exercised about all the functions of a sovereign state, fixed the standard of weights and measures, coined money, had her post offices and a postmaster general. The post office was usually the tavern drawer where the mail was all thrown in together and if you thought you ought to have a letter you waited till the postmaster could find it; but that was better located than the one at Salem, Illinois, when "Abe Lincoln" was postmaster and carried all the mail around in his hat. We have better appliances today but we know far less than they did if we have not learned that red-tape and furniture do not make a state. The test of a government is whether it governs. Theirs governed. In those days they were not so much set on rotation in office as on having their business well done. They made the same man governor eighteen times. He hadn't much education and, I suppose, nothing at all of what Massachusetts calls "culture;" but he was the governor in the original sense of the word—he steered the boat. This of course was old Gov. Chittenden. He kept a tavern and had the inquisitiveness common among tavern-keepers in those days. The late Rowland Robinson in his delightful history of Vermont tells a story of him which Chittenden was fond of telling at his own expense. One day a traveler stopped for a drink at his bar. "Where might you come from, friend?" inquired the Governor. "From down below," was the curt reply. "And where might you be going?" "To Canada." "To Canada? Indeed! And what might take you

there?'' ''To get my pension.'' ''And what might you get a pension for, friend?'' ''For what you never will, as I judge.'' ''Indeed! and what is that?'' ''For minding my own business.'' And that was the end of the dialogue.

What changes a few years may bring. Vermont did not care greatly now to join the Union. But New York had become anxious that she should. The measures which justice pleads for in vain are granted at last in some crisis because the selfish interests of men demand them. So slavery went down, not because the people hated slavery any more than they did a year or two before when they mobbed abolition meetings, but because that was the only way to save the Union. So, perhaps, the saloon will be everywhere abolished some day when society awakes to the fact that it is being robbed of its money as well as of its manhood. So, perhaps, the ballot will be given to woman some day, not because it is right and always has been, but because the hour has arrived when the forces that would save the state cannot prevail without her. Revolutions are not brought about by sentiment alone. We did not enfranchise the negro because we loved him nor because he needed the ballot to protect his rights, but because the negro was almost the only friend the Union had in the South and we could not organize free governments there without his vote.

New York wanted the Federal capital. The interests of Vermont would be identical with hers. Kentucky was knocking for admission and must be off-set by a northern state. Moreover, Vermont was independent of New York in fact and might as well

be so in law. This was the view taken by New York's great men,—by John Hay, by Gouveneur Morris, and by that greatest American of his time, save Washington alone, Alexander Hamilton; and although her narrow and bigoted Clinton still kicked against the pricks, the way was made easy for her admission. And Vermont said, Why, if it would be any accomodation to the Union she didn't know but she would come in! and so, at last, on the 4th of March, 1791, she did.

Such was the making of Vermont. But what of the state that was made? Browning wrote:

> "A people is but the attempt of many
> To rise to the completer life of one."

Unity of ideal, purpose and effort,—that is what makes a state. The people of the New Hampshire Grants were made one by their resolve to defend their homes against the court at Albany; by their zeal in the colonial cause and contempt for the lagging policy of New York; by their welcome of the Declaration of Independence, so perfectly suiting their own case; by their ambition to frame a government fit for the sons of Puritans; but most of all by the efforts they put forth, by their toil, their dangers, their hardships and their sufferings. The outcome of their long trial and struggle was that peerless and costly product, a nation —a people one in purpose, effort, and ideal.

She was one people then—she is one people still. The qualities that marked her out to be a nation by herself are hers today. She has always had an individuality and character of her own. To say that a word or a deed was like Vermont has always been to praise it and to give it the highest praise. She has

been first on many fields. She gave the first blood of the Revolution, at Westminster; received the first surrender of a British flag, at Ticonderoga; was first to seize and sell the property of Tories; first to prohibit slavery by bill of rights; and first to answer Lincoln's call for volunteers. I am proud that she could not be enslaved herself,—prouder still that she would not enslave others. In 1777, when Ebenezer Allen took prisoners Dinah Morris and her child, he spread their freedom papers on the town records of Bennington, "being conscientious that it is not right in the sight of God to keep slaves." It took the Union almost a hundred years to reach that point; but that is where Vermont stood from the beginning. Early in the century when Judge Harrington was requested to send back a fugitive slave, he demanded to be shown "a bill of sale from God Almighty;" and in later years when the fugitive slave law had been enacted, when almost every Northern state knelt to the South and even Boston gave up the hunted ones, let it stand to the everlasting glory of the Green Mountain State that no master ever dared to take a run-away slave in Vermont.

Vermont has been the modern Sparta,—Lacedaemon, the best example in all antiquity of inflexible devotion to the ideal state. Thermopylae was but one instance of an obedience to law that could never think of retreating or turning aside. There was a time when it was said, Let Greece furnish the troops and Sparta the commanders. On the field of battle, in the court and in the hall of legislation Vermont has shown herself great. Her bench has been adorned by great judges; she has sent to Washington a line of states-

men; she has mustered and armed forces that earned the ever-quoted order of Sedgwick "Put the Vermonters at the front and close up the column." But let us not claim for her what she has not earned. Her sons can afford to be modest. Respectable, more than respectable, is the work Vermont has done in almost every line of human endeavor, and in some she has won eminence. In art we point with pride to the productions of Powers and Mead and Hunt and Thomas Wood; in poetry we claim admiration for the wit and satire of Saxe and for the refinement and melody of Mrs. Dorr. But speaking broadly of our century and a quarter of individual life it must be admitted that Vermont has shown herself far stronger on the practical side than on the aesthetic. It has rather been her part, in great crises, to utter the calm word of counsel or strike the unerring blow.

We cannot bear comparison with Massachusetts in art and letters, nor with New York in wealth, luxury and commerce, nor with many a western state, perhaps, in zeal and enterprise, though Vermont blood has made itself felt in each of these larger fields; but we have our mission and our glory, none the less—let them have theirs.

"Leave to the soft Campanian his baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre their dyeing-vats and looms;
Leave to the sons of Carthage the rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs and scrolls of wordy lore!"

But for Vermont, child of adversity, outcast on the mountain and nursed at the teats of the she-wolf Freedom, it is for her to keep pure that strain of

valor and hardihood that makes the iron in the blood of the Republic. When new, strange elements come in, seeking to alter the face of things, when lower ideals of life, freer customs and looser morals creep in like poison among the people, when she is bidden to renounce her Spartan views, relax her laws and do as the rest have done, let her not fail: let her be true to her traditions, and send back, charged with sublimer meaning, the old answer of Allen—"The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills."

THE STATE AND ITS CRIMINALS

Speech at the Annual Banquet of the University Club, at the Raleigh Hotel in Washington, D. C., February 16, 1907.

Mr. President, and Members of the University Club: I thank you for bidding me to this banquet. I am glad and proud to sit at such a board. Here are half a thousand men who stand for culture and improvement. They have received the best their time and country had to give, and hold themselves ready to repay the debt. We speak not of the general humanities alone. Here are specialists from almost every field of service and inquiry. Washington easily gathers such, and the gathering itself is typical of Washington. And when we have said that, have we not said, typical of America? England may not be judged by London, nor France by Paris, but surely Washington must be America in miniature. Its residents are drawn from every quarter of the land. Its laws are fashioned by a body that represents all portions of the vast republic. What the city has lost in self government it has lost to the nation. To the nation it looks to send it wise and earnest makers of its laws. In legislating for the District of Columbia Congress is not embarrassed by any possibility of conflict between State and Federal powers. Its hands are free. Within these sixty-five square miles it possesses all the legislative pow-

ers of state and nation both. Here then may we not hope to find the most enlightened laws and institutions?

We recognize the obligations of culture. We realize that every gift is a trust. We know that properly speaking there is no such thing as a gift, and never can be,—that nothing can be received without a corresponding obligation. We hold that the true test of greatness in men is the attitude they take towards their inferiors. The real hero on the ladder of life is always reaching up with one hand for the round above him, but with the other he is always reaching down to help the man below him. So a nation must be judged by the way it treats its helpless and its criminals. The state is the mother of all her children. She must deal with them as such. The prosperous and powerful have drawn their strength from her bosom. The skilled and cultivated were trained and taught at her knees. The ignorant are those whom she has failed to call around her. The poor may be those whom her imperfect or partial laws have kept in poverty. Her very criminals are too often those who have taken their vicious taint from her own blood. You do not judge a father by what he does for his gifted and promising son. But how does he treat the son who has gone astray, the son who is imbecile or crippled or depraved? So do we judge times and peoples. If Helen Keller had been born in Sparta she would have been left to the wolves on Mt. Taygetus. America saved her to instruct the intellect and inspire the heart.

What shall we do with our criminals? For a quarter of a century the best thought of the world

has been devoted to the problem. A few things it has learned. It has learned to separate the convicted from those who are merely accused. It has learned to build ample and sanitary jails. It has learned better than to keep men in idleness. It has learned to establish real reformatories for those who are under sentence. It has begun to teach and train the idle and vicious minds and hands. It has learned to build up as well as to tear down,—not only to remove the choking weeds, but to plant in their place the sweet, sustaining grain. It has learned to hold before the eyes of sorrow and despair the shining hope of a redeemed and respected life. It has learned to remold our laws to these humane ideas. For a fixed and unalterable sentence pronounced by the judge when the jury renders its verdict, it puts a sentence whose duration is to be determined by the conduct and improvement of the prisoner himself as judged by those who see and watch him year by year. For the determined and incorrigible criminal it says there should be *no* release. Why should we turn back upon society its avowed and inveterate foes? For the penitent there should be the promise of conditional release when safe surroundings can be assured and a new trial ventured. It has learned another thing—that even among grown men and women the first offence may sometimes prove the last if the offender can be given another chance and saved the infamy of a prison cell. The probation system hangs over his head the sword of Damocles and he knows the first infraction of the law will bring it down.

These four things at least have been found good.

(1) An ample and sanitary jail with careful separation of the convicted and the accused. (2) A probation system for adults as well as children. (3) A reformatory in place of the old hopeless prison. (4) An indeterminate sentence permitting the guarded and conditional release of the reformed and the perpetual detention of the incorrigible. Which of these wise changes have we adopted here? I am sorry to say, not one. Instead of these we have a jail, intended for three hundred, where almost twice that number are confined, two or three crowded in a room; the accused and the convicted treated alike; no modern plumbing; the calls of nature answered in the cell; and out of 24 hours of idleness and sloth thirty minutes of exercise. We have no probation system whatever except for children. A boy just past his seventeenth birthday comes up for sentence for his first offense. You can send him to the work house for six months or less. You can send him to the jail for not more than a year. Or, if the sentence be longer than a year, he can be sent to the penitentiary. But one of those three things you must do—you must smite him on the spot. Excepting the reform school for children, we have no reformatory whatever. For all those graver offenses which the statutes declare shall be punished in the penitentiary we have no institution in the District. Sentence is imposed and the convict goes where the Department of Justice sends him, to some state penitentiary with which it may have a contract. Some of the states have real reformatories and laws that provide for indeterminate sentences. But we cannot send our prisoners to

these. Doubtless they are full already, and if they are not, we cannot send our prisoners to be held or released according to the laws of other jurisdictions. What we need in this respect is a true reformatory here in the District of Columbia and a law that will permit the offender to be sentenced for a term whose length shall be determined by the reformation of the prisoner himself—a prison that shall be what every prison ought to be, a moral hospital.

Is this too much to look for at the very seat of government? The capital of a nation, though it lie at the level of the sea, is a city set on a hill; it cannot be hid. This capital of ours has a future of undreamed magnificence before it—destined to become the great throbbing heart of the western world through which the purple tides of patriotic life will come and go. Here the miser History will gloat upon the treasures of the past; the dreamer Prophecy will study out the stars; while the spendthrift Present pours his prodigalities on every hand. It ought to be, it must be, first and foremost in all that dignifies and justifies the ownership of sovereign power. Power can afford to be patient. The State holding in her hands all might, need never be cruel, though for very kindness sake she must be stern. She should never dip her hands in the blood of her sons. Her office is not merely to guard the fold but to seek and save the lost. The capital of the New World shall be glorious not only with the homes of private splendor, the sumptuous palaces of untitled princes, with galleries of art and halls of learning, with spacious parks and noble boulevards, with monuments, viaducts and arches that shall suggest

only to put to shame the proudest triumphs of the ancient day, but most of all with law,—law that shall curb the strong while it lifts up the lowly and with mild majesty puts forth its arm to save even the hand that has been raised against it. Happy will be the sons of the morning whose eyes may see the realization of our vision—only less happy than we who in the watches of the night may labor and sacrifice for its fulfillment.

ANN STORY: A WOMAN WHO HELPED TO FOUND A STATE

Address at the Dedication of a Monument to Ann Story, at Salisbury, Vermont, July 27, 1905.

When God is going to make the world a great man he begins by making a great woman for his mother. I do not say that he *could* not bring forth a brave and mighty son from a weak and timid mother; but I think it would trouble you to find an instance where he ever did. There was never a great state that was not great in its women. The French king said, "I am the state." He lied. The state was never born in a palace. It never vaunted itself upon a throne. It is born in the cottage; and it bears the throne upon its massive shoulders, as the elephant carries the flimsy and gaudy trappings of the circus on its back. The state is the people. It is born in the homes of industry, frugality and truth. It is cradled in the arms of love, fed at the breast of hope, and brooded on the knees of faith; and if it dies at last it dies because love, faith and hope have died before it in the homes where it was born. Pity the child that must blush for its parents. Envy the man who is proud of his race. The son who forgets his father will be forgotten by his children; and the state that will not remember its founders will not be long remembered by the world.

This monument is erected to a mother in Israel

—one of Plutarch's women, worthy to have been a Roman matron in Rome's early day, Brutus' wife or Cato's daughter,—a woman of heroic mold, of uncompromising truth, of undaunted courage—fit companion for that race of young giants which made the name of Vermont synonymous with liberty, and the name of the Green Mountain Boys a terror unto its enemies.

This is the spot, above all others, where her memorial ought to stand. Here, after her husband's sudden and tragic death, she came herself to occupy his cabin and widen the clearing he began. Here she saw that first strong house burned to the ground by savages. Here, with her own hands, she felled the trees for a second dwelling, and without the aid of horse or ox rolled them to their place and rebuilt her home. Here she staid when other settlers prudently withdrew at the approach of war. Here, summer after summer, with sturdy arm and unfaltering spirit, she pushed back the borders of the wilderness, planted her crops, gathered and reared her brood of children. Here, in the times that tried men's souls the friends of freedom came for counsel and succor. From this spot and by her direction started the little expedition that captured twenty Tories and landed them in Fort Ti. Under the opposite bank of the creek she dug that secret cavern, her nightly shelter against Indian and Tory, the fruitful source of romantic traditions that have thrilled the hearts of three generations. And here at last she saw the end of war and the fair beginnings of security and peace. Surely, here, if anywhere, one of the foundation stones of the Green Mountain Republic was laid.

This woman was a Whig—a Revolutionary Whig. She had the vigor of mind to do her own thinking. She lived in a time when political opinions meant something. The American Revolution was not at bottom a struggle between the colonies and Great Britain. It was a struggle between Whig and Tory. You might have taken up all the American people and set them down in England; you might have taken up all the British people and set them down in America, and the Revolution would have gone on just the same. It was a line of cleavage that divided the English race wherever they happened to be. The Whig believed in progress; he believed in the people; he believed in self-government. The Tory believed in staying as he was, in the divine right of kings, in the doctrine that Rumbold denounced upon the scaffold—"that one part of the race is born booted and spurred, ready to ride, and the other is born ready saddled and bridled to be ridden." It was a time of intense convictions. To conceive an opinion was like being born of the spirit. The man was a new creature. He held to his view with the tenacity of a life and death purpose. The love of liberty was a consuming fire. The questions that divided men were not questions of policy. They were questions of principle, of patriotism. Opponents were separated by the moral chasm, which cannot be bridged over. One side was eternally right, the other was eternally wrong. Newspapers did not sell their space to the opposite party "at the usual advertising rates." To sow the contrary view was to plant treason. The cry of the age was the cry of Henry: "Give me liberty or give me *death!*" It was one

thing or the other. There was no half-way house, no make-shift, no easy-going, comfortable alternative. The Puritan, Republican ideas that a century before had shaken the English state to its foundation and given it the greatest chapter in its history, —those ideas had not spent their force here. They were the breath of life in the nostrils of the new world. God's hand flung the seed of nations across the Atlantic and the finest grains fell on the bleak shores of New England.

Our state was a slip from the old New England vine. Vermont was settled from Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut. The hardy and adventurous men who had made their way into the wilderness were the picked and chosen spirits of those freedom-loving colonies. No wonder New York's Tory Governors found them hard to manage. No wonder Burgoyne proclaimed them "the most active and rebellious race of the continent." Large-limbed, broad-chested, the best blood of England bounding in their veins, the wind of the free mountains blowing in their lungs, Runnymede and the Commonwealth woven into every fibre of brain and heart, what had *they* to do with the petty despots of a Tory colony,—the pitiful creatures and hangers-on upon royalty? They took liberty for their mistress and worshiped her with measureless devotion.

When Ann Story came to Salisbury the New York trouble had been brewing for a dozen years. Ten years before the king had fixed the line between New York and New Hampshire at the Connecticut river. At the same time he had declared that grants previously issued by the New Hampshire governor and

settled in good faith by his subjects should be held good. Year after year, New York had trodden the mandate under foot; she had declared the New Hampshire charters null and void, and kept on granting the same lands to others. Five years before the test case had been tried at Albany, and a judgment had been rendered that made every claimant under New Hampshire a trespasser and a vagabond. When the decision was announced Allen had startled the confident land jobbers with that mysterious oracle, "The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills;" and summer and winter since, he had been laboring to make its meaning plain to their darkened understandings. For five restless and vigilant years The Green Mountain Boys had been holding off the writs of possession; they had been sending home the foreign surveyors with the great "beech seal" upon their backs; they had been teaching the New York officers by painful and repeated process to know and recognize the limits of their bailiwick. Prudence, sagacity and self-control had grown up to match their splendid courage, their unbending resolution. Year by year, through committee and convention, the bonds of union had been knitted between town and town, until the time had almost come when a hundred scattered and fearful settlements were to be welded into a single, bold, united and independent, people.

It was in such a time, in such a community, that Ann Story's lot was cast. She was a woman, and her woman's heart was a safer guide to justice than any that beat under the ermine at Albany. She had a masculine understanding, and she took in the

whole breadth and scope of the question. She was wise and self-contained, and the secrets of the council were safe in her ears. She was brave and strong, and what her mind approved her arm did not tremble to execute. She gave herself heart and soul to the great cause of the people against their tyrants.

It is not easy to understand today precisely what that controversy meant. We must try to stand where they did. We look upon our sisterhood of states today; we see it resting on the same broad principles of free government; we see it bound together and bulwarked by the same great constitution; and we ask, What did it matter whether a little tract of ten thousand square miles should fall within the bounds of one or another? But in their day it was not so. The colonies differed widely. New England was indeed pretty much all alike,—Puritan in religion, democratic in government, progressive in spirit, choosing her own officers, doing her own business in town-meeting, jealous of interference from over sea, chafing under restraint and ready to cast off the lightest weight of oppression. New York was just the opposite,—churchy in religion, aristocratic in government, Tory in politics, a stumbling block throughout the Revolution. The people had small voice in affairs of state. Local officers were appointed by the governor, and he, of course, by the Crown. A few strong families, securing enormous grants of land and pilfering from the public purse without shame, almost without concealment—these ruled the colony. Of course I do not mean that the common people of New York were so different from the common people of New England. *Their* heart was in

the Revolution,—their heart was with the Vermonters when Vermont was contending with their government at home. But they were not in control. I speak of the men who held the reins of power and of the form of institutions which enabled them to rule; for it was these that gave the colony its character. I suppose we should not readily consent even today to become a county or two of New York, swallowed up and lost in her seven-million population, our individual traits and traditions surrendered, our independence a thing of the past. Yet all that might happen today with smaller loss to us and to our children than that which threatened our fathers when they declared their determination to be free. This is the view that gives dignity and elevation to our theme. The quarrel between New York and the Hampshire grants was not a mere question of boundary. It was not a great law-suit concerning land. It was not merely resistance to unjust and arbitrary acts that threatened ruin to a thousand homes. You cannot rightly estimate the struggle—you cannot even understand it—until you see in it a grapple between aristrocracy and democracy. It was a clinch between the Crown and the Commonwealth. The principles and practices of government that marked the sway of Colden, of Tyron, of Clinton, came down through that school of kingly prerogative to George the Third from Charles the First; while the strength of Allen and Warner, of Fay and Chittenden, was drawn from the ideas that settled Plymouth and triumphed at Naseby and held up the hands of the Long Parliament,—ideas that prompted the pen of Milton, the tongue of Vane,

the heart of Hampden, the sword of Cromwell, and finally brought the head of the first Stuart to the block.

The genius of the age was political. Other ages have surpassed it in other ways,—in letters, in art, in science, in conquest, in discovery. But now the minds of men were stirred as never before over the principles of government. The foundations of civil and sacred institutions were being searched as with candles. The spirit of the time flowered and fruited in the Declaration of Independence, in the Statute of Religious Liberty for Virginia, in the grand Constitution of 1787, and in the luminous expositions of the Federalist. It was not alone among the great and learned that these questions were overhauled. Every tavern and fireside was boiling with debate. Every public assembly was stormy with discussion. Where two or three were gathered together in the name of the people there was liberty in the midst of them. The long argument against British encroachment had taught every farmer and mechanic the essentials of free institutions. "If God spares my life," said Tyndale, "I will cause the boy that driveth the plow to know more of the scriptures than the Pope does." So Jefferson and Franklin, Otis and the Adamses had caused the boy that drove the plow in the colonies to know more of the basis of social order than the rulers of Europe. The same causes that tore America from Great Britain tore the New Hampshire grants from New York. You cannot limit the application of a principle. Emerson, you remember, bade the world look out for itself when God should turn loose a thinker upon the planet. The Revolution gave Ver-

mont the principles that justified her own revolt. It also gave her time to make her declaration good. Who knows what might have been the end if New York had been free to turn her whole attention to us? Vermont by her zeal in the general cause put to shame the halting, lagging policy of New York and made herself friends among the other colonies. When the war was over she had behaved so gallantly and grown so strong that her independence was beyond peril. For fourteen years she held her own against the world; and then she took her place in the Union,—the first of that great in-gathering of states which have come to swell the might and majesty of the incomparable Republic.

We look about us on fertile fields, on comfortable, quiet homes, on happy faces of men and women, on children who shall live their lives, as we live ours, in freedom and security; and then, if we have hearts to feel the touch of gratitude, we think what it has cost. We see the dark primeval forest with the bright stars overhead. We hear the night wind blowing in the trees. We hear the screech of panthers and the howl of wolves; and here and there amid the vast, forbidding soltitude we see the watch-fires of the pioneers.

We see white winter over all the land. We feel the biting cold in cabins that will hardly keep the snow outside. We lie beneath the rafters and see the frosty stars shine through the roof. We see the settler crouching by his hearth where the last faint ember has expired, trying with infinite pains to bring the birth of fire from the cold marriage of the flint and steel. We see the boy upon his father's horse,

winding through forest ways, going twenty miles to get a little grain ground into flour for his mother to make bread. We see the fever-stricken household far from human help,—the lonely burial under the drooping boughs.

We see the woodman leaning on his axe beside the half-cut tree, his tanned face dripping with the rain of toil, his musket leaning on the log close by. We see the little clearing he has made to let the sunlight in upon the virgin soil, the narrow patch of potatoes or of corn that means life for the coming year. We see the rude hut where he lives, the brook that brings him water and the slender trail that leads back to the safety he has left. We see his wife about her homely tasks, his little children at their play. A gun speaks from the woods. We see him fall. We hear the wild, wavering warwhoop, and then we shut our eyes to the horrors that we know must come.

We see the clearings grow, the crops increase, the dwellings made tight and warm, and here and there a bed of flowers beside the door, a vine that clambers up the wall—a touch of beauty and a sign of peace. We are there when news comes that this land they have bought and paid for, this home they have built with labor and pain unspeakable, is not their own,—that a court sitting somewhere has decided they must go. We hear the argument that follows,—the brief, clear story of the grants, the appeal to reason and the law of right in burning, passionate speech. We see courage flashing in the eyes of women and determination hardening in the faces of men.

We see the turmoil of the settlements when they hear of Westminster, of Lexington, of Concord. We see them snatch their flintlocks and hurry off with Allen to Fort Ti. We see the terror that overspreads the land when Carleton's coming is announced and Indian massacre is at their doors. We see a group of rude, strong men in council. We hear their deep and anxious voices. We listen to their bold and careful plans. And we realize that here, in this low-raftered room, at this rough table, by this tavern fire, courage and foresight and statesmanship, the best and soundest of the time, are watching by the cradle of a new-born state. We think of all the hardships they endured, of all the perils they encountered, of all the ease and comfort they renounced; we think of all the triumphs they achieved in those desperate years making it possible for us to say and say with pride, "We, too, are sons and daughters of Vermont!"

Long ago in the House of Representatives at Washington, John Randolph of Roanoke, desiring to taunt the member from New Hampshire, pretended to forget the state he came from and referred to him as the gentleman from Vermont. Thanks to the course of history in that body and out of it, even Randolph, if he were living today, would not imagine that to call a man a Vermonter was anything but praise.

With a great price our fathers purchased this freedom, but we were free born. Yet in spite of all they suffered, in spite of all we possess without an effort, let us hesitate to say that our lot is a more blessed one than theirs. It is not what man has

done, but what he is doing and is to do, that makes his life worth living. Even if they had failed men might have written over their graves the profound saying of Guizot, "The struggle itself supplied in some measure the place of liberty." The gifts of the spirit cannot be stored up. The divine manna must be gathered by each generation for itself. "No man can pay another's debt, or save his brother's soul." And so it is that standing with the gifts of the ages in their hands men throw away the priceless gems like pebbles. Freedom to think, to speak, to act, to worship; equal opportunity to broaden the mind and better the condition; equal voice and vote in matters that concern the state;—these the common blessings we see on every side till we forget to value them—how men of other times have prayed and fought to reach them, seeing them afar off as the vision of a new Heaven and a new earth! Let us not think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. Better bleeding, trampled Russia, travailing in the throes of revolution, quivering in every town and hamlet with the agonies of a new birth—better that than the cities of universal suffrage where men absorbed in luxury or greed have given up the seats of government to impudence and theft,—where the weak sons of mighty fathers, "seeing rest that it was good and the land that it was pleasant have bowed their shoulders to bear and become servants unto tribute." Let the memorial that we rear speak to us of days that were great, not in the multitude of things which men possessed, but in the spirit which possessed them. Let it say to us once more, as they would say to us if they were here: "The man who loves freedom

for anything but freedom's self was made to be a slave."

This monument is a reminder that there are sisters of Ann Story still living in the world. It is a proof that, poor as she was and woman as she was, the mark she made upon her time was too deep and strong for a century to obliterate. It is a sign to those who labor and sacrifice that labor and sacrifice are not always to be forgotten even here. You that in other lands are waging against fearful odds the same old fight of freedom, you that toil and agonize in unseen places for the good of those that shall come after, you that lead the forlorn hopes of the world's progress through derision and disgrace, do not despair: look here and see another proof that, under all its disguises the heart of the race beats true to its benefactors. Your day will come.

"In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown;
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone."

WENDELL PHILLIPS: THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE

A Centennial Oration, Delivered in Park Street Church, Boston, on the Evening of November 28, 1911, at a Meeting Held under the Auspices of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

A hundred years ago tomorrow Wendell Phillips was born. We have assembled tonight to pay our tribute to his memory—one of the purest patriots, one of the soundest and farthest-sighted statesmen, probably the greatest orator, and certainly the greatest tribune of the people, the New World has produced. In other cities men are doing the same. But we are happy above all the rest in the place of our meeting, the city of his birth. This house, indeed, is barren of association with the reform movements to which his life was devoted, if we except the fact that here in 1829 Garrison made his first important anti-slavery address. Here, to paraphrase his own words, he seized the trump and blew the first of those jarring blasts by which the land was shaken as a leaf is shaken by the wind. Its doors were closed to anti-slavery meetings from that hour. Yet here we do stand at the center of the scene where Wendell Phillips's life of conflict and peril was passed. Yonder on Beacon Street he was born. Down there on Common Street he died. Over there in

Essex Street he lived for forty years. In the burial ground beside us his body lay interred for two years before its removal to the green shades of Milton. Faneuil Hall, the scene of his first triumph and of many later ones, is near at hand, and only across the street are Tremont Temple and Music Hall, where, just before and during the war, his greatest speeches were delivered, and whence the ever attentive mobs escorted him to his door and received his stately, "Good night, gentlemen." Yes, these are the very streets he loved inexpressibly, over which his mother held up tenderly his baby feet, and which he swore, if God granted him time enough, he would make too pure to bear the footsteps of a slave.

Wendell Phillips was a born reformer. He could never have been satisfied with anything short of perfection. He contended with the evils of his time, but if he were living in our day he would be at war with the evils that surround us now; and if he should return to earth a thousand years hence, it would be the same. As long as anything better remained to be achieved, as long as injustice held any foothold on the globe, he would still be crying "forward," and assailing the powers of darkness with all his old-time eloquence and zeal.

Added to that, he was, from deliberate and profound conviction, an agitator. He believed that in a free country all real progress must be brought about by agitation. He accepted Sir Robert Peel's definition of the word, "the marshaling of the conscience of a nation to mold its laws." But his faith in the method went even deeper than that. Not only was it the sole means by which reforms could be carried

through, it was the only means by which governments could be kept free. A people that is satisfied with the institutions it has gained, that worships the past and refuses to go forward to larger freedom, has already ceased to be free. In his own eloquent words, "If the Alps, piled in cold and still sublimity, be the emblem of despotism, the ever restless ocean is ours, only pure because never still." In the widest sense of the word he was a democrat. He believed in the people. "The people mean right," he said, "and in the end they will have the right." He saw that it is never for the interest of the masses that injustice should be done. Hence, while it is not safe to trust any class by itself, it is safe to trust the people. Not any one race, not either sex, but all races, both sexes, all sorts and conditions of men, good and bad, learned and ignorant, rich and poor. He would give the suffrage to all. He would put the ballot even in the hands of the most ignorant, and then turn to the state and say: "Here is one of your rulers. Now see to it that he is educated, or he may give you trouble." He believed in universal suffrage because it took bonds of the rich and powerful to do their duty by the weak and poor.

Himself an aristrocrat by birth and breeding, he became such a tribune of the people as Rome never saw. If you look only at the surface of things, his career is full of contradictions. Here was a man of purest Anglo-Saxon lineage spending his life in the service of the dusky sons of Africa; and not only that, but claiming for the African race, "by virtue of its courage, its purpose, and its endurance, a place as near to the Saxon as any other blood in history."

Here was a devout Christian, adhering to the creed of his fathers, yet spurning the nominal Christianity of his day, coming out from it and shaking the very dust of its threshold from his feet. Here was a man dowered with all the gifts of intellect, all the graces of person and of speech, "formed," as Emerson declared, "for the galleries of Europe," and able, if he would only stretch out his hand, to take the highest prizes of public life, refusing every bribe, turning his back on all the world had to offer, and casting in his lot with a handful of fanatics. Trained for the bar and preeminently fitted for success in the forum, he left the courthouse, locked his office door, and repudiated his oath to support the Constitution. Deeply interested in politics, and master, as few men were, of political questions, he never held an office, he never threw a ballot, he refused to swear allegiance to a government that required him to lend his hand to the maintenance of human bondage. Devoting himself for thirty years to the overthrow of slavery, and living to see his object accomplished in the midst of a convulsion that left the anti-slavery sentiment dominant in the land and made the once-despised name of Abolitionist a passport to public favor, he refused to ride into political office on the crest of the victorious wave—left others to celebrate the victory, while he pushed on, unhesitating and almost alone, to new battlefields for suffering humanity. It is plain we must go beneath the surface if we would understand a man like this.

Reformer, agitator, democrat, tribune of the people, he was something more: he was a prophet. He saw with open eye the secret of the world. He

saw, under every disguise and through all confusion, the clear working of the eternal will. God reigns. Falsehood and wrong are only for a day—justice is for the ages. In the serene confidence of that vision he rebuked the mighty oppressors of his time and cheered the hearts of the downtrodden and the weak. "The spirit of the Lord was upon him, because he had annointed him to preach good tidings to the poor. He had sent him to proclaim liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." We shall try in vain to understand the Abolition movement unless we recognize from the beginning that it was a religious movement. It was a revival of original, primitive Christianity, and the application of those principles to the United States of America in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. These men actually believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. They really remembered those that were in bonds as bound with them. They took Christ's word for it that what they did unto these, the very least of His brethren, they were doing unto Him. It was very simple. How should *we* like to be slaves? How should *we* like to have our children sold and torn from our arms? How should *we* like to see our daughters ravished, our fathers and mothers beaten till they could not feel? How should *we* like to be goods and chattels, with no rights our masters were bound to respect? Well, that was the system of human slavery that did exist in the United States. The Abolitionists were never too hard upon that system; they never gave it any harsher name than it deserved; and for the very simple reason that it would have been impossible.

They used all the words within their reach, but the English language had no words black enough to paint it or hot enough to damn it. Unless words had been scorpions and sentences had been thunderbolts, it would have been impossible for human speech to denounce it as it deserved.

The Constitution of the United States! We speak the words today with affection and with awe, and well we may, for it gathers up and bears in its majestic bosom the liberties of all; and wherever today, under the Stars and Stripes, the meanest child of man is denied the equal protection of the law, there is an infamous and treasonous violation of the Constitution. But I am speaking for the moment of 1835. I am taking you back to a time when obedience to the Golden Rule was treason, when the Constitution was not the surety of freedom but the guaranty of bondage, when the snake slavery had its loathsome, slimy nest in the very hollow of its shield. I speak of a time when if you swore to support the Constitution you swore that you would help strike down every black man who had the courage to fight for a liberty that belonged to him as much as yours belonged to you—when, if you swore to it, you promised to turn the trembling, starving fugitive from your door, or bind him and send him back to unpaid labor, to torture, or to death. That was the Constitution the Abolitionists refused to lend their hands to. Tested by the teachings of Jesus Christ, were they wrong or were they right when they refused? Did they go too far when they adopted the words of the Hebrew prophet and said, it is "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell?" Take the

case of George Latimer. He was seized in Boston as a slave. He had escaped from Norfolk, Virginia, with his wife and children and was living here. They took him on a false charge of theft. He was brought before Chief Justice Shaw, in the state court, was denied a jury trial, and sent back to Judge Story's court, the United States Court, where he lay under the beak and talons of the American eagle; from that court he was sent back to slavery. At the bidding of the Constitution, lawyer, trader, and priest had joined hands to sacrifice the victim. There was a vast meeting in Faneuil Hall on the Sunday night before he was condemned. Standing before the furious mob that had just howled down one speaker, Wendell Phillips said: "We presume to believe the Bible outweighs the Statute Book. When I look upon these crowded thousands, and see them trample on their consciences and the rights of their fellowmen at the bidding of a piece of parchment, I say my *curse* be on the Constitution of these United States!"

The Abolitionists had not come to that extreme position willingly or in a moment. They were driven to it by the inexorable logic of events. Garrison began his crusade by endeavoring to enlist the Church. He was nothing but a boy, without friends, without money, without prestige, without even a press to print his paper on. He turned to one after another of the natural leaders of the time, and besought *them* to champion the cause. One after another they all refused. Left alone, he said, "If no one else will assail this gigantic system of crime, I must do it!" And he did. He was thrown into jail; assassins lay in wait for his life; sovereign states set

a price upon his head; but he kept on, making his appeal to the conscience of the American people to wash their hands of the sin. Then he found he had aroused the hostility of the very forces he had looked to for support. Not only would they not lead themselves, they would not suffer another to go forward. They turned upon *him*. Pulpit and press, traders and statesmen, college presidents—all the recognized leadership of the time cast him out and strove to put him to silence. Not content with this, they went on to defend the institution itself. The Church apologized for it; welcomed slaveholders to its communion table; opened its pulpit to men-stealers. Merchants said, "You must not attack slavery, it will ruin trade!" Politicians said, "If you breathe a word about it, you will break up the Union." The press said, "Men who talk like that ought to be mobbed." The pulpit murmured "Amen," and confirmed its pious approval with a text. Bishops wrote books to prove that God had always intended the black race to be slaves; and many thought it doubtful whether they had any souls at all.

For half a century the South had been in the saddle. It had furnished the political leaders of the nation. The North, meanwhile, had turned to the making of money or the development of the land. All the North asked was to be let alone, that it might continue to pile up its dollars. What *should* the Abolitionists have done? If they sat down under the threats of the slave power, the liberty to speak and print was lost. It was not now a question whether the slaves of the South should be set free—it was whether the free men of the North should

be made slaves. Should they file their tongues to silence upon the gravest moral question of the age at the bidding of false priests, hucksters, and demagogues? Thank God, they said, No! We owe it to them that we have free speech today. Even Channing acknowledged this. They looked about them and took their bearings. Their fathers had formed this Union and bound it to slavery. Should they submit to it as a necessary evil in the hope that some day the Constitution might be amended and slavery removed? They were confronted by the fact that slavery was on the increase—that the South was determined to make it perpetual, that the North submitted, and that the powers dominant in Church and State forbade even a peaceable discussion of the question. They made up their minds that somebody must move. They saw that responsibility for the Union, and consequently for slavery, rested on each and every one. They refused to carry that responsibility any longer. They "came out." They appealed to all men to come out with them to form a new Union of free states, parting peaceably from the states that were determined to remain slave. Their course was radical. Yes, it was an appeal to the ancient, sacred right of revolution. But mark this—the changes required were changes that could be brought about only by revolution. The South refusing to abolish slavery, it was impossible for the North to do so by amending the Constitution. When the change finally came, it came by way of revolution. Not, indeed, the peacable revolution the Abolitionists proposed, but the awful revolution of war. The bloody sequel showed that they were right. They approached the question like

statesmen. They handled it with plain, unanswerable logic. They were the only party at the North that did meet the question squarely. At the South there was another party that met it with equal boldness and directness, asserting that slavery was right—the party of secession. They were the only consistent parties in the country. There never was any real union between the slave states and the free. The only approach to it was when the North was utterly subservient to the South, that is, when the so-called free states were really slave states like the rest. Long before Seward had coined his famous phrase, "the irrepressible conflict," long before Lincoln had declared that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," yes, a quarter of a century before either of those utterances, the same truth had fallen upon deaf ears from the lips of Garrison and his fellows. If to discern the true nature of the problem and foresee in a large way the solution that must be found, while choosing the only means that can secure the object—if this is to be a statesman, then the right of the Abolitionist to that title is beyond doubt or cavil. With unquestioning faith in the justice of his cause, with unclouded sight of the truth of his position, he took the country up by its four corners and shook it with a tempest of moral power. Mobs were the proof of his evangel. The land was stagnant with apathy, and where the wind and lightning of the word came there was tumult and disturbance. Mobs were bad enough, but they were a thousand times better than the sluggish calm that preceded them, the languor and torpor of spiritual death.

If we deny the name of statesman to the Aboli-

tionist, to whom of his time should we grant it? Should it be to the smooth compromisers, like Clay, who spread the thin batter of mutual concession over the rumbling volcano of irreconcilable forces? Should it be to those valorous Northerners who warned the South that the annexation of Texas would be the dissolution of the Union, and then, when Texas was annexed, ate their own words and made haste to take the hero of that infernal war for their Chief Magistrate? Should it be to a man like Webster, so far behind his age or so deaf to the voices of humanity that he actually thought the consciences of men could be stifled, and that this mighty movement, which he sneeringly nicknamed "the rub-a-dub agitation," could be put down? Should it be to leaders like Birney, and Gerritt Smith for a season, who tried to make themselves believe that the Constitution was an anti-slavery document? Should it be to the men who formed the Republican party with the avowed purpose of stopping the extension of slavery, of abolishing it where the national government had the power, and of putting it, as Lincoln said, "where the public mind might rest in the belief that it was in the course of ultimate extinction," and yet, when secession was upon them, went down on their knees, in Congress, and offered to adopt a Constitutional amendment making it impossible ever to get rid of slavery? Should it be to the men in office in the days of the great rebellion, who finally adopted emancipation at the point of the bayonet, as the last and only means of saving the Union, by bringing to their side the sympathy of the civilized world and the tardy succor of an outraged and alienated God? Or should

it not rather be accorded to the men who saw and declared in 1835 what, thirty years later, all men were obliged to see? They did not need the Dred Scott decision to show them the plan and purpose of the slave power. They understood it from the first.

I have no quarrel with you if you only mean to make excuses for the millions who never answered to their call, who could never rise to the height on which they stood. The saving remnant is always, in all ages, only a remnant—"a few leaves upon the topmost bough." But when you deny them the claim to statesmanship—when you imply that the measures they proposed were impracticable and vain—I ask you to point to the popular statesman of their time who proposed anything that had a feather's weight against the mighty tempest that swept all selfish calculations to the Gehenna of civil war. What did the Abolitionists propose? They demanded emancipation—immediate and unconditional. You came to it at last, not willingly, not through conversion, but when God had driven you to it with the lash of rebellion and defeat. It was only the old excuse—Let us do evil that good may come. Men could not trust God to make the right successful. They must go into partnership with the devil to do the Lord's work. The Abolitionists whose faith in God has never been surpassed, who believed in doing right and leaving it to Him who made it right to see that justice was expedient—they were the infidels and heretics of the time. "If I die before emancipation," said Phillips, "write this for my epitaph,'Here lies Wendell Phillips, infidel to a church that defended human slavery—traitor to a government that was only an organized conspiracy against the rights of men.'"

The movement begun by Garrison had proceeded for seven years before his most powerful assistant came to his side. Whatever may have been the immediate occasion of his coming, he owed his anti-slavery birth, as he always declared, to Garrison. "For myself," said he, "no words can adequately tell the measureless debt I owe him—the intellectual and moral life he opened to me." In the principles of the two men touching their life work there was never any, the slightest, antagonism or division. Phillips, from the beginning to the end, was a Garrisonian Abolitionist. To the service of the cause he brought his own rich and peculiar gifts. First of all, his character, his personality. Puritan of the Puritans; son of the best blood of Boston; trained by Latin School, Harvard College, and the law teachers of Cambridge; handsome, athletic, accomplished; possessed of a singular personal charm, the talismanic gift that moved Emerson to say, "I would give a thousand shekels for that man's secret;" endowed with such eloquence a Greek would have said that on his lips the Attic bees had swarmed and left their sweetness; yet with a rapierlike thrust, skillful to disarm his antagonist or pierce the thickest armor, so that Mrs. Stowe said truly, "In invective no American or English orator has ever surpassed him;" an easy mastery over every sort of audience; breadth of view and statesmanlike comprehension of the issue; unflinching courage, undrooping hope, unfaltering confidence in the triumph of the truth and the mighty power of God. Such was the man who closed his office door, recanted his oath of allegiance, and made himself an alien in the city of his fathers, to

join the Abolitionists. It was the only step he could have taken and remained true to his blood, his traditions, and the voice of conscience that had led him from the cradle. It was a happy choice. It gave him the fellowship of the noblest spirits of his time. Do you think he ever missed the attentions of the class he went out from? If you imagine that he cast one wistful look behind him, you have yet to gain your first glimpse into the character of Wendell Phillips. What he said of Garrison may be said of him, "There were not arrows enough in the whole quiver of the Church and State to wound him." Think what it must have meant to the little band of reformers arrayed against a hostile nation, whom even John Quincy Adams could describe as "a small, shallow, enthusiastic party," to find in their midst the most eloquent man who spoke the English language, whom Henry Ward Beecher pronounced "the most admirable orator in the world." Said Emerson, "Strange as it may seem, it is true, the world owes the finest orator of the age to the movement that enlisted Wendell Phillips in the service of the poor, despised slave;" and in his journal he added, "Everett and Webster ought to go to school to him." Now let the South bring on her Randolphs, her Haynes, her Breckenridges! They shall meet a power of speech as much more withering than theirs as the fire of the prophets is fiercer than the temper of the mob. There was need of such a voice. "Webster," said Phillips, "had taught the North the 'bated breath and crouching of a slave. It needed that we should exhaust even the Saxon vocabulary of scorn, to fitly utter the haughty and righteous contempt that honest men

had for men-stealers. Only in that way could we wake the North to self-respect, or teach the South that at length she had met her equal, if not her master."

While John Brown was on trial, Phillips spoke at Plymouth Church, from Beecher's pulpit, on "The Lesson of the Hour." "Virginia," said he, "is a pirate ship, and John Brown sails the seas the Lord High Admiral of the Almighty, with his commission to sink every pirate he meets on God's ocean of the nineteenth century. I mean literally and exactly what I say. One on God's side is a majority. Virginia is only another Algiers. The barbarous horde who gag each other, imprison women for teaching children to read, prohibit the Bible, sell men on the auction-block, abolish marriage, condemn one-half their women to prostitution, and devote themselves to the breeding of human beings for sale, is only a larger and a blacker Algiers. John Brown has twice as much right to hang Governor Wise as Governor Wise has to hang him." Here burst on the speaker a tempest of cheers and hisses. The silver voice went on, "You see I am talking of that absolute essence of things which lives in the sight of the Eternal and the Infinite, not as men judge it in the rotten morals of the nineteenth century among a herd of states that calls itself an empire because it raises cotton and sells slaves!"

The Abolitionists were right in charging the responsibility for slavery upon the North. "Northern opinion," said Phillips, "the weight of Northern power, is the real slaveholder of America." Edward Everett, on the floor of Congress declared himself ready to shoulder his musket to put down the first

slave-rising. Do you wonder that Randolph of Roanoke boasted, "We do not rule the North by our Southern black slaves but by your Northern white ones?" The task before the Abolitionists was to wake the North to its duty, to give it no rest or peace until it should withdraw the only power that made slavery possible upon this continent. By 1860 the North had been roused, and was beginning to withdraw its power. The South saw the handwriting on the wall. "For the first time in our history," said Phillips, "the slave has elected a President of the United States." It was exactly so. The slave question, like Aaron's rod, had devoured all other political issues and held the stage alone. True to his teachings of twenty years, Phillips urged the acknowledgment of secession and the peaceable separation of the states. But neither to Phillips nor to any other prophet had it been given to divine the depth and intensity of Northern sentiment that clung around the flag. When the Stars and Stripes fell from Sumter and the multitudinous North leaped as one man to avenge it, the Abolitionists saw that there would be no disunion, that the old Union had been swept away forever, and that the new Union would be free. Only the winter before, Phillips had spoken in Music Hall at the peril of his life, facing many a murderous pistol in his Sunday congregation, and had gone down to his house in Essex Street followed by thousands of angry men. Now he spoke from the same platform, but, "for the first time in his anti-slavery life, he spoke under the Stars and Stripes, and welcomed the tread of Massachusetts men marshaled for war." He hailed that sublime rally of a great people to the de-

fence of the national honor, "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man from sleep and shaking her invincible locks." There had been nothing to match it since that night when the beacons blazed from Dover to Carlisle and, between sunset and sunrise, all England rose to hurl back the Armada. "Today," said he, "the slave thanks God for a sight of this banner and counts it the pledge of his redemption. Hitherto it may have meant what you thought or what I did; today it means sovereignty and justice." Then his lips were touched by a live coal from the altar, and he burst into prophecy: "Years hence, when the smoke of the conflict has cleared away, the world will see under our banner all tongues, all creeds, all races one brotherhood, and on the banks of the Potomac the genius of Liberty robed in light, four and thirty stars for her diadem, broken chains under her feet, and an olive branch in her right hand."

It was one of the happiest coincidences in history that the anti-slavery cause should have culminated during the very years that saw Wendell Phillips in the full maturity of his splendid powers. When the rebellion began, he was fifty years of age. For more than twenty years he had been discussing the slave question in all its bearings. He had studied and pondered it in all its phases. Every weapon in his arsenal was bright with service and ready for instant use. His armor had been hardened by blows. His speech had acquired its perfection of form and was now to be charged with unexampled force. In 1861, as Moncure Conway has justly recorded, he delivered the greatest speeches that ever have been heard in

America. No man saw more clearly that the war could never be won and the Union established except on the basis of freedom. The North might indeed over-power her adversary, but she could never make a Union between freedom and slavery. This was the burden of the prophet during those four long years, years of the warrior, filled with "confusèd noise and garments rolled in blood," "with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms." It was his mission to rouse the powerful and populous North till it cried as with a single voice, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto *all* the inhabitants thereof." In the nature of things it is impossible to separate and weigh the influence of any one man in the formation of public opinion, that subtle, all-pervasive force which,

"Like the air,
Is seldom heard but when it speaks in thunder;"

but that there was in all that tremendous period no clearer or more potent voice, the Muse of History will yet affirm.

When slavery had been abolished he was too deeply concerned with the dangers that lay ahead to join in the cheers of victory. He knew that the old hatred of the Negro would find new ways to work against him. He would not halt to hang up wreaths and trophies or to build monuments. He girded up his loins and pushed on to fight for enfranchisement. He was for taking advantage of the sentiment for freedom and equality while it lasted. He struck while the iron was hot. He worked while it was yet day, knowing that the night was coming wherein no man could work. From 1865 to 1870, the most

alert and strenuous years of his life, he toiled night and day for the principle that was finally embodied in the fifteenth amendment. To him more than to any other man, perhaps more than to all other men, its adoption was due. He was right. The night has succeeded to the glorious day that gave us the three great amendments, worthy to be written in letters of gold beside the Petition of Right and Magna Charta. The iron that was heated seven times hot in the furnace of battle was happily hammered, before it was too late, into the forms that cannot easily be changed. But the glow is gone. A new generation has come upon the scene. Selfishness, prejudice, the old spirit of caste, are doing their work; and the people that received the tables of stone from the mount that burned with fire and shook with the thunders of Jehovah, has turned to the worship of the golden calf, and is taking its pleasure at the banquet. All this Phillips foresaw and foretold. Today not a state of the old Confederacy records the Negro's vote. The fifteenth amendment is sneered at by millions at the North as the greatest blunder of the age. Today law journals publish labored articles to prove the amendment void. And yet what *is* the fifteenth amendment? What does it declare? Merely this, that a man's right to vote shall not depend upon his color or his race. The South is as free as ever to make the right depend upon any reasonable test that can be applied to black and white alike, education, property, what she will. Why need she resort to miserable subterfuges to let in her poor, ignorant, and vicious whites, while she excludes even the virtuous, the learned, and prosper-

ous among the blacks? Is this the courage, is this the sense of fairness, of the Anglo-Saxon race?

The black race, in less than fifty years of freedom, has justified every claim of the Abolitionists. It has shown itself brave in battle, faithful in peace, eager to learn, capable of acquiring and controlling wealth, and able to produce noble and far-sighted leaders of its own blood. In spite of race prejudice and political betrayal it has got its feet on the solid ground of material well-being and is reaching out its hands with slow, patient, but irresistible power to the great prizes of the world of effort and ideas. Its progress during the last half-century will be one of the marvels of history. Every man who loves justice or humanity must rejoice at such a sight. We who have united to demand of the American people the rights guaranteed by the Constitution to every child born under the flag, and who are resolved never to rest until those rights have been secured in fact as well as in name—we have reason to believe that the master spirits of the earlier crusade are with us now. As those who fought by Lake Regillus, in the old days of Rome, saw riding on their right the Great Twin Brethren in snow-white coats of mail, and knew that

> "The gods who live forever
> Were on Rome's side that day,"

so in every charge we make against the forces of oppression we have a right to feel that Garrison and Phillips, the twin warriors, the great white brothers, are riding at our side.

The anti-slavery cause was only one branch of a movement that embraces the world and reaches

through all time. It is the triumphant progress of democracy—the movement of the common people to take possession of their own. Phillips was never narrow enough to have his heart bound up with one race only. He was too true a soldier to sit down content with any partial triumph. When the Anti-slavery Society disbanded in 1870 his last words to his companions were: "We sheathe no sword. We only turn our front upon a new foe." Looking out over Christendom he saw, as he said, "that out of some three hundred or four hundred millions, at least one hundred millions never had enough to eat." He saw the wealth of the world in the hands of comparatively few, and he saw that this wealth had been created not by the few, but by the toil of the many. With brave, unflinching logic he announced his principle, "Labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates," and avowed himself willing to follow it to its ultimate conclusion, to the utter abolition of the wage system, and the substitution, for cut-throat competition, of a fair and just cooperation. He had begun his study of the labor question as early as 1861 or 1862, when no journal except the anti-slavery papers would give an inch of space to its discussion. But in 1871 the workingmen of Massachusetts had formed a party and invited him to be their candidate for governor. He consented, not because he wished or was willing to be elected if that had been possible, but only to advance the agitation. To the laboring men he gave this characteristic advice: "Write on your ballot boxes, 'We never forget. If you do us a wrong, you may go down on your knees and say I am sorry I did the act, and it may avail you

in heaven, but on this side of the grave, never!' '' And so far as workingmen have succeeded in their political aims, it has been because they have followed that advice.

It would require a separate address to recount his services to other causes. The wrongs of Ireland claimed his voice; the wrongs of the Indian, the Chinaman, the Jew. He spoke for the temperance movement, woman suffrage, prison reform, the abolition of the gallows. He taught race prejudice its most wholesome lesson in his lecture on the great San Domingo black, ''the soldier, the statesman, the martyr,'' Toussaint L'Ouverture; he gave religious bigotry its most stinging rebuke in his Daniel O'Connell; he brought religion itself to its most vital test in Christianity a Battle, Not a Dream; and in 1881, in the most finished effort of his life, his great Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, he arraigned the timid scholarship of his time for having been a clog on the wheels of reform, and turned respectability pale by showing it that the Nihilists were only the Washingtons and Warrens, the Patrick Henrys and Sam Adamses of Russia. In the last fifteen years of his life he fulfilled more perfectly than any other American his own definition of the agitator. ''The agitator,'' said he, ''must stand outside of organizations, with no bread to earn, no candidate to elect, no party to save, no object but the truth—to tear a question open and riddle it with light.''

If he were living today how he would rejoice over those six stars in the suffrage banner—six states that have risen above the bigotry of sex. How he would be fighting for the initiative and referendum

and overthrowing every argument against them, arguments that have no foundation save in the old Tory distrust of the people. We have not begun to come up with Wendell Phillips, but such achievements are signs that we are on his trail. He was a prophet even in the matter of mechanics. Addressing the school children of Boston in 1865, he said: "We have invented the telegraph. But what of that? If I live forty years I expect to see a telegraph that will send messages without wires and both ways at the same time." It gives one a weird feeling to remember that it was almost exactly forty years from that date that Marconi's wonderful invention was given to the world. Radical, progressive, as he was, never satisfied with what had been attained, he had yet the poet's reverence for the past. How fond he was of quoting those words:

> "The great of old,
> The dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

His lecture on Lost Arts, prepared on the spur of the moment, but repeated over two thousand times, is as fine a tribute as was ever paid to the forgotten genius of antiquity. He sympathized with every attempt to save for future ages "the places where bold men spoke or brave men died." He plead in vain for the preservation of the Hancock House. He plead, not in vain, for the preservation of the Old South. Its dark walls stand today a proof and trophy of his eloquence.

To read his speeches you would say they must have come flaming from the furnace. You seem to hear the lion roar of Mirabeau and picture to your-

self the stormy action of Demosthenes. Yet his voice at its loudest was like a silver clarion, and oftener would remind you of a flute, while his action was at all times the grace of a Greek god. Higginson said: "No matter how humble the client he represented, he always had the air of the grand seigneur." He really introduced a new style in oratory. He made the old bombast ridiculous. Such rantings put you in mind of savages who beat tom-toms and yell and screech to appall their enemies; but Phillips reminded you of the Spartan heroes, who marched, as Milton said,

> "to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders,"

going forth smiling and crowned with roses to those deadly combats from which it was their point of honor never to retreat. A Southerner who listened to him in the old days, expecting to hear a noisy demagogue, could only describe him as "an infernal machine set to music."

Severest of all the public speakers of his time, he carried in his bosom the tenderest of hearts.

> "For all the lost and desolate
> Woman and man revile,
> Saint Francis at the cloister gate
> Had not so sweet a smile."

How close he kept to the people! Lived for forty years down there on Essex Street, and when the city tore down his house and ran the pavement over its ruins, moved over to Common Street, to a house as near like the old one as he could find. Born on Beacon Hill, died in Common Street—that seems to tell the story of the man. In the morning, when

it was possible, he would go to the Criminal Courts to lend his hand to some poor outcast falsely accused or honestly desiring to do better. One night he was accosted by a woman of the street here on the Common Mall. Looking in his pure face she saw her mistake and apologized. Mr. Phillips drew her on to talk, walked back and forth with her under the elms until he had her story, then took her to a home where she became the woman God intended her to be.

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

If we had a right to draw aside the curtain that hides his home life, what an example of chivalrous devotion would be brought to view!—devotion not without its rich reward, since from the seclusion of that sick chamber came the highest inspiration to heroic words and deeds.

Not many men deserve to be remembered on their hundredth birthday; but Wendell Phillips's second centennial may be better observed than his first. We may be sure his name will be written higher a hundred years hence than it is today. When the reforms he advocated have become accomplished facts, when prisons have been turned into moral hospitals, when society has learned to erect "a guidepost at the beginning of the road instead of a gallows at the end of it," when cities have sloughed off the grogshop and the brothel, when woman has been summoned into civil life and has become the yokefellow of man, no longer his plaything or his drudge, when the hands that create the wealth of the world have learned to hold it and to handle it for the good of all, and every child born in America has an equal

chance in life, when the dark-browed multitudes for whom he toiled and suffered have joined the enfranchised millions that are yet to trample all oppression under their feet—do you think that in that day the name of Wendell Phillips is likely to be forgotten? Whatever we may say, do you imagine it will be the judgment of coming times that he condemned the tyrants of his own age too severely?

The word of the Lord came to Wendell Phillips, as to the prophets in all ages, "Cry aloud and spare not!" Thank God, he did not spare! Thank God for every bitter, biting, blasting speech that woke a sluggard land to its duty and made the ears of recreant statesmen tingle with shame! Would that in this day another might arise like unto him, so gifted, so consecrated, so fearless, so mighty in the power of the Spirit, to rebuke the cowards and oppressors of our time. Wrong still walks the earth, the expectation of the poor perishes, and the needy are forgotten. Oh that he himself were here to defend the mighty bulwarks of liberty he labored to build up within the Constitution! Oh that he were here to shame his own race into honest dealing with the black—to lay open to scorn the sneaking cowardice that makes laws to give white ignorance and vice the ballot and deny it to the black, not daring to meet its rival in the open field and lay down one equal test for all, but skulking behind "grandfather clauses," while it taxes the black man for parks and libraries and shuts him out from both! Oh that he were here to damn as it deserves the hellish hatred that, North as well as South, condemns men unheard because they are black, tortures innocent and guilty at the stake,

yes, even in the Quaker Commonwealth, drags the wounded black boy from the hospital on his pallet and burns him in his blood—the shameless perjury that acquits the lynchers, the brazen impudence that finds unwritten law to clear cold-blooded murder with the sanction of the court! Oh that he were here to find some fitting name for states that, pretending to be democratic, hold seats in Congress for millions of men whose political rights they have villainously filched away, voting now, not as in old days for three-fifths of the Negroes, but for all! He should be here to pour contempt upon communities that let the hands of infants do their work, rob the schoolhouse and the playfield to run the factory, and do not wince when they

> "Hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
> Ere the sorrow comes with years,"—

the sodden dullness that suffers greed and cunning to strike hands and tax the bread and meat, the coal and clothing of millions to fill the pockets of a few—the purblind prejudice that still holds woman back from her part in civic life while it leaves the grog-shop and the brothel free to rot the heart out of great cities! Oh that he would come and unfrock those time-serving priests that have no word for the giant iniquities of their day, dumb dogs that will not bark when the thief is climbing into the fold! Would that he could wield once more the fearful lash that made bribed statesmen cringe and tremble and the backs of apostate judges smart under their robes! But not to rebuke only—would that he were with us now to cheer and lead! One blast upon that silver bugle would be worth a hundred men. The battle

has moved onward; there are fighters in the field. It is not an hour for curse or lamentation. It is an hour for the consecration of knighthood for vigil, and for vow. We do not come to praise you, Wendell Phillips; you have received already your eternal great reward. We have come to catch the glow of your great spirit and resolve to make our lives like yours. Here, where a century ago your life began we are gathered to celebrate your coming with deep thanksgiving and with solemn joy, pledging ourselves anew to the grand purpose to which your life was devoted —a war against all oppression for the liberty of all!

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